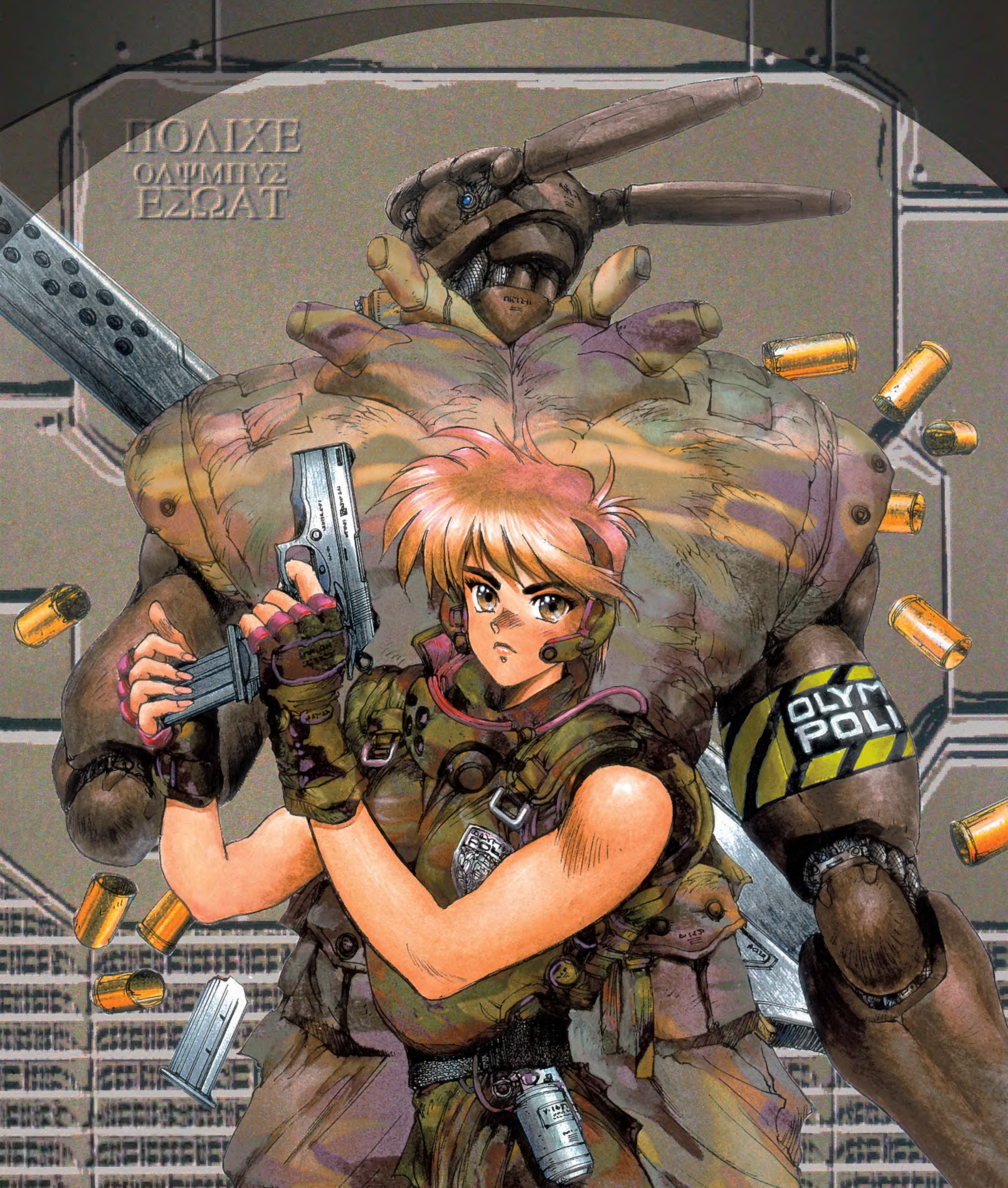


士 郎 正 宗

HYPERNOTES

# APPLESEED™

S H I R O W M A S A M U N E





**APPLESEED™**

士郎正宗 HYPERNOTES  
**APPLESEED™**

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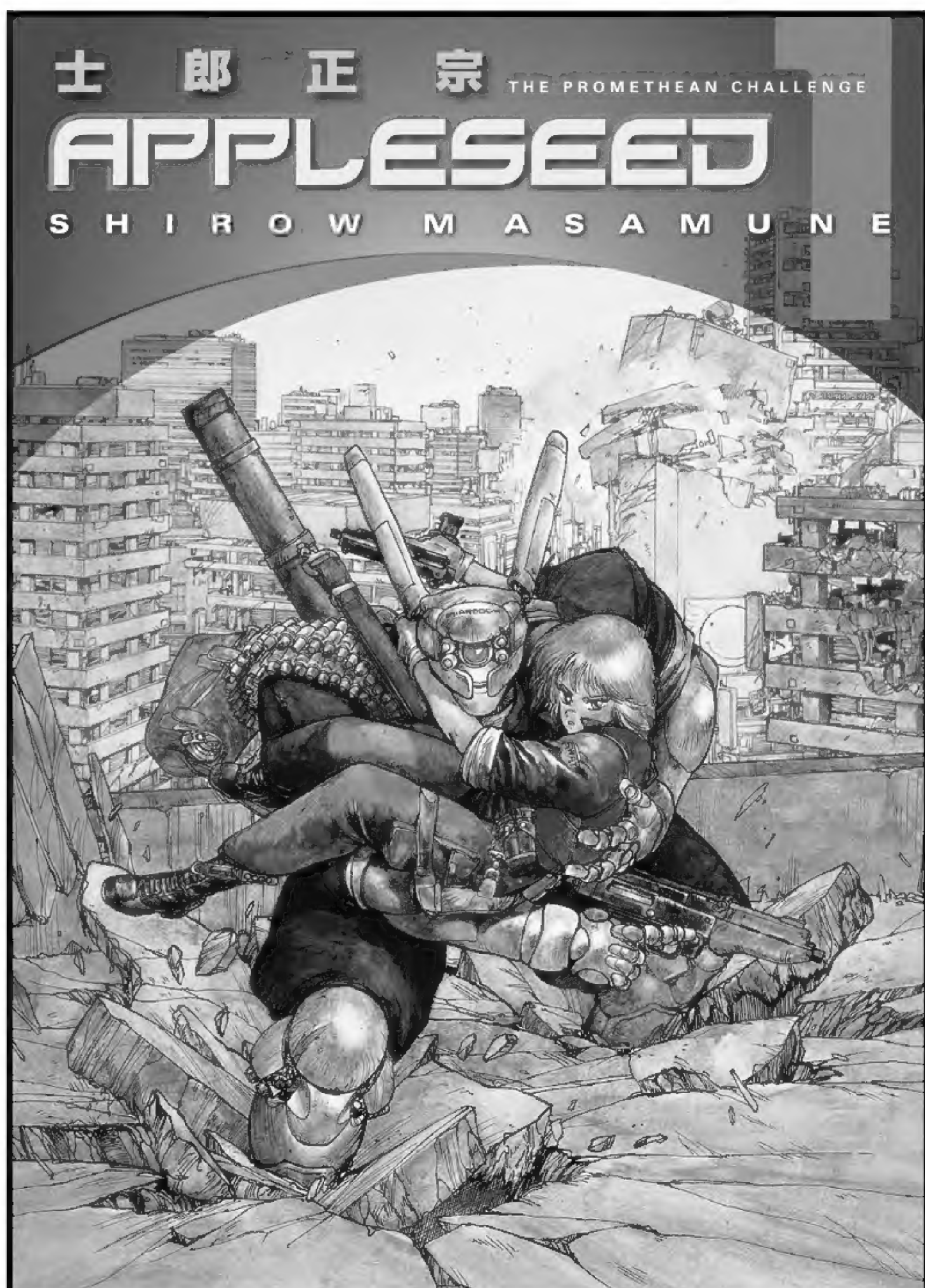


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## THE STORY SO FAR . . .

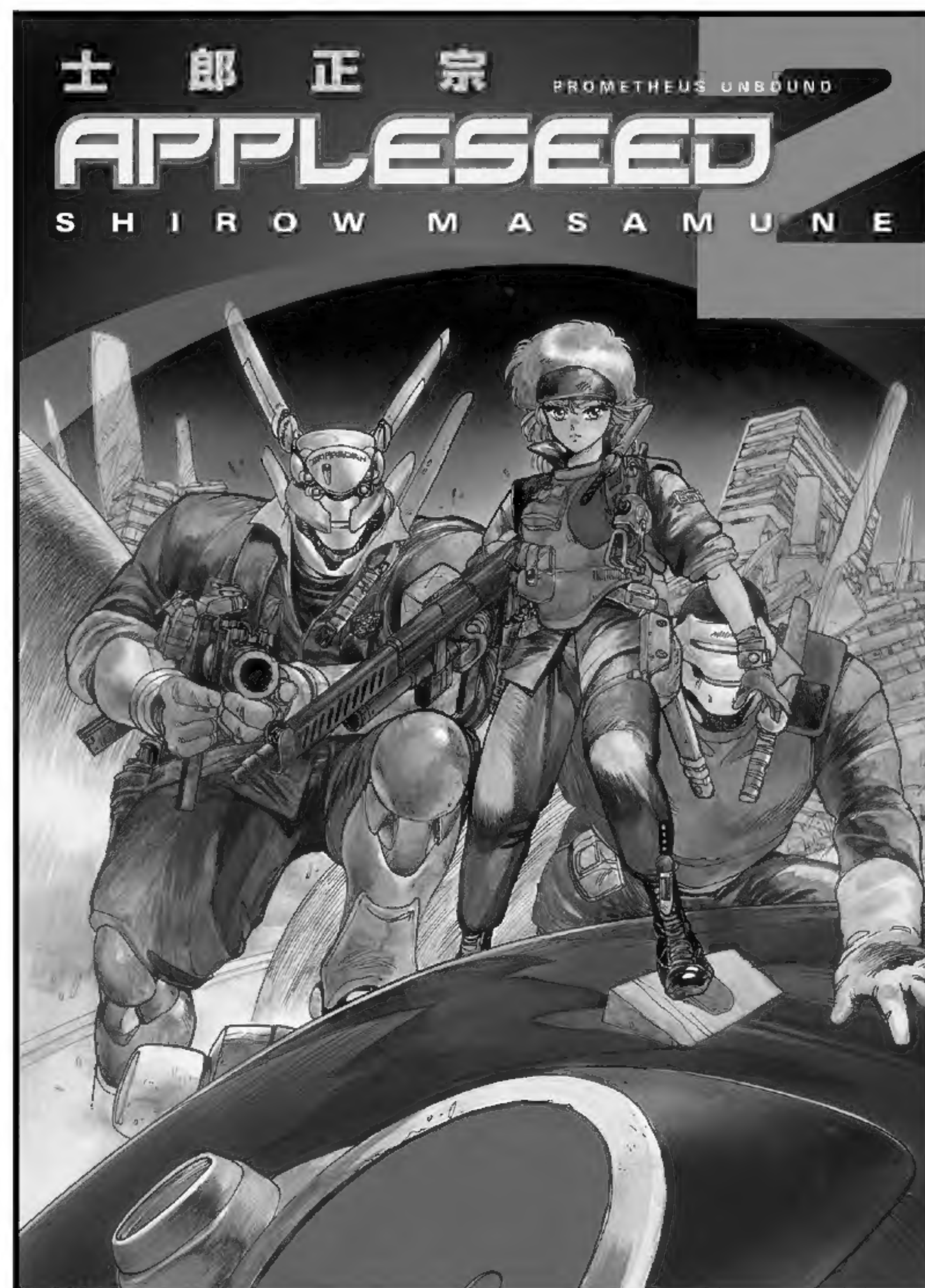


### APPLESEED 1

2125 . . . Nuclear weapons themselves were never used. But the flames of war raged in every region, and the Earth became a quieter planet . . .

Deunan and Briareos, former SWAT team members, are fighting for survival in the ruins of a nameless city still scarred by the years of turmoil, when they encounter a young woman in a Protector body suit. She turns out to be Hitomi, sent by the government of a mysterious city called Olympus to find them. The two ex-cops handily dispatch a band of cyborgs sent to attack Hitomi. Lured by her talk of a new world order, they decide to immigrate to Olympus, an artificial island city that's home to the Central Management Bureau, and is seeking to restore order to a war-torn world.

2127, September . . . Deunan and Briareos find life in Olympus is good. It's a flourishing and peaceful utopian city, managed by artificially created bioroids. The Olympus police welcome their talents and track records, and induct them into their SWAT unit. The partners are still settling into their new life when terrorists attack Gaia, the mammoth computer that runs Olympus. They're deep in the thick of the action when Briareos is hit . . .



### APPLESEED 2

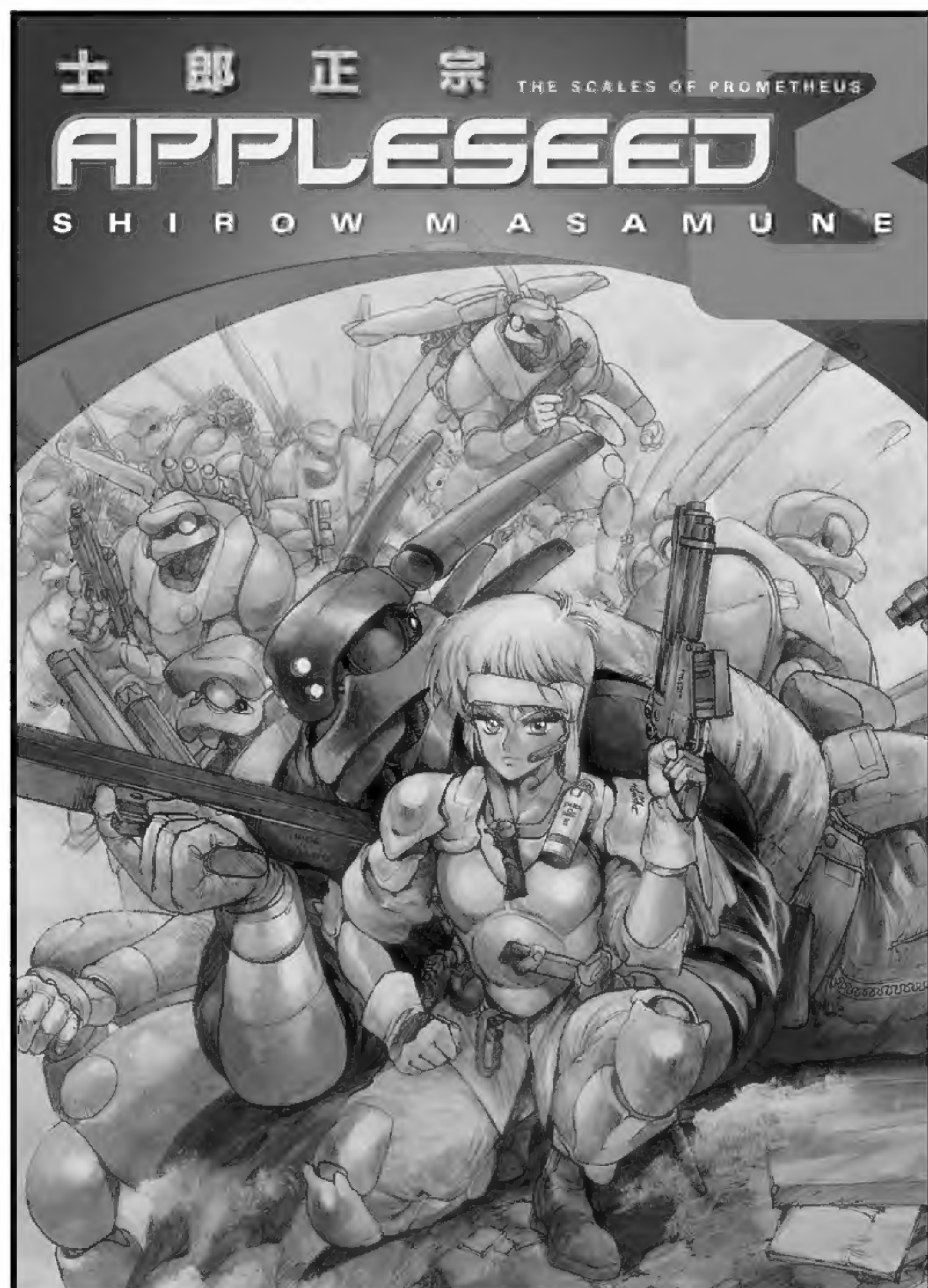
Olympus was founded to ensure the continued survival of the human race. But now it's embroiled in suspicion and conspiracies, and Deunan and Briareos are about to be drawn into the middle of it all.

They find themselves unexpectedly scouted by Athena, the city-state's Administrative Director for the Central Management Bureau's own ESWAT unit (Extra Special Weapons and Tactics). The Olympus Council has announced its proposed HOPE Project, a plan to optimize the human race physically and mentally, provoking outrage among human representatives in the Olympus government. As the Council and the Administrative Section fence over implementing the scheme, doubts swirl in the city's human and bioroid communities.

At the height of the turmoil, Gaia begins acting erratically. Different city factions vie to secure Hitomi, whose genetic code was especially designed to be the supercomputer's emergency stop. Deunan and Briareos struggle to stay neutral in the battle over their old friend, but finally decide to take part in a mission to rescue (or is it kidnap?) Hitomi.

It's the day of the commissioning ceremony for Olympus' newly deployed Mobile Master multi-legged gun platforms, and things are about to come to a head. The new weapon systems start running amok in the midst of the grand parade. Gaia is revolting against her bioroid masters and has commandeered the new gun platforms. The Mobile Masters begin shelling the Tartarus bioroid nursery. Why would Gaia want to attack the nursery from which all bioroids come? And what can Deunan and Briareos do to stop them . . . ?





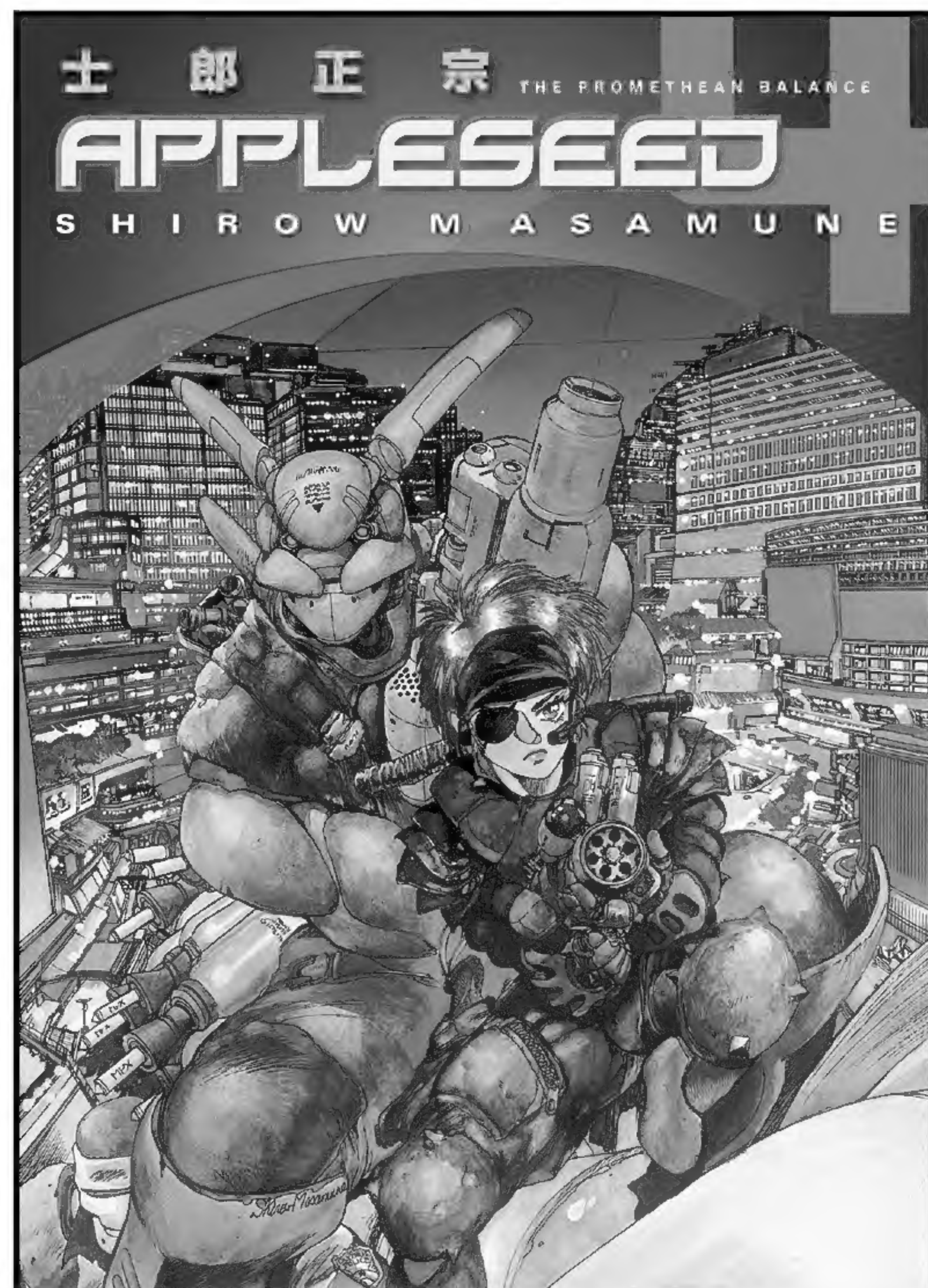
### APPLESEED 3

With Olympus still reeling from the after-effects of the Gaia Affair, ESWAT sends operatives Magnus and Morton to New York City to capture Artemis, an independent bioroid created to transmit data to Olympus. They put Artemis down with a tranquilizer gun, but when she recovers during transit, she brings down their craft and escapes into Olympus. Responding to the SOS, Deunan and Briareos encounter her in a crowded market, but lose her in the chaos.

Meanwhile, a spy from Poseidon (Japan Technological Research Center) is about to draw Deunan and Briareos into a new web of conspiracy.

The unstable international situation is leading the Central Management Bureau to change Olympus' original brief, and take it in a new direction: policeman to the world. In August 2128, ESWAT is deployed to France in a first test of the new policy: Operation Benandanti, a campaign to crush international drug lords.

Soon ESWAT finds itself a pawn in international power politics. Deunan is shocked to the core by the brutal realities of the world outside of Olympus that she witnesses in France. Meanwhile, Artemis is finally recaptured at a high cost, and her hidden data delivered at last to Gaia.



### APPLESEED 4

Olympus intelligence has gotten wind of a giant Landmate being built in greatest secrecy within Olympus! But to what end? Deunan's about to find out.

The dauntless Deunan hasn't been performing at her peak, and an unfortunate mishap during ESWAT's relentless training schedule costs her an eye. It couldn't come at a worse time, as ESWAT is suddenly mobilized to aid the Olympus Police Headquarters Special Investigations Bureau. Parts for a giant Landmate have gone missing, but the why and the wherefore remain unknown. ESWAT takes over the investigation, but Deunan and Briareos find themselves assigned to different units. Can they find a weak spot in the mystery Landmate? The search begins.

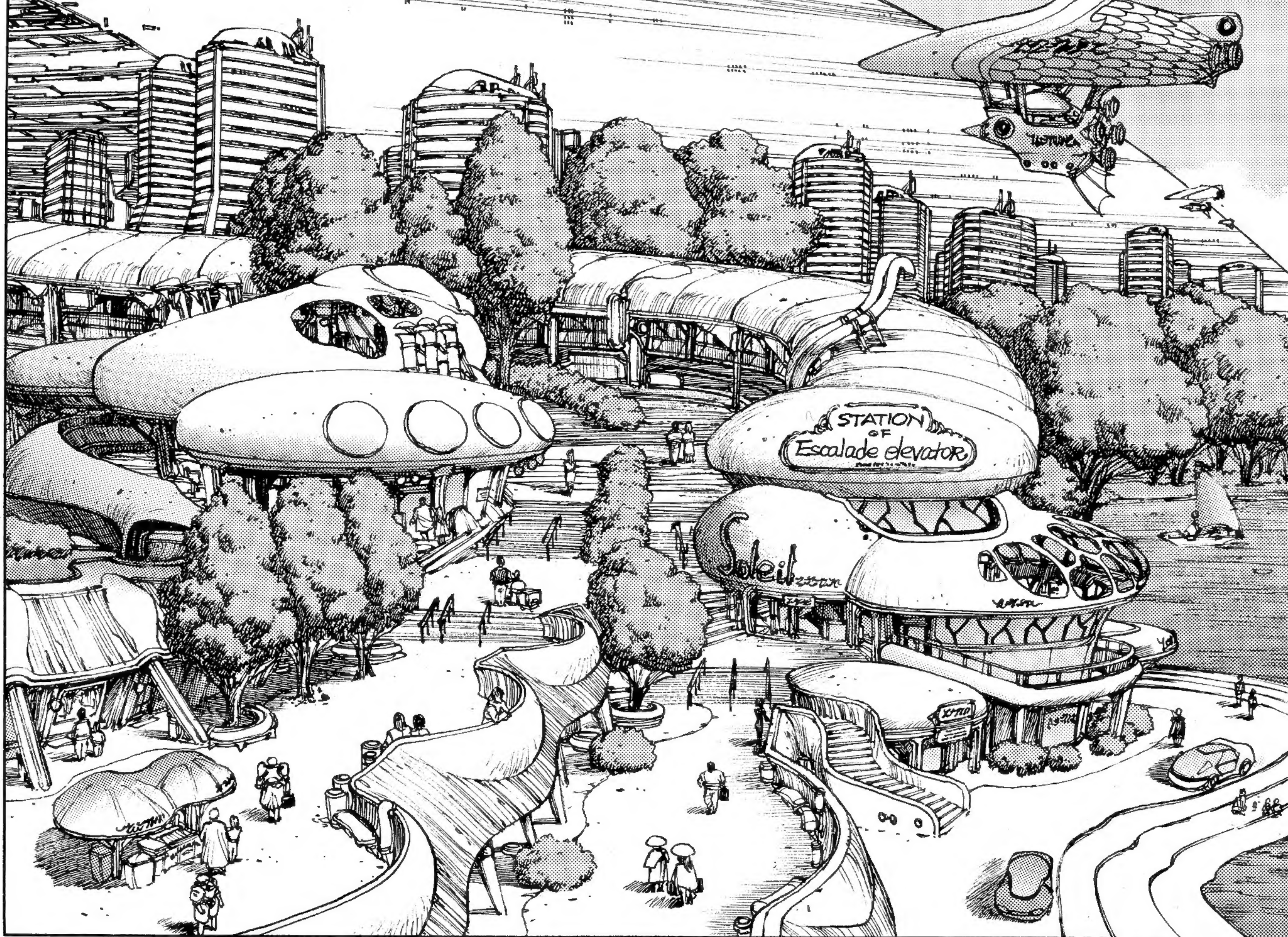
Soon Deunan is in pursuit of a mystery man with a penchant for high explosives, while Briareos seethes on stake-out. Nonstop ESWAT action continues through the Olympus night . . .

### APPLESEED ID

Deunan's injured eye has been fixed (to the relief of many readers) in "CALLED GAME," a short story tracking the hard-working duo through a typical day of police procedural.

And now, it's 2129 . . .

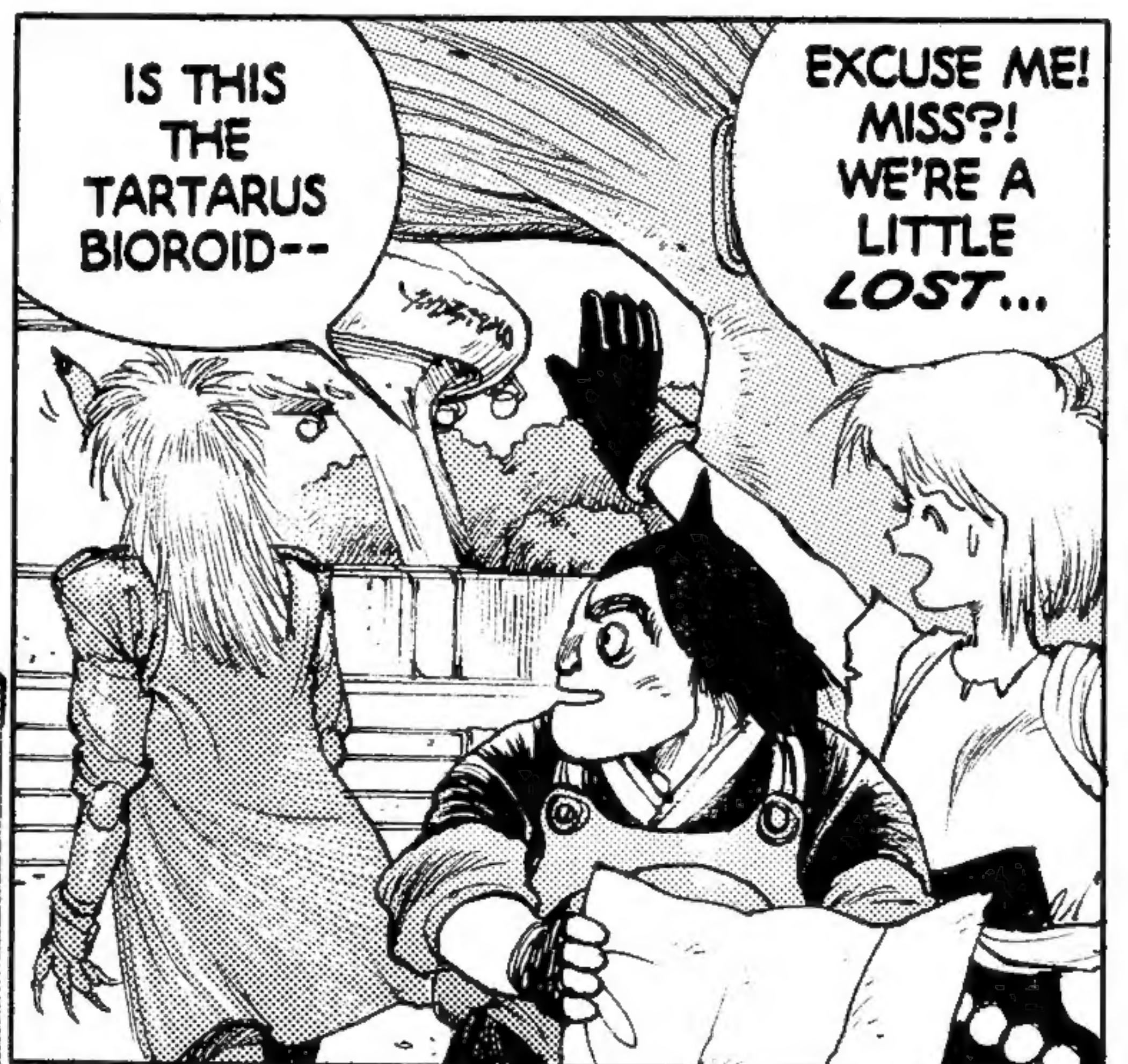




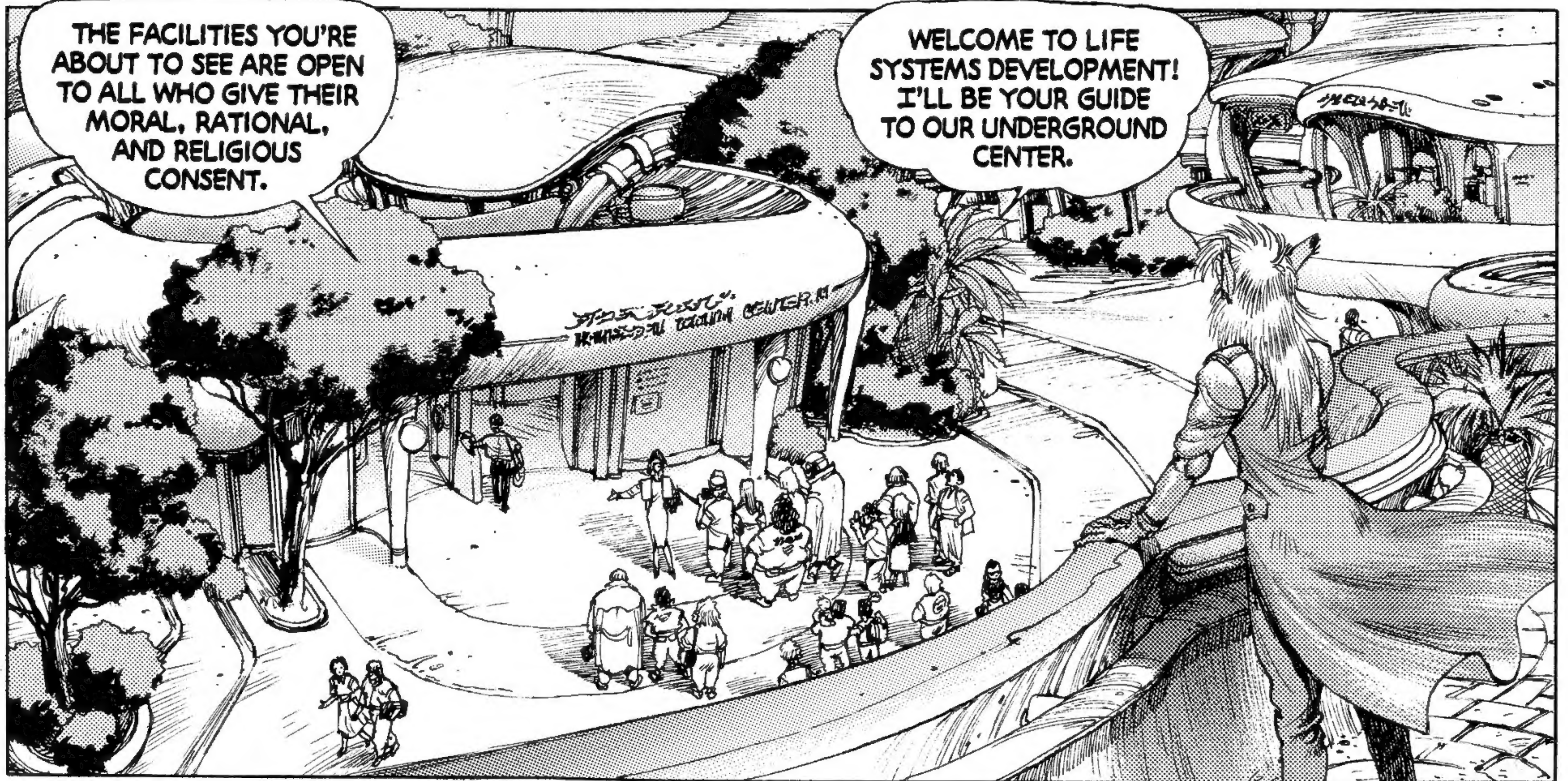
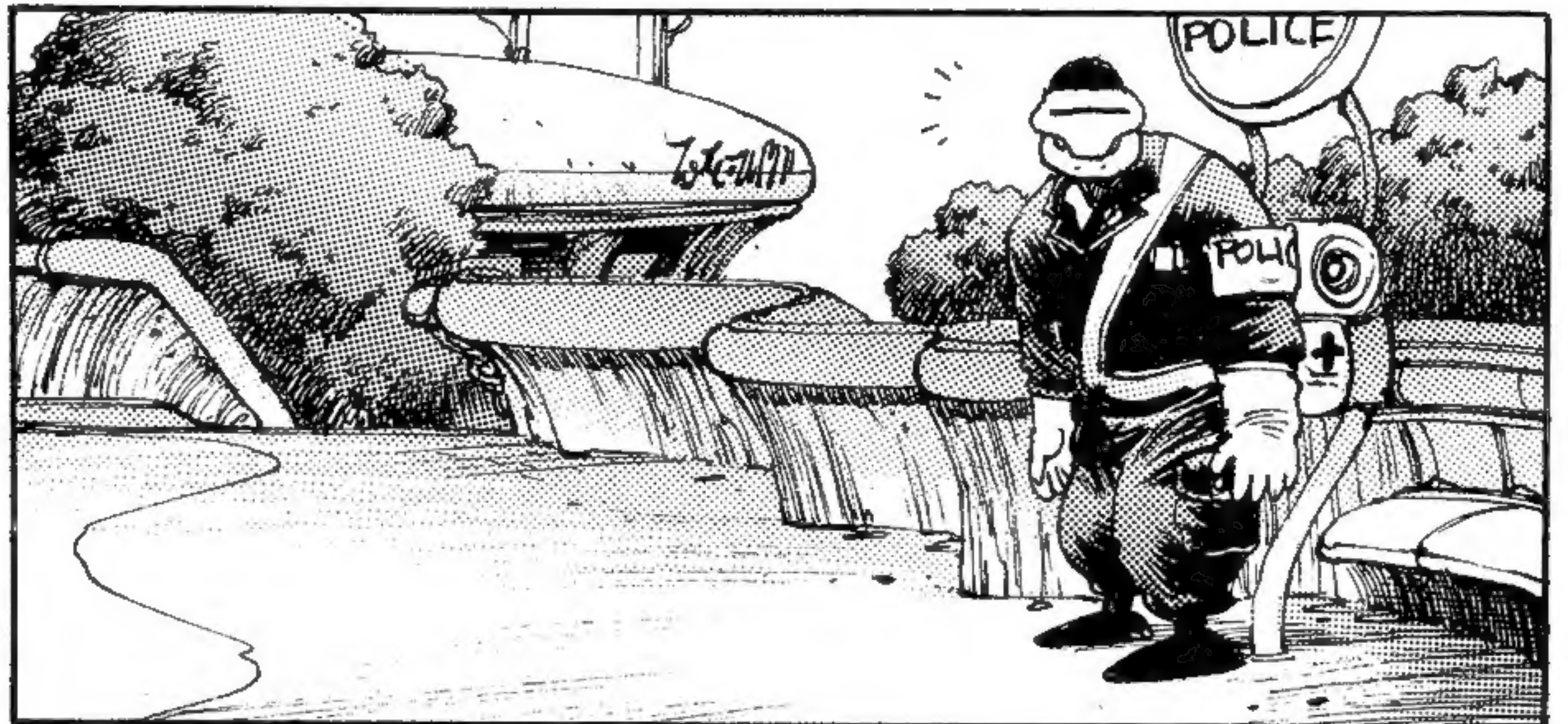
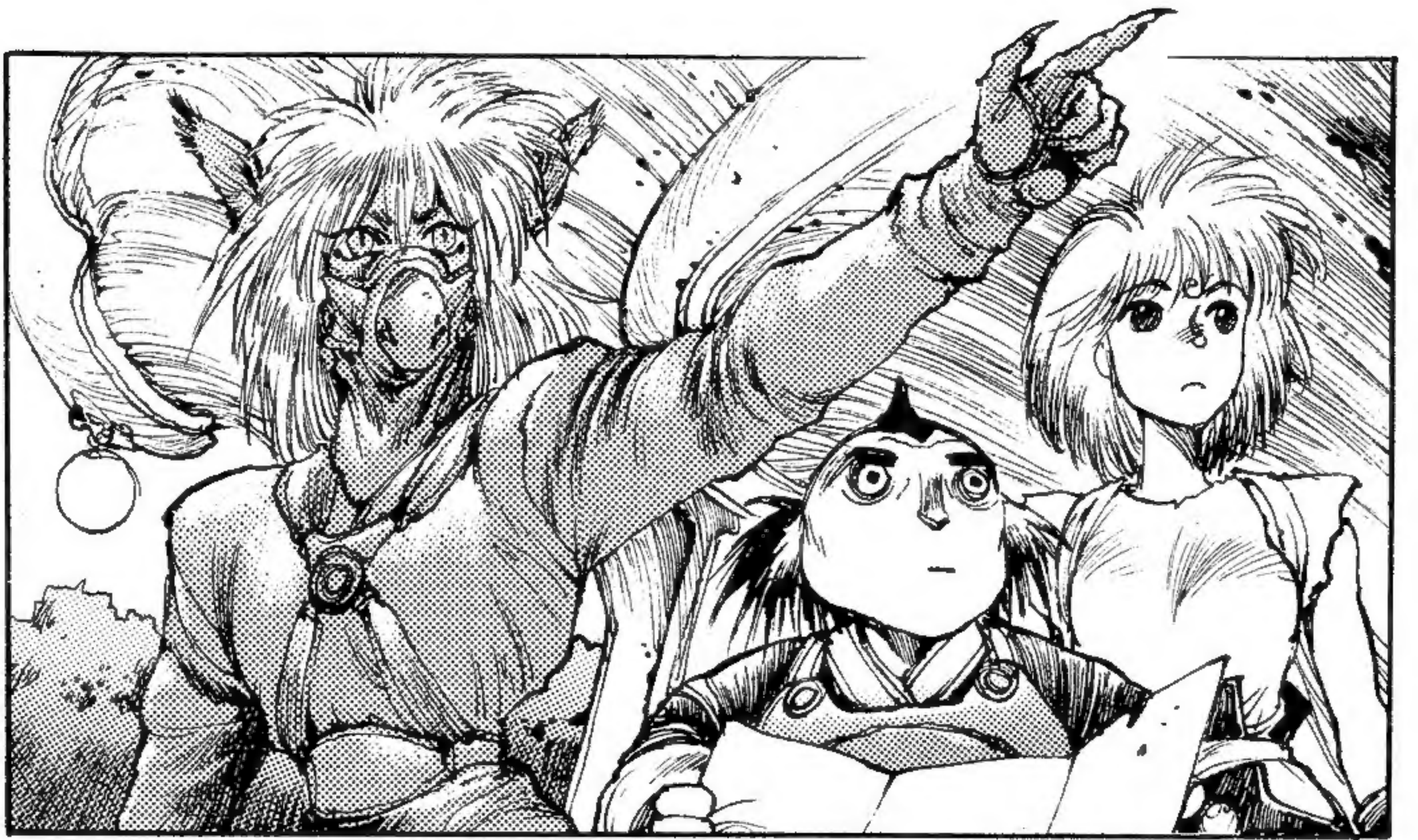
\*FX: ULP



\*STARE

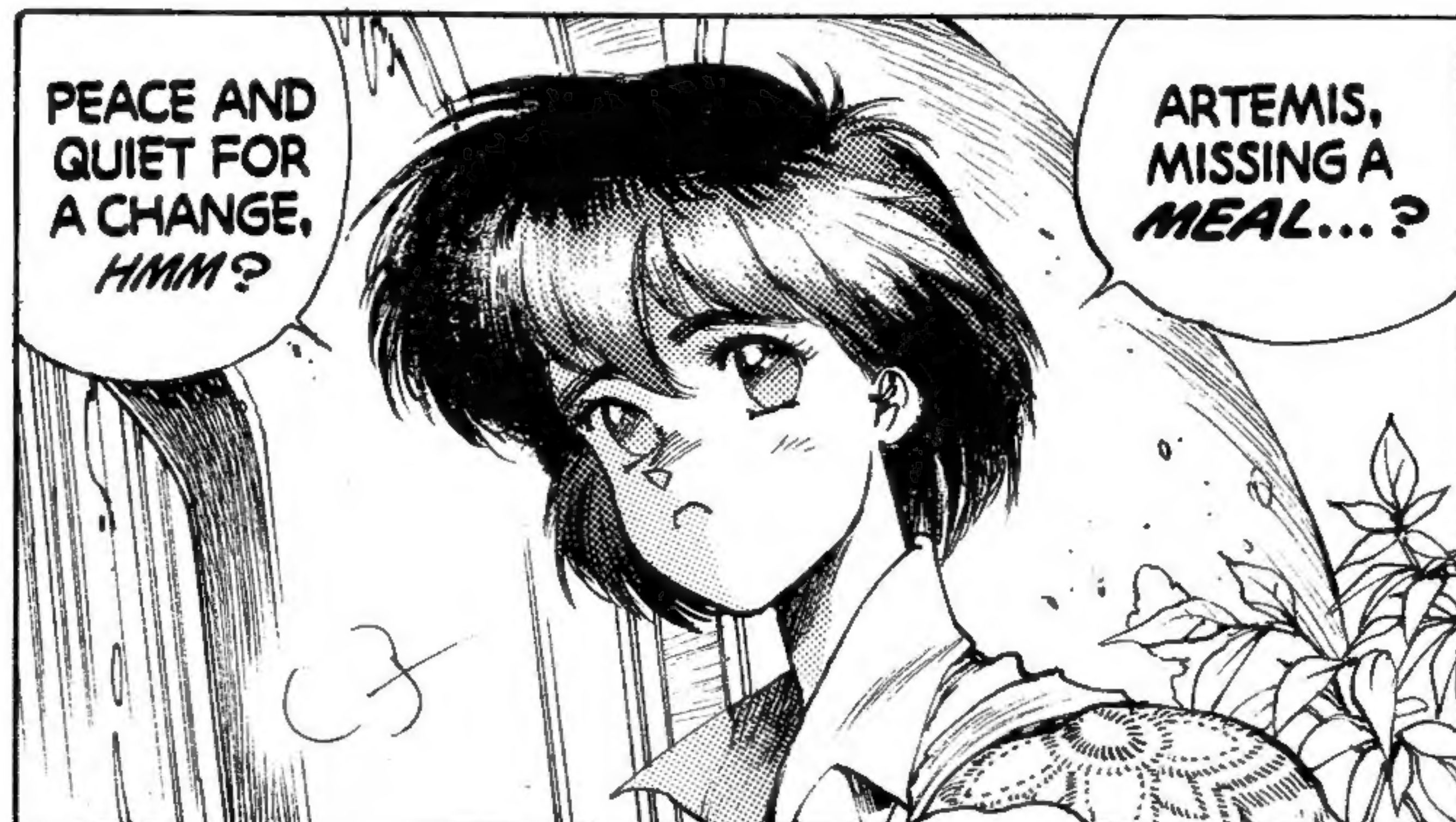






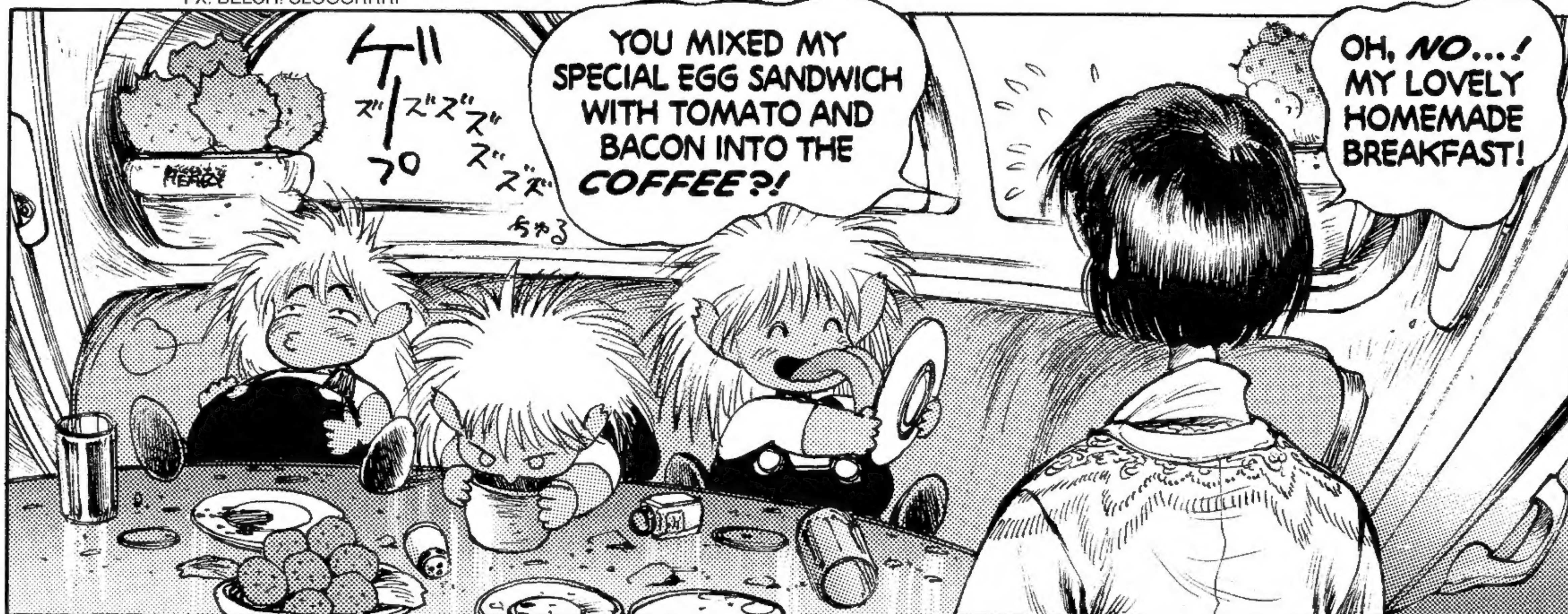
\*FX: HUH?!



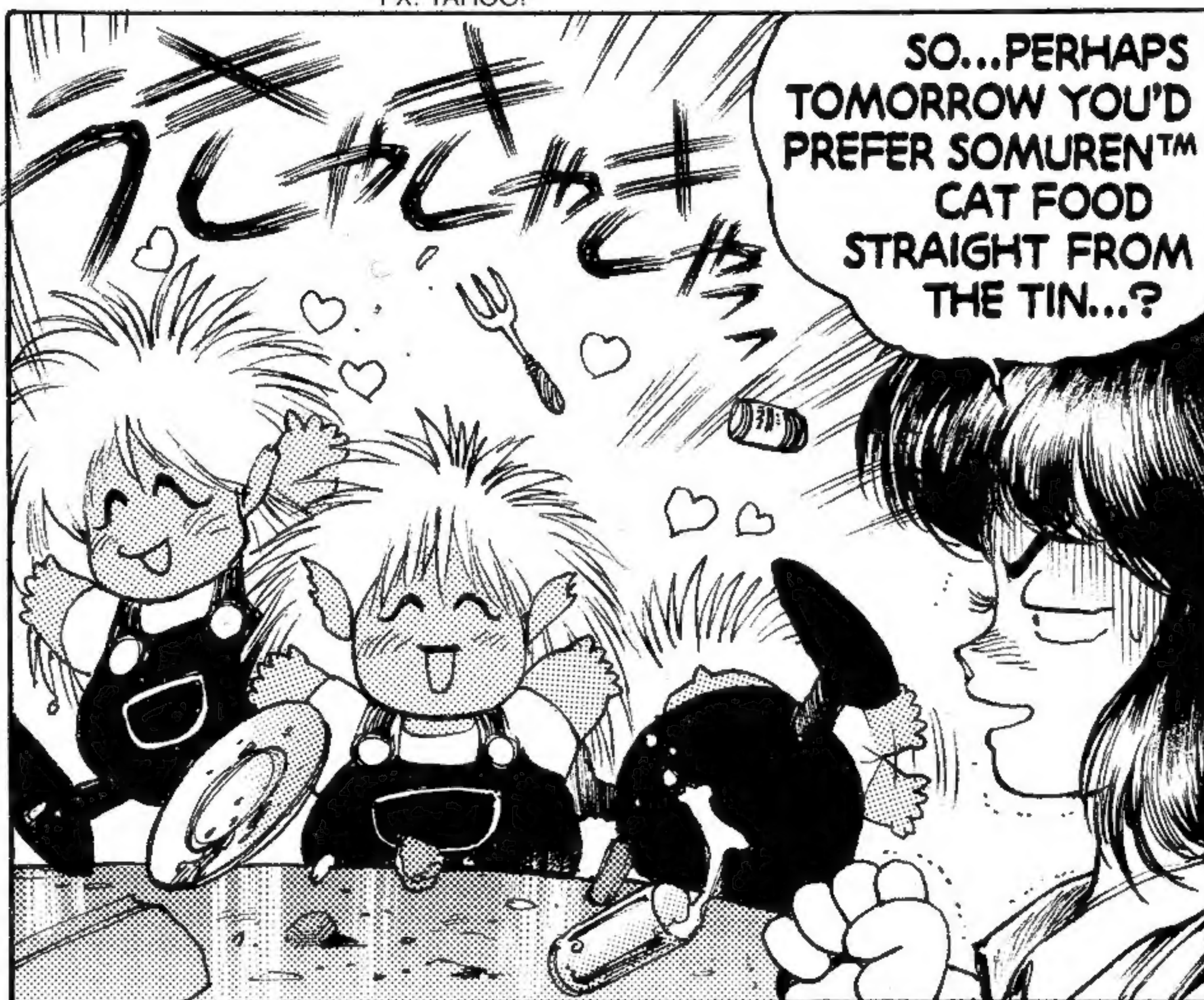




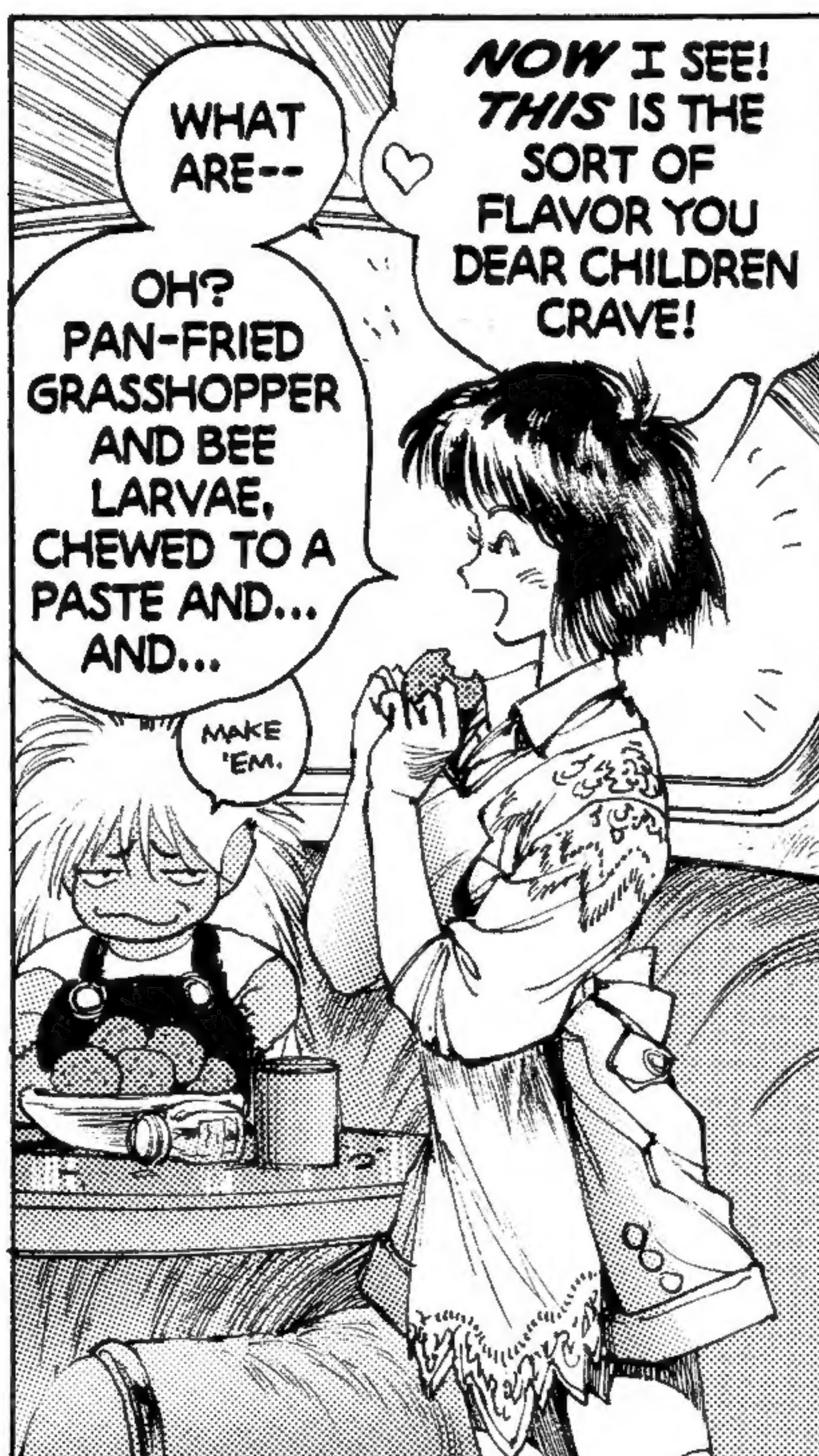
\*FX: BELCHI SLOOORRRP



\*FX: YAHOO!

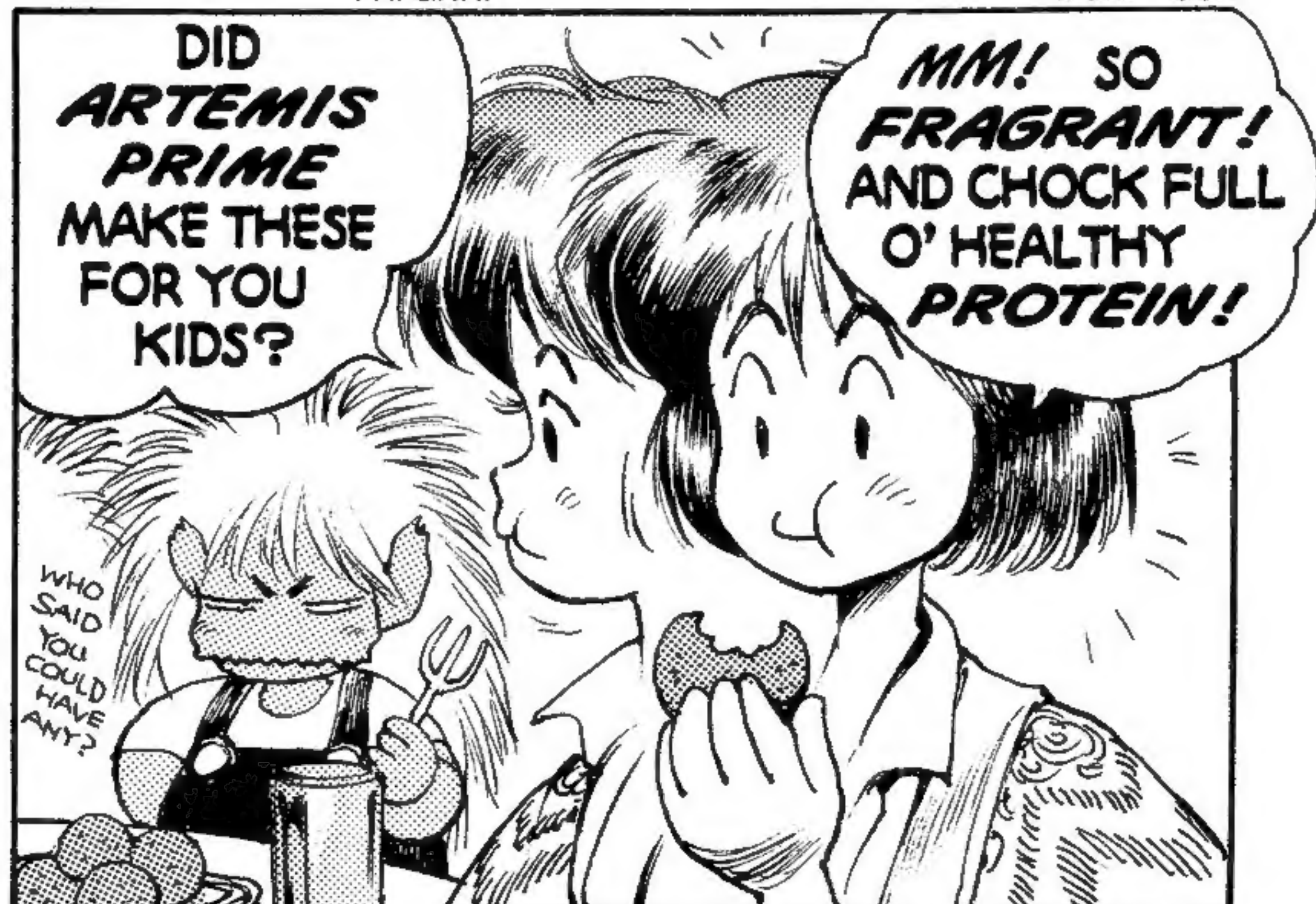


\*FX: RGH!



\*FX: GRR!

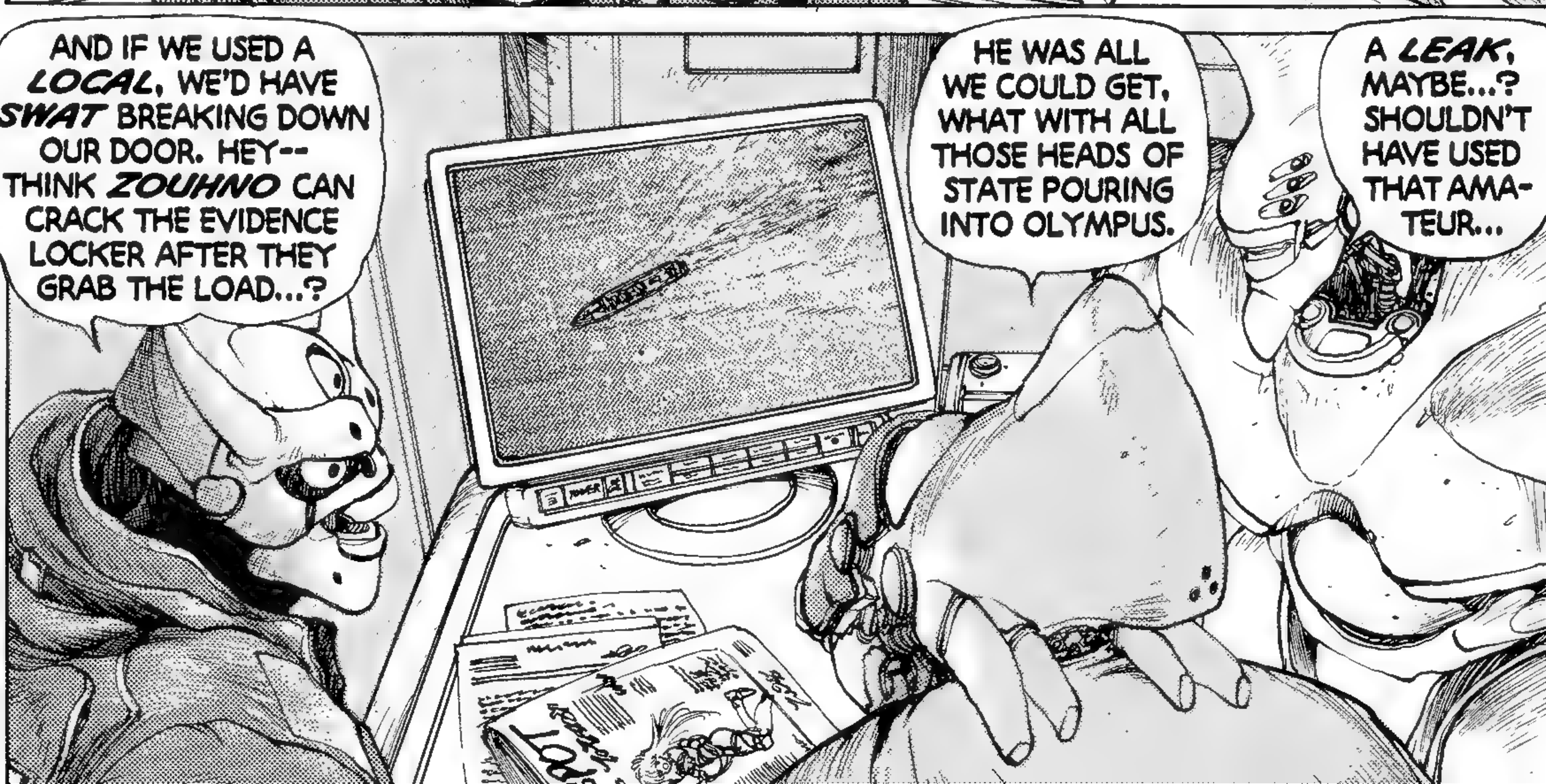
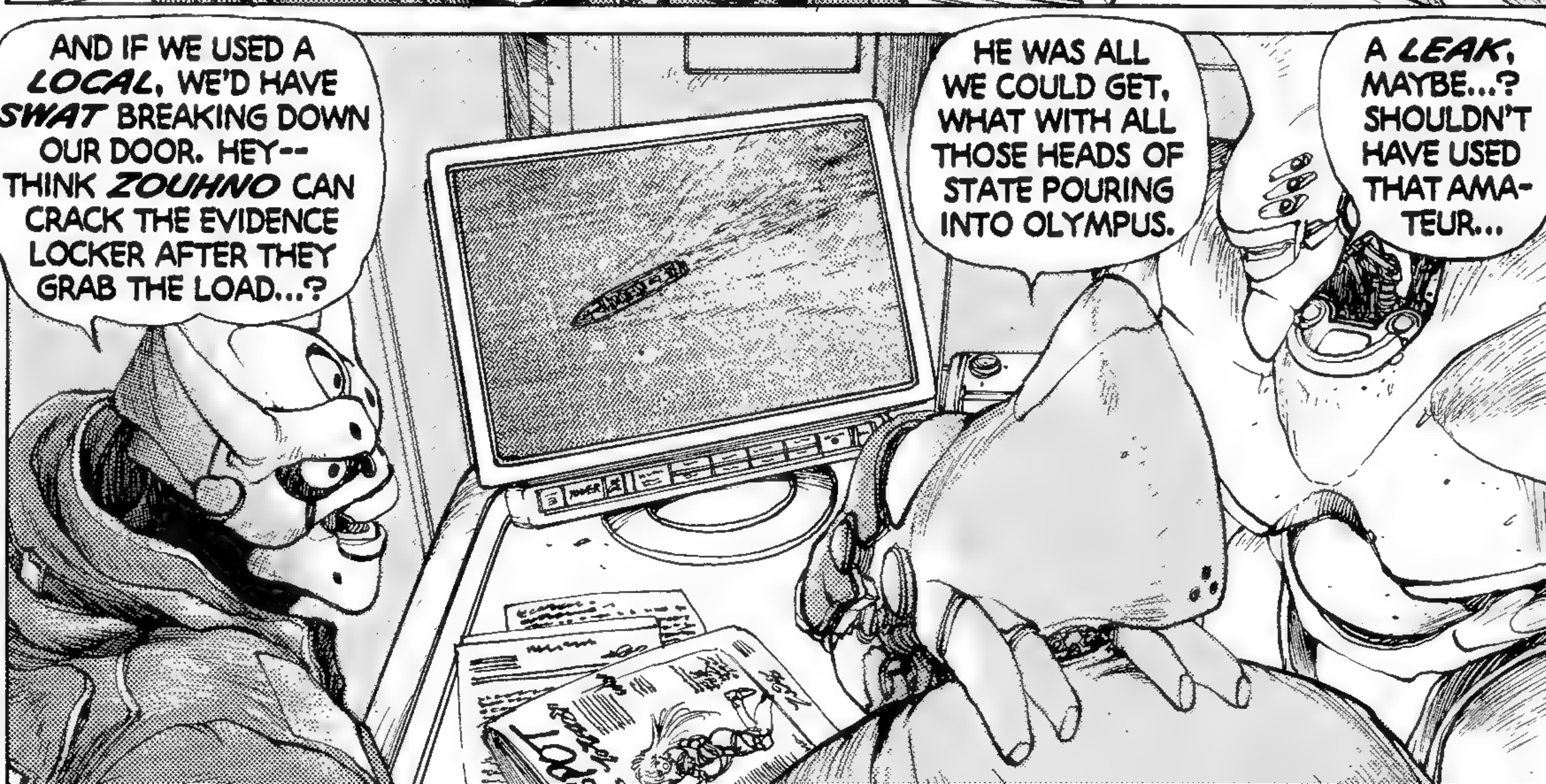
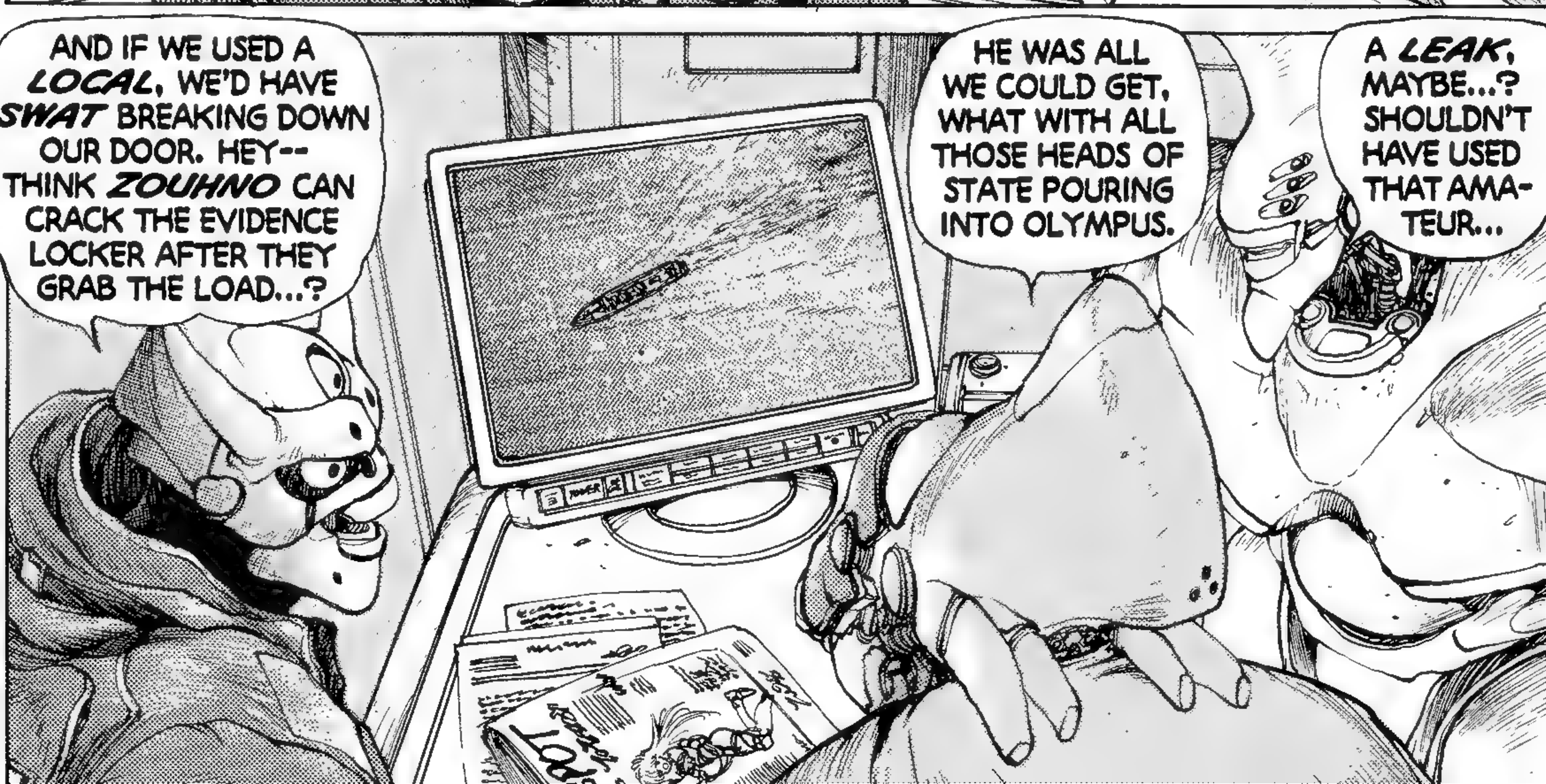
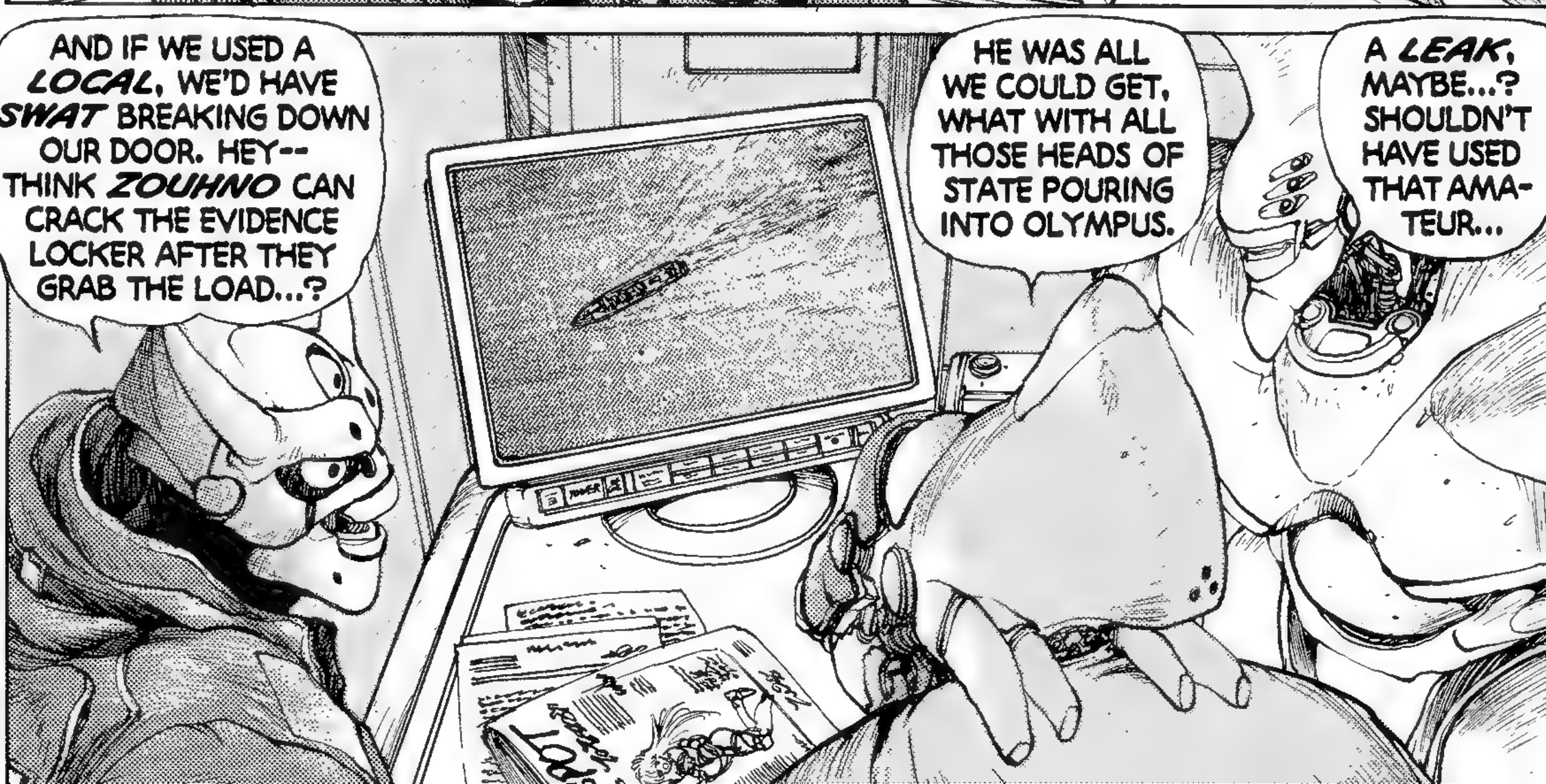
\*FX: SNFF SOB













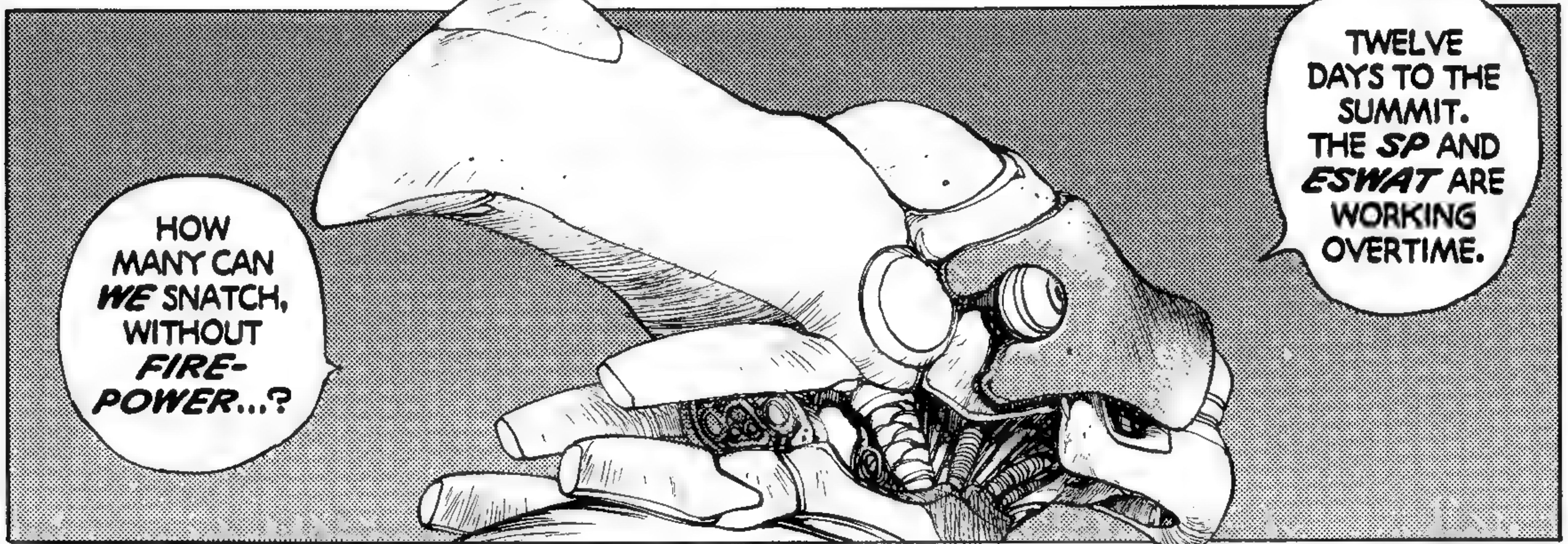


I TOLD  
YOU,  
MAN!  
ME AND  
ZOH-  
NOU'LL  
FIX IT!

AH, YOUR  
WHOLE  
SMUGGLING  
OP'S A  
CROCK.  
WE NEED A  
NEW PLAN.

AND IF  
THEY  
TAIL HIM  
BACK?

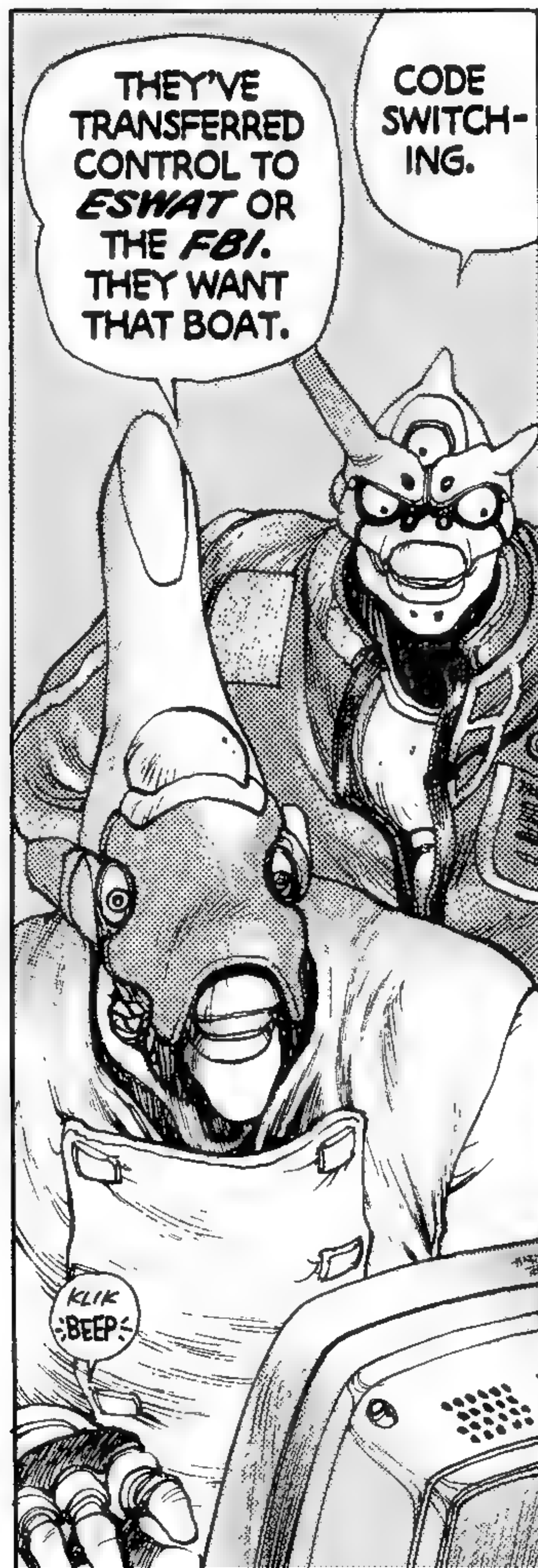
YEAH,  
R-  
RIGHT.



HOW  
MANY CAN  
WE SNATCH,  
WITHOUT  
FIRE-  
POWER...?

TWELVE  
DAYS TO THE  
SUMMIT.  
THE *SP* AND  
*ESWAT* ARE  
WORKING  
OVERTIME.

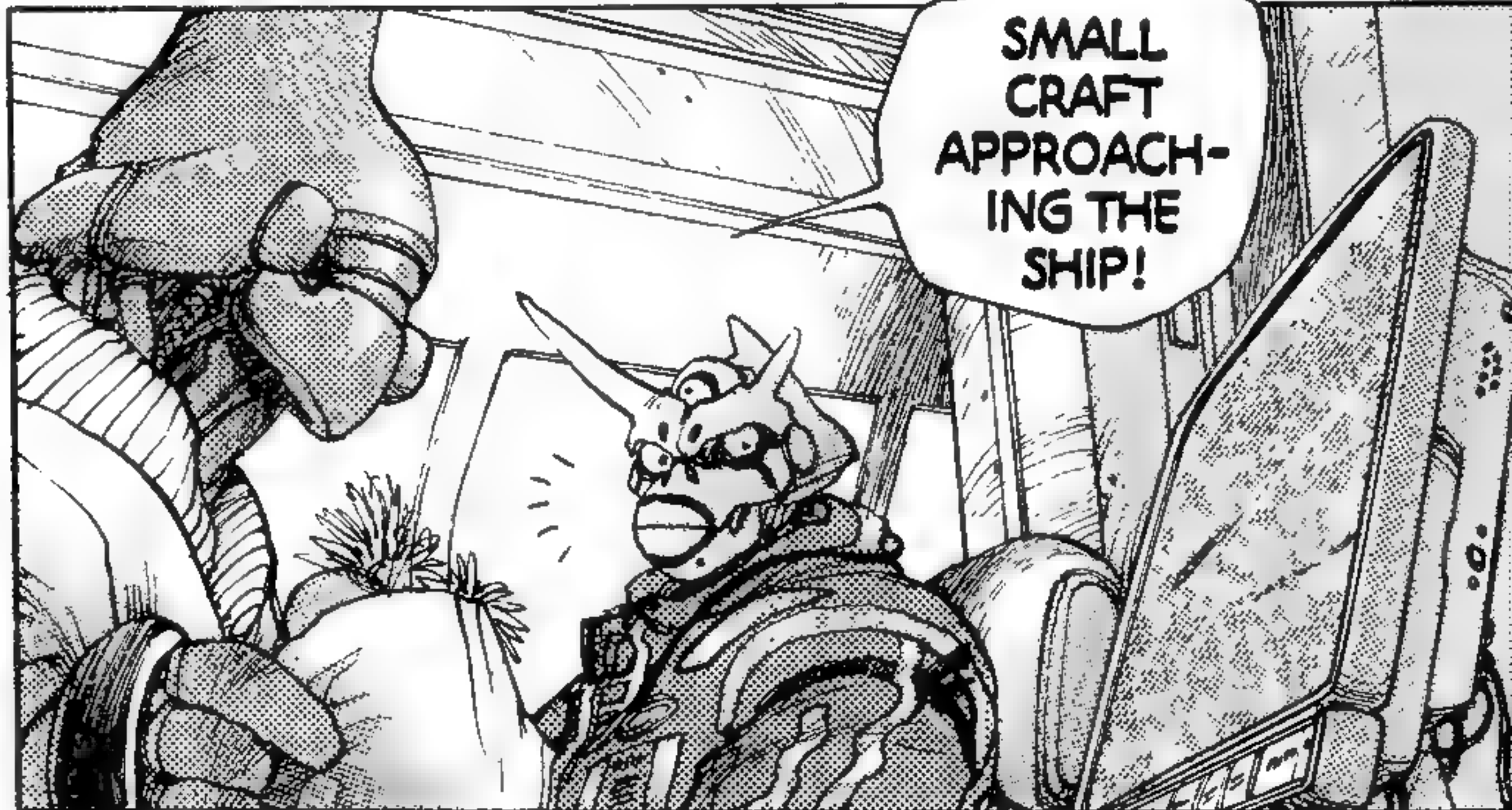
\*FX: FZZKK



THEY'VE  
TRANSFERRED  
CONTROL TO  
*ESWAT* OR  
THE *FBI*.  
THEY WANT  
THAT BOAT.

CODE  
SWITCH-  
ING.

AH?!  
/ / / / /  
/ / / / /  
/ / / / /



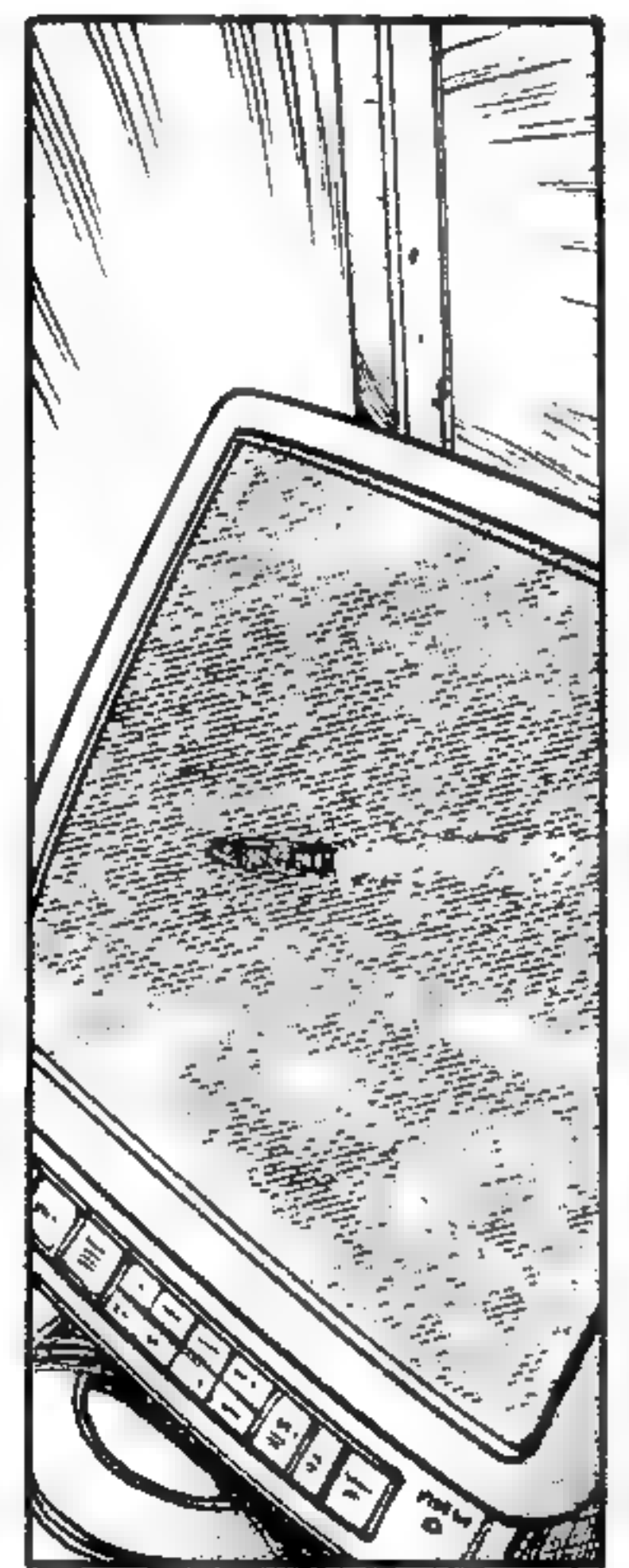
SMALL  
CRAFT  
APPROACH-  
ING THE  
SHIP!



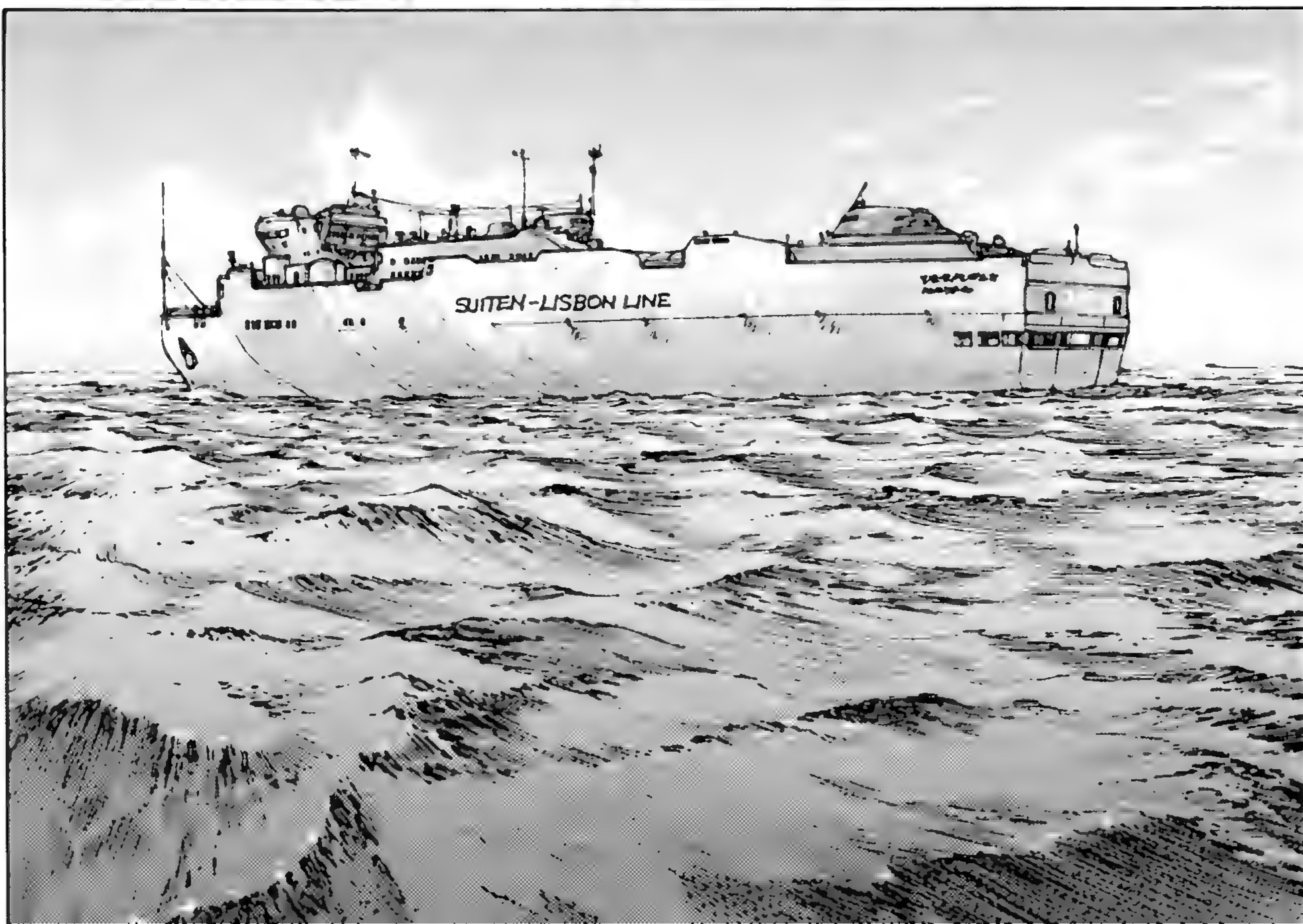
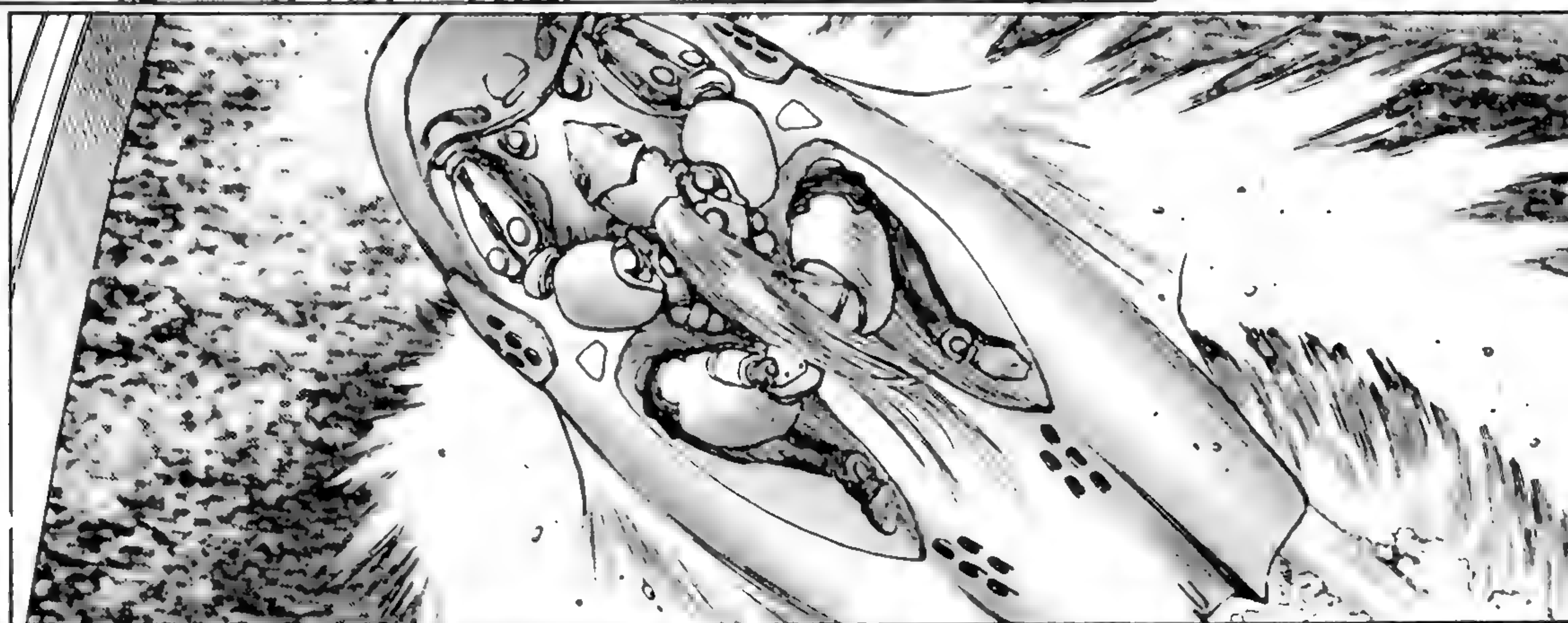
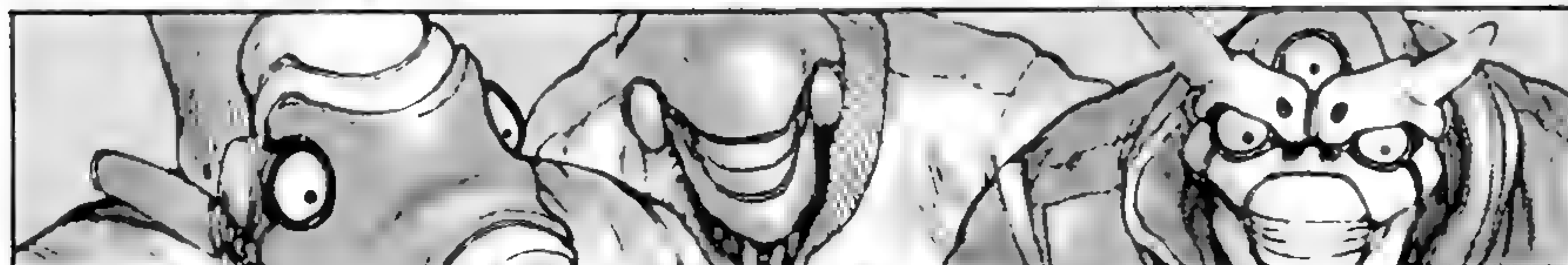
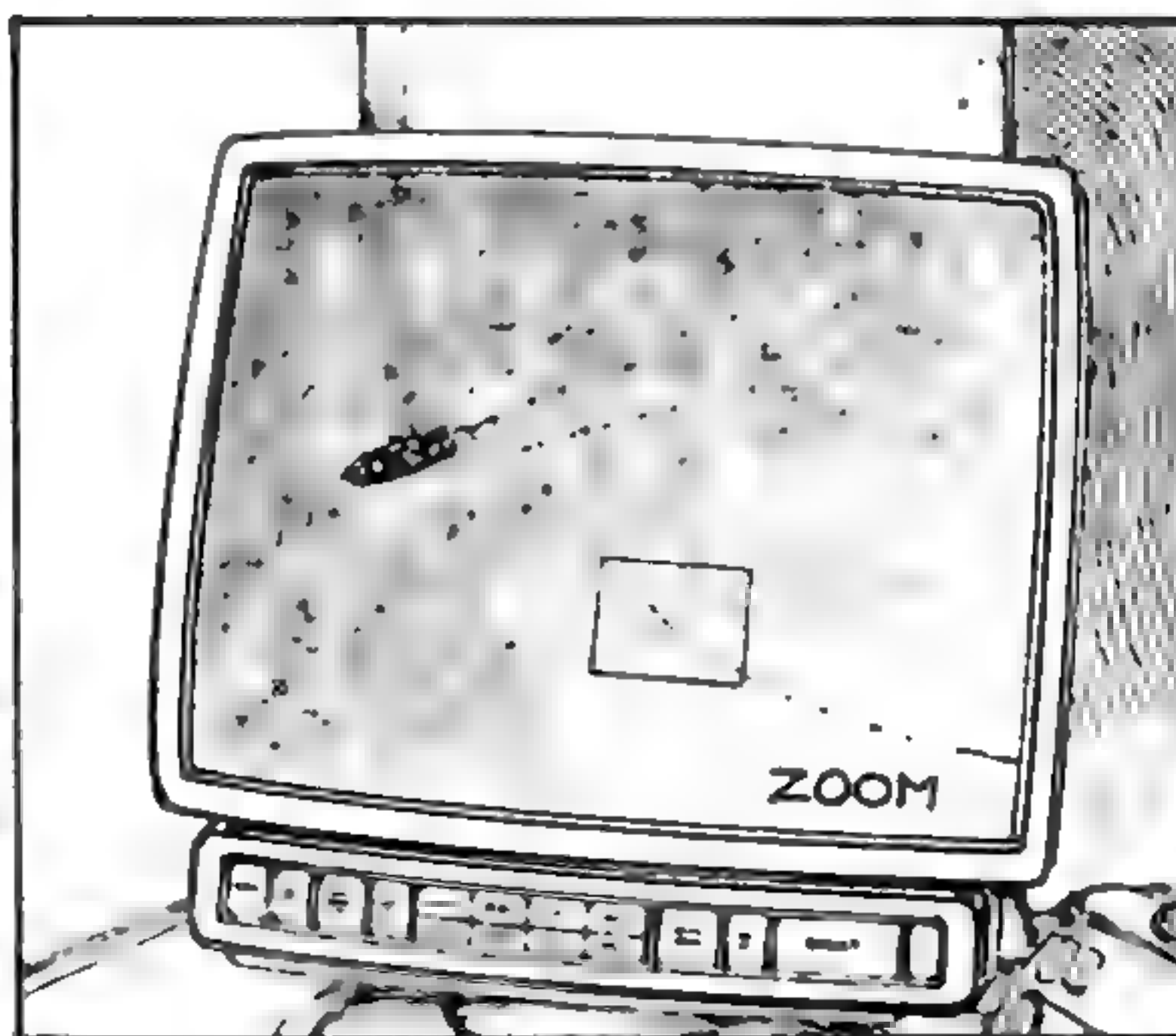
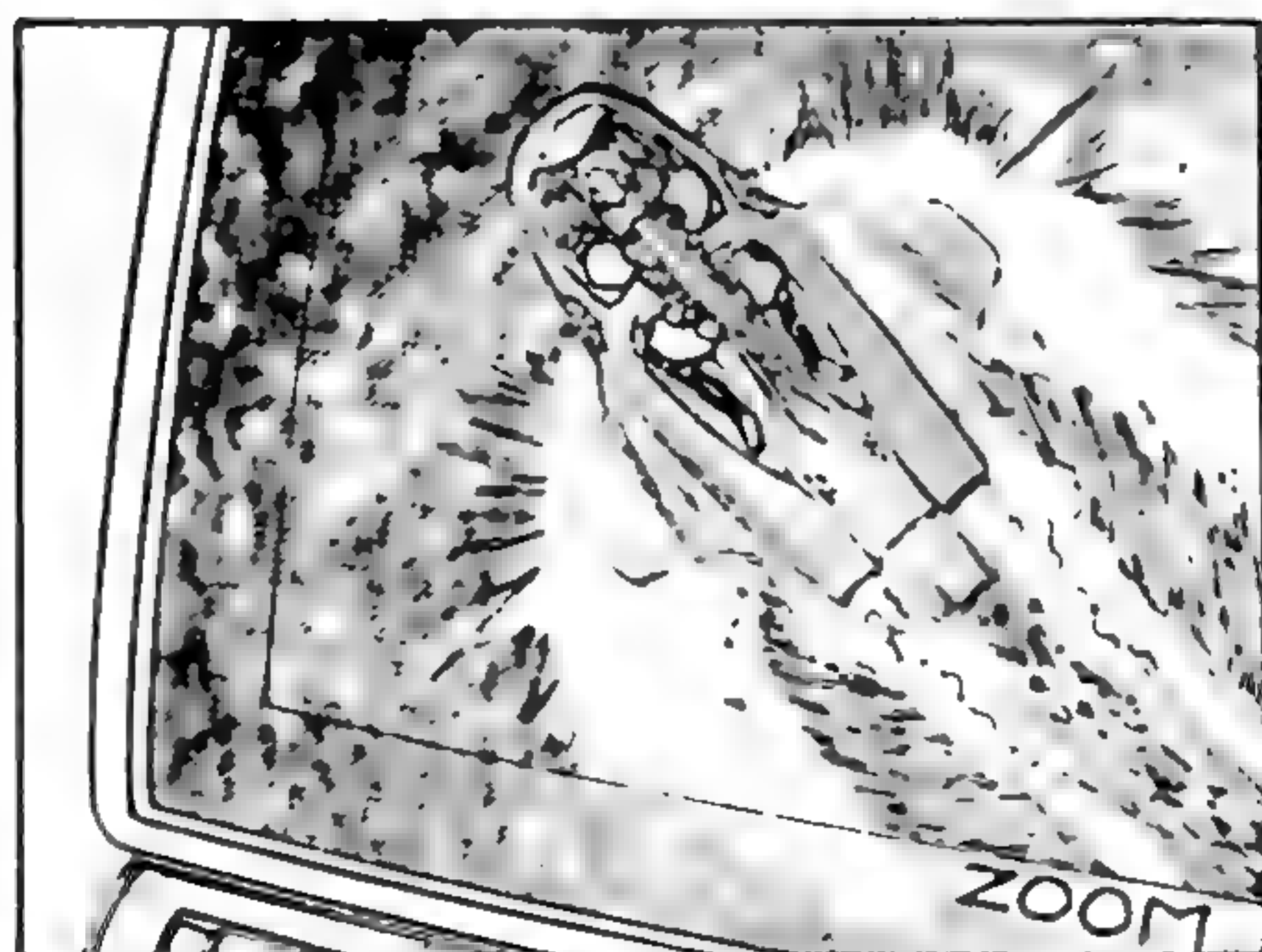
MAYBE  
A LOCAL  
DEALER?

S-S-  
SUB-  
MERGED!  
*SWAT*...?

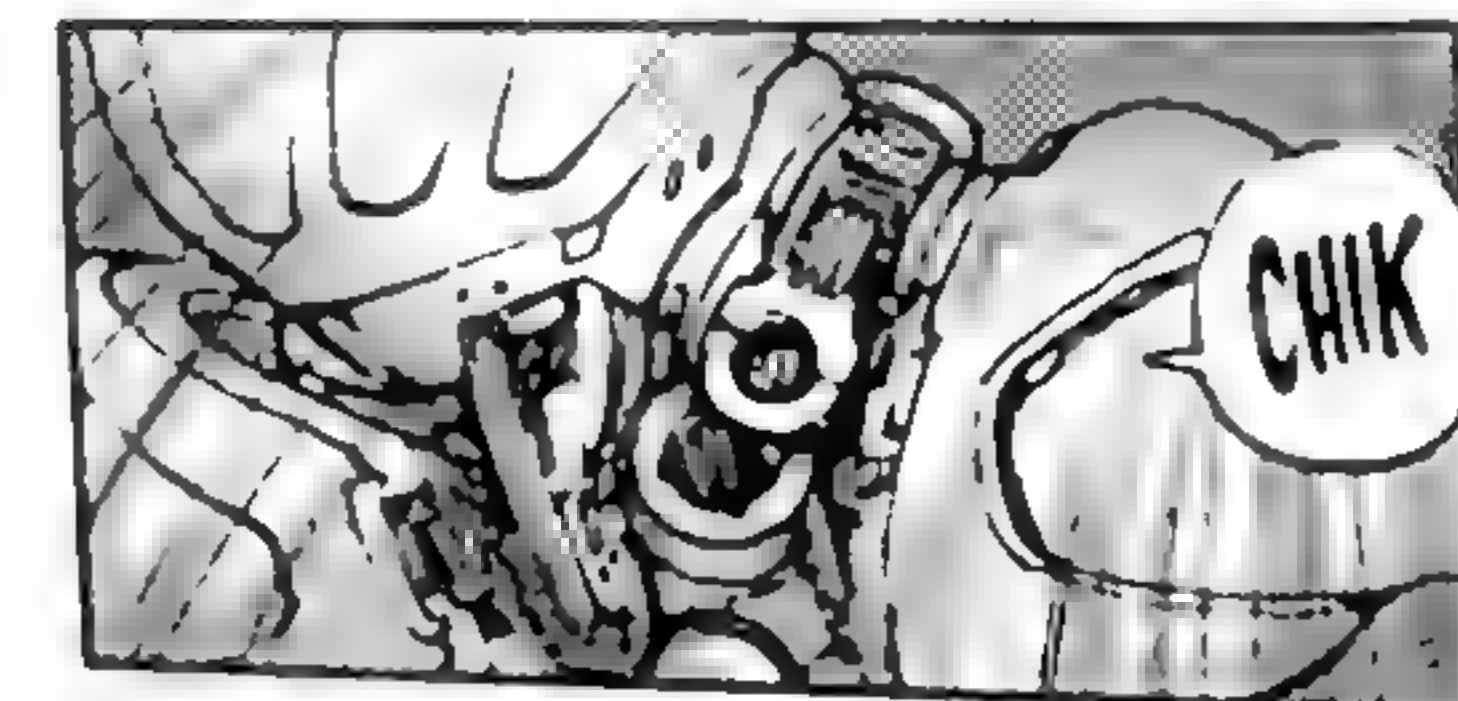
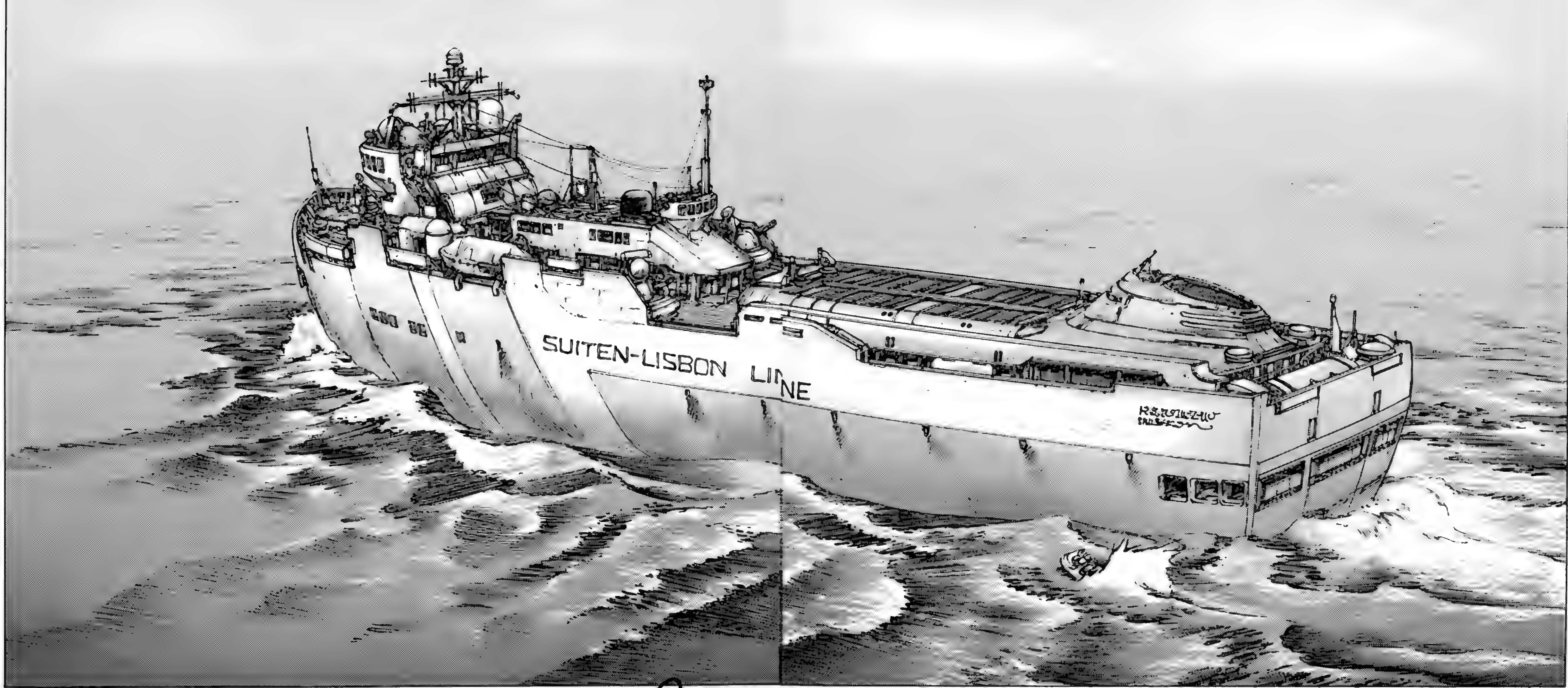
?! IT  
*VANISH-  
ED!*



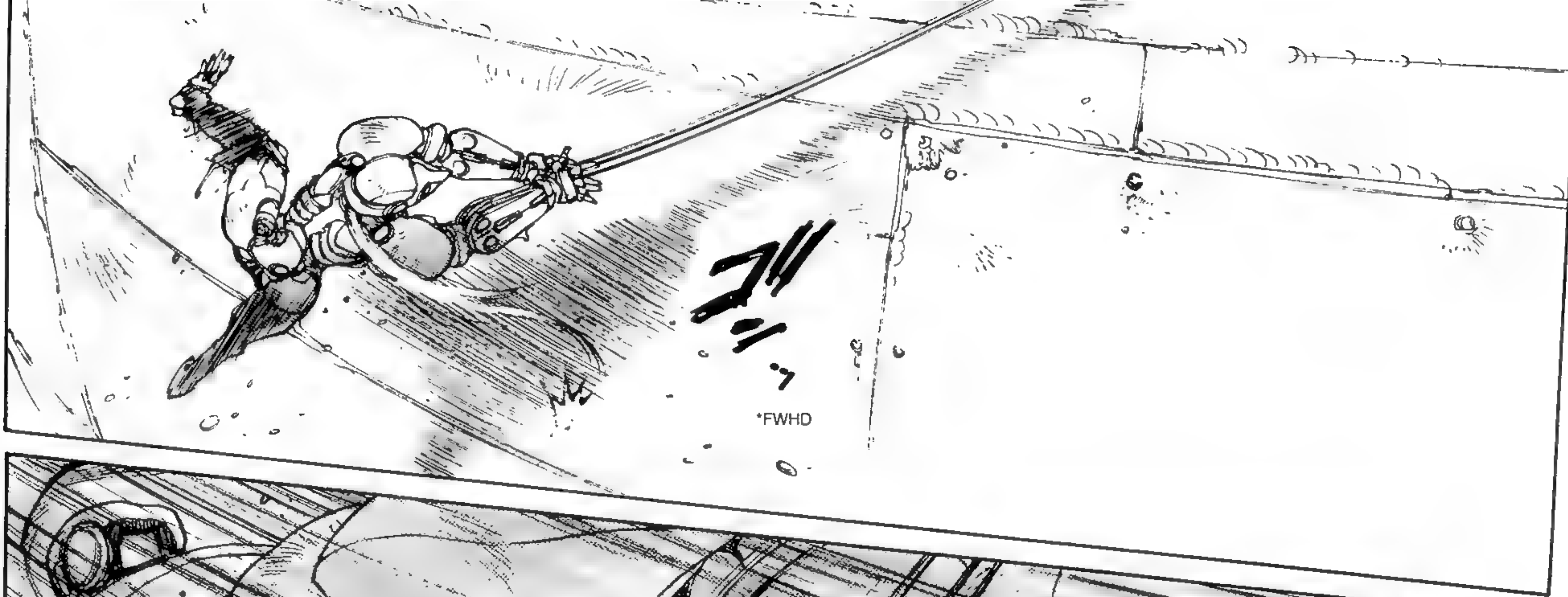




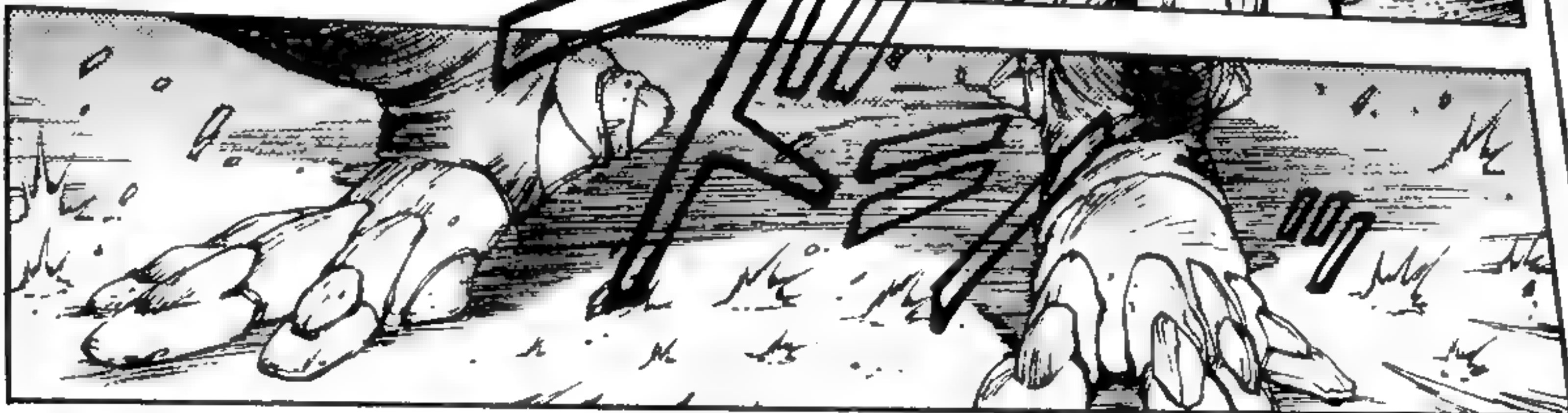
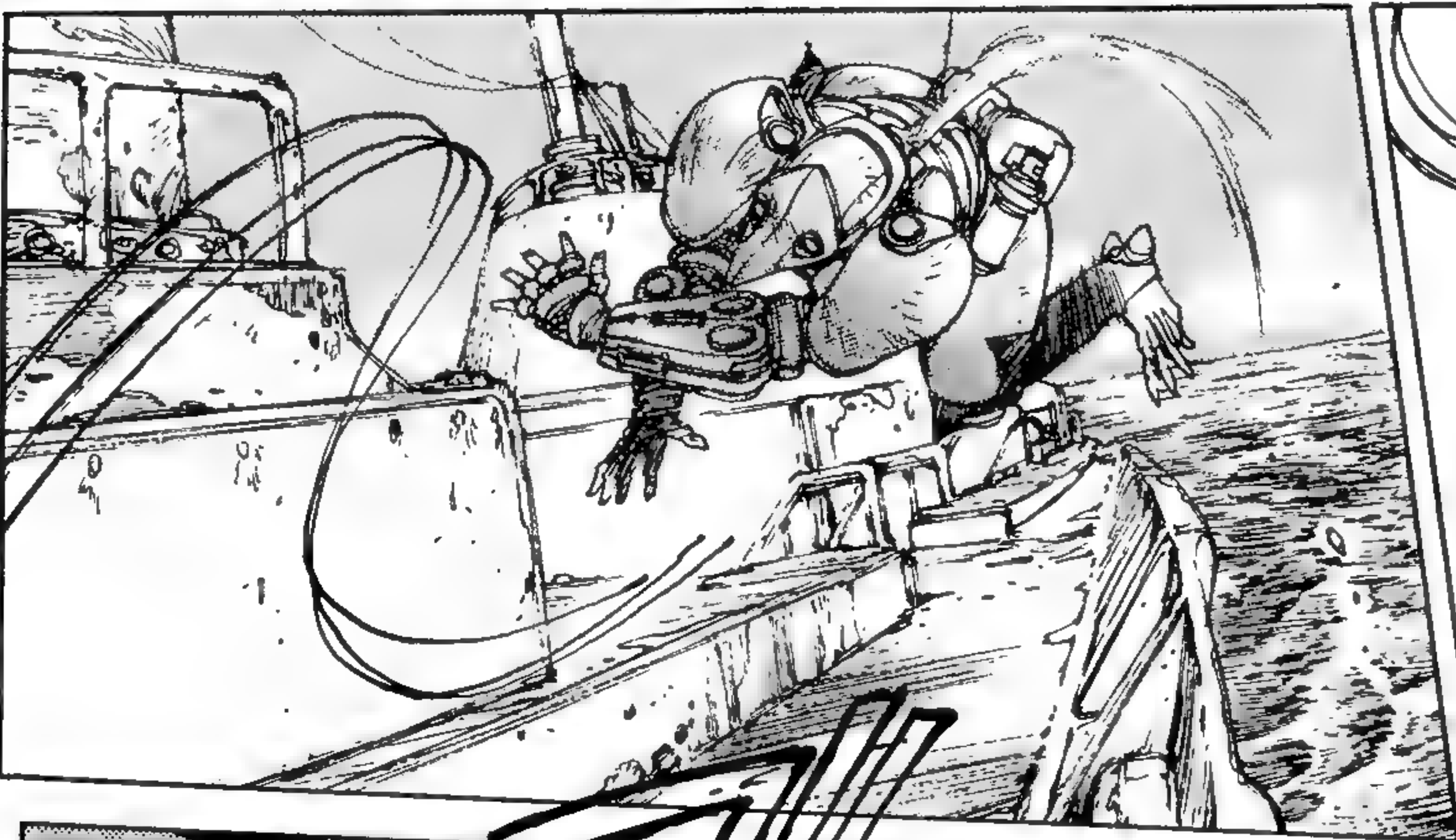
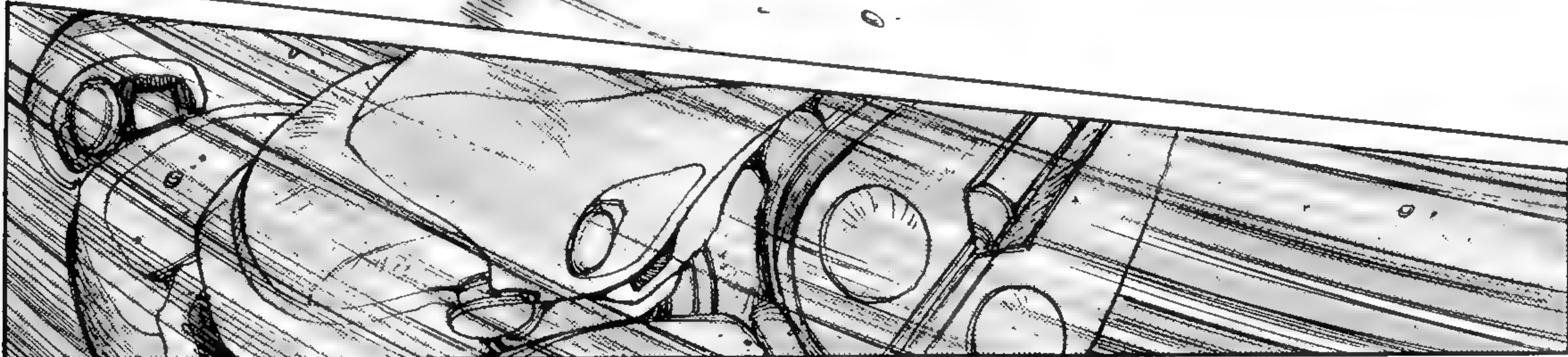






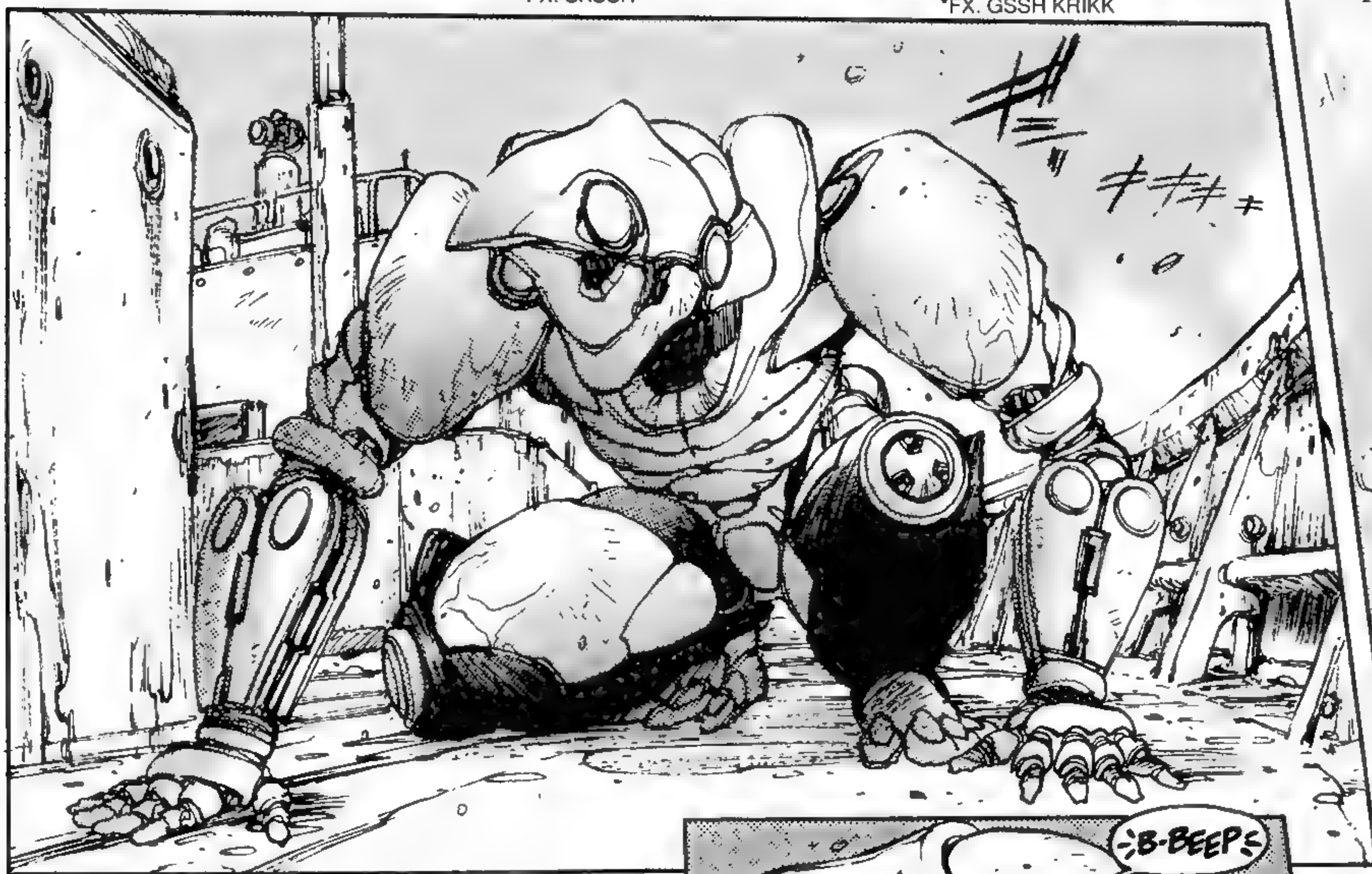


\*FWHD



\*FX. SKSSH

\*FX. GSSH KRIKK



\*B-BEEPS



\*KANG

\*KANG

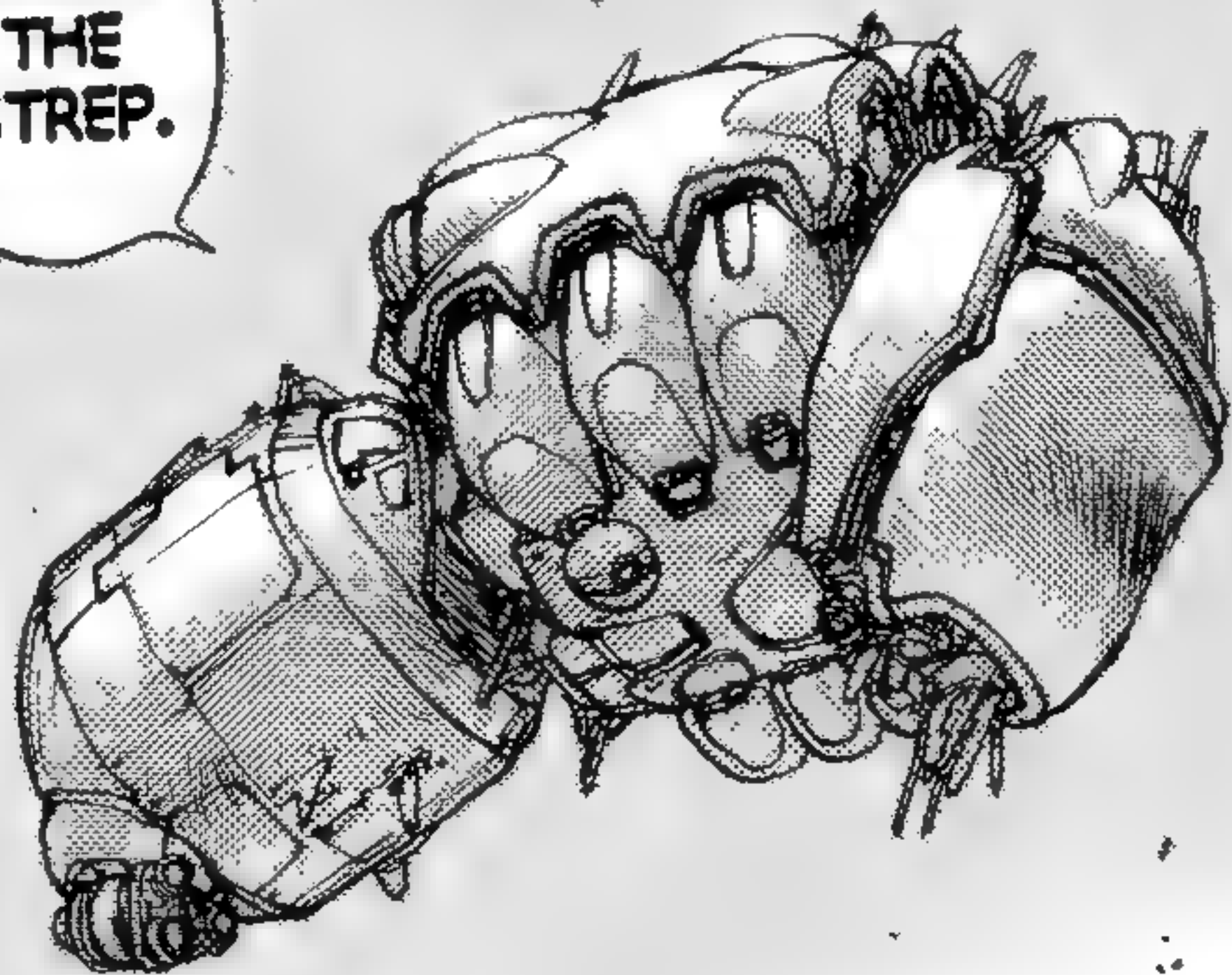
\*KANG

\*KANG

\*KANG



HERE'S  
THE  
SITREP.

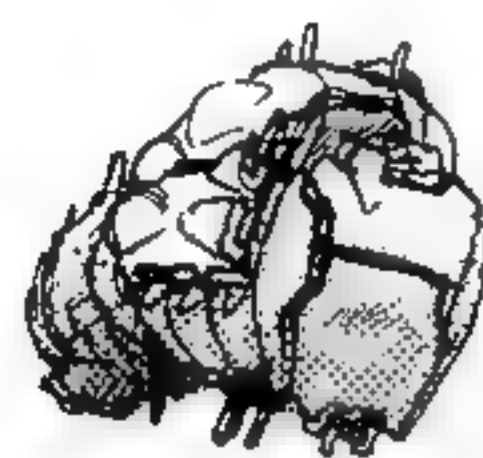
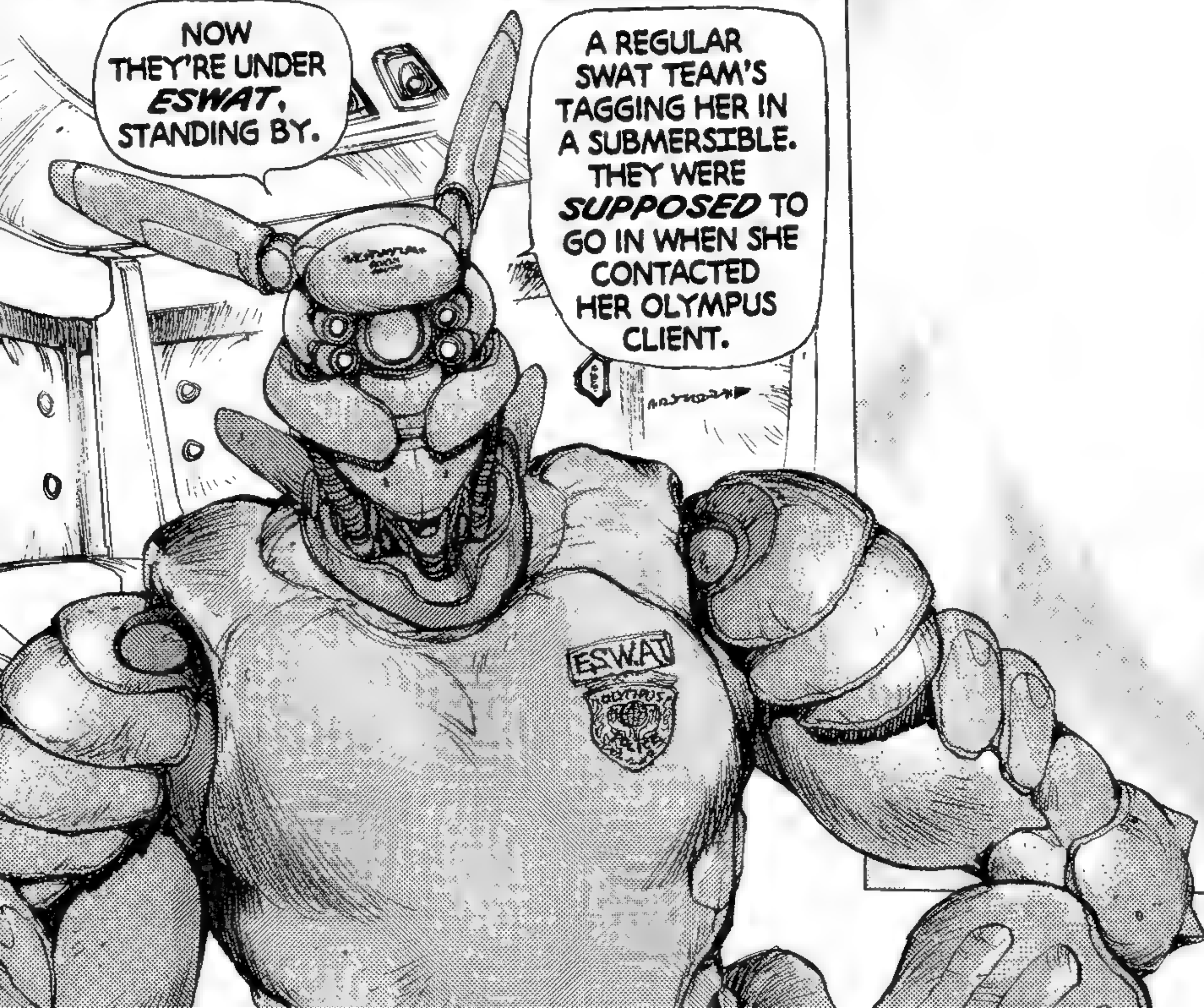


IN TWENTY  
MINUTES  
WE'LL BE IN  
POSITION  
ABOVE AN  
ARMS  
SMUGGLER--  
A CARGO  
SHIP.

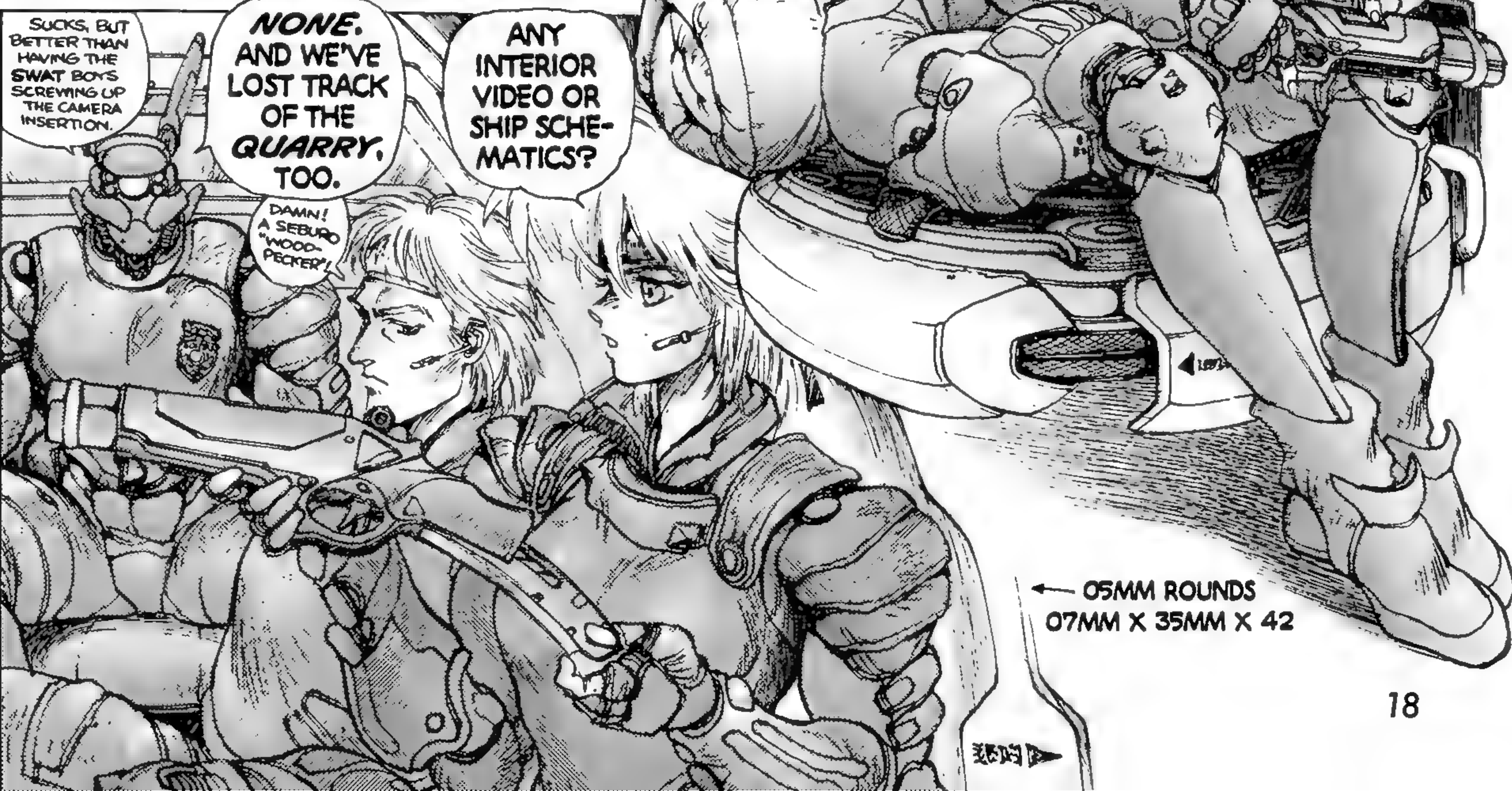
THEY'VE  
TRACKED  
HER FROM  
SPAIN, WITH  
A STOP IN  
LISBON.

NOW  
THEY'RE UNDER  
**ESWAT**,  
STANDING BY.

A REGULAR  
SWAT TEAM'S  
TAGGING HER IN  
A SUBMERSIBLE.  
THEY WERE  
**SUPPOSED** TO  
GO IN WHEN SHE  
CONTACTED  
HER OLYMPUS  
CLIENT.







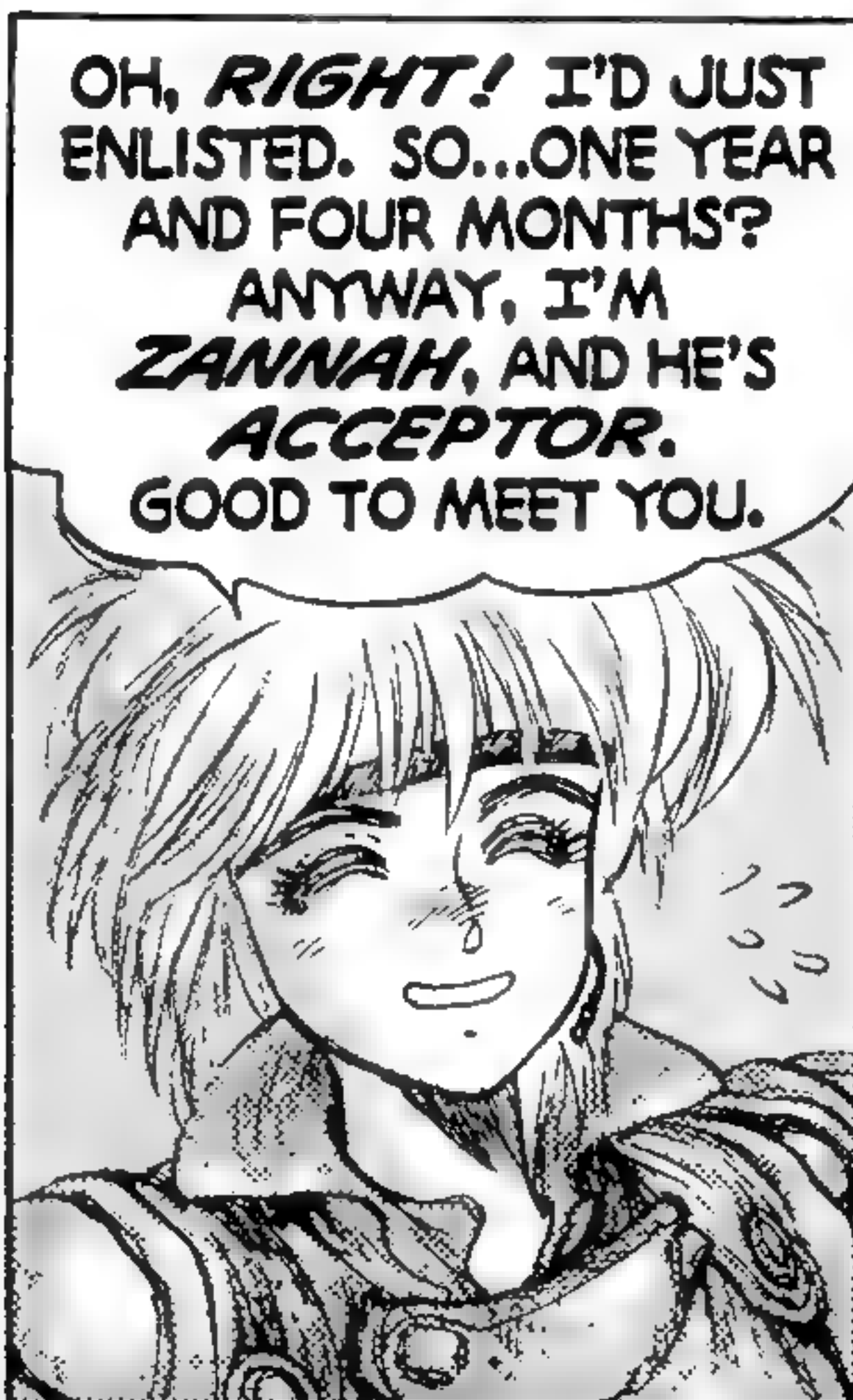




THE QUARRY LEAVES TWO DIFFERENT TRACKS. NIMBLE, *VERY* TECHNICAL. BE CAREFUL.

YEAH... AND A CERTAIN *EMBASSY* STINKS BAD. BUT IT'S THE OLD *DIPLOMATIC IMMUNITY* DODGE.

DID THEY CHECK THE BLACK MARKET MECHS AND CHOPSHOPS WHEN THOSE GUYS WENT MISSING?



OH, *RIGHT!* I'D JUST ENLISTED. SO...ONE YEAR AND FOUR MONTHS? ANYWAY, I'M *ZANNAH*, AND HE'S *ACCEPTOR*. GOOD TO MEET YOU.



WASN'T THAT *YOU* HAVING IT OUT WITH LANCE AND THE FIELD COMMANDER IN '27?

HAHN...?

HAVEN'T SEEN YOU GUYS BEFORE. BEEN IN LONG?

NOVEMBER? THE TRAINING GROUND...?

\*FX. WSHAK KLIK



LOOK, NEXT TIME SOMEONE ASKS IF YOU'VE BEEN IN LONG, JUST SAY "UH-HUH." IT'S *CLEANER*, GET IT?

OH! GOOD IDEA.



GREAT. I BET THAT SOUNDED TOTALLY FAKE.

WAY TO GO, GIRL... BUT AT LEAST YOU'RE TRYING.

GRINNING LIKE A NUTCASE, ON A JOB LIKE THIS? WEIRD.

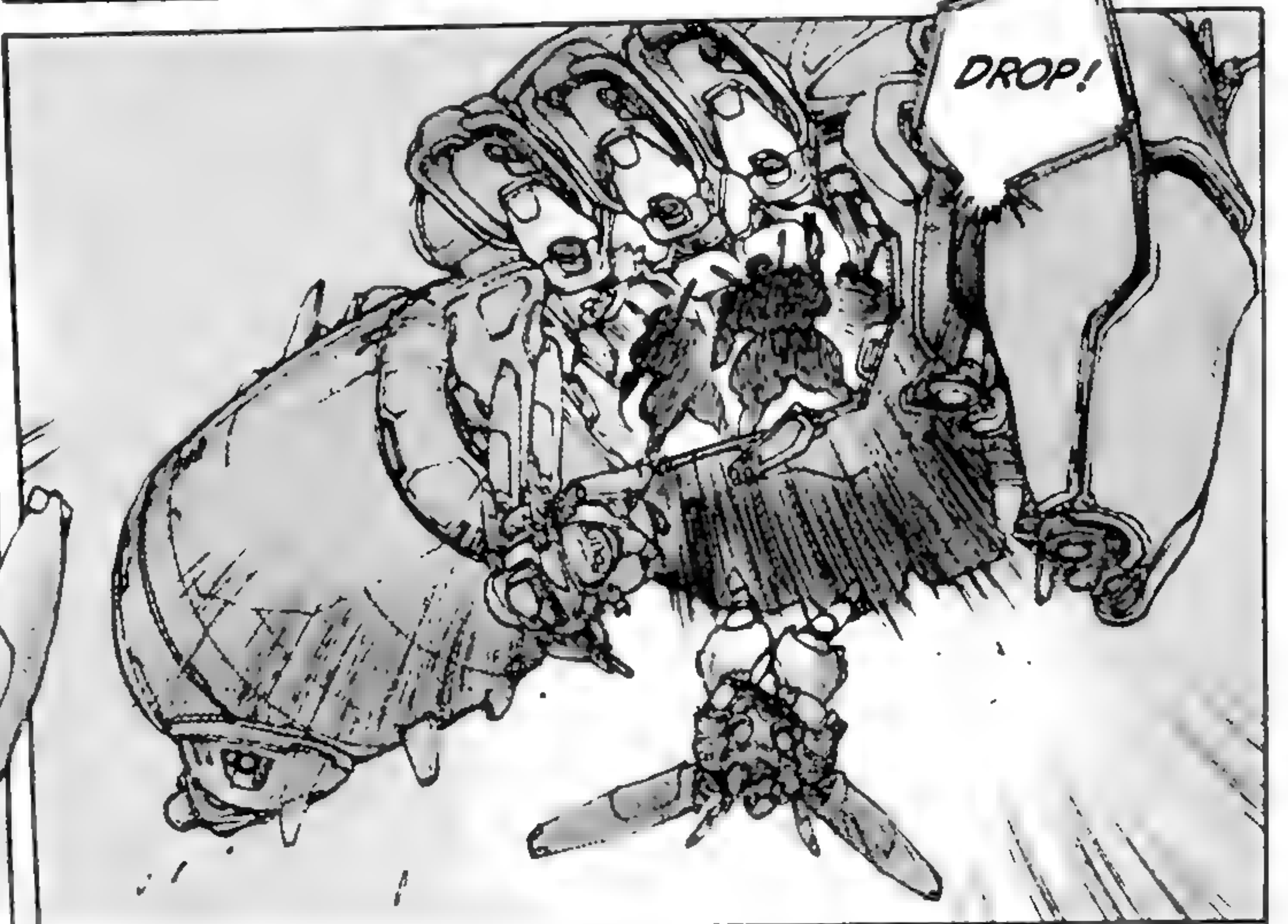
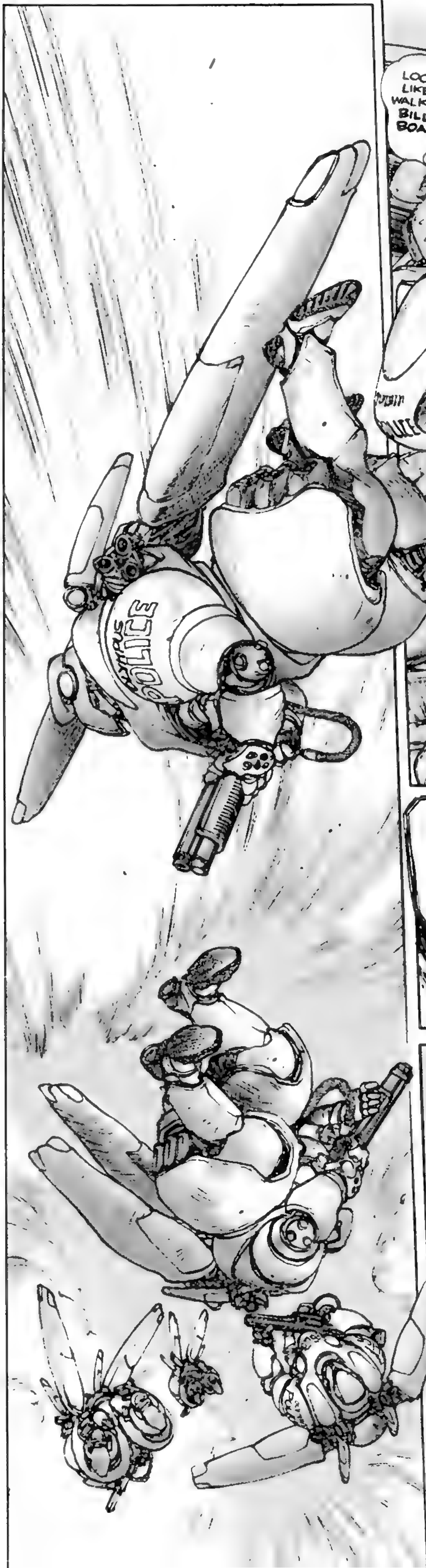
I GOTTA TAKE ORDERS FROM A DAMN KID? HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN IN...?!



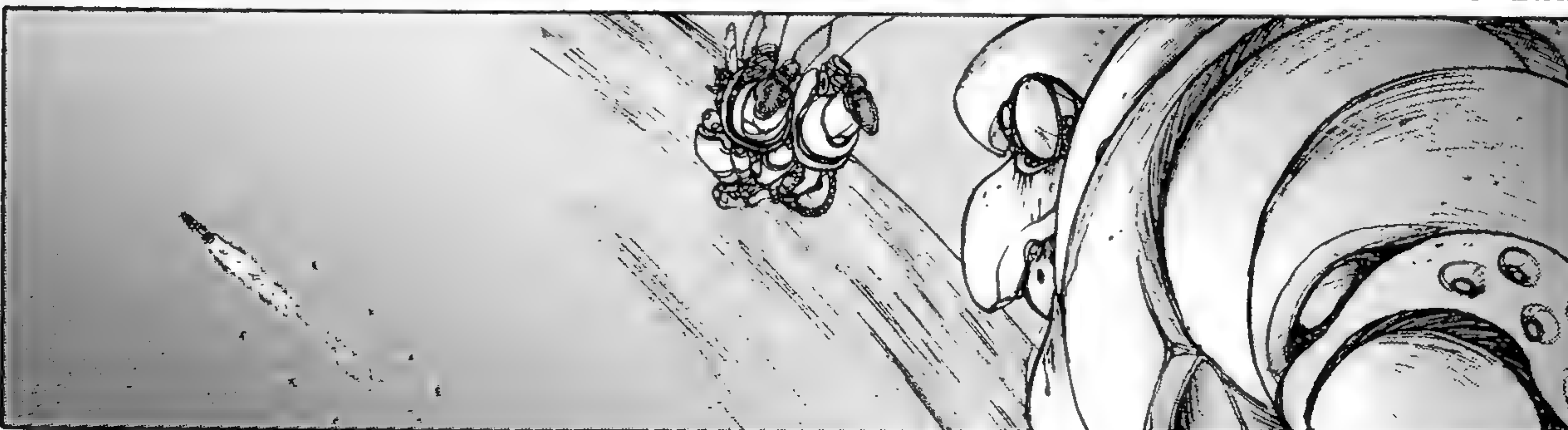
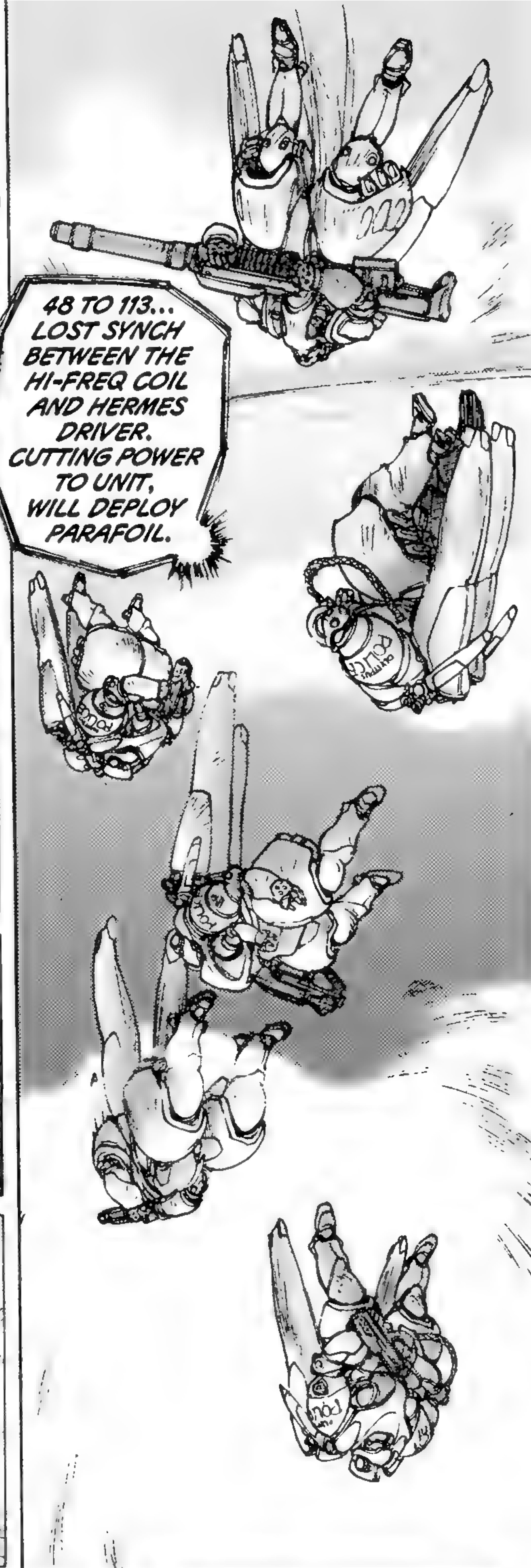
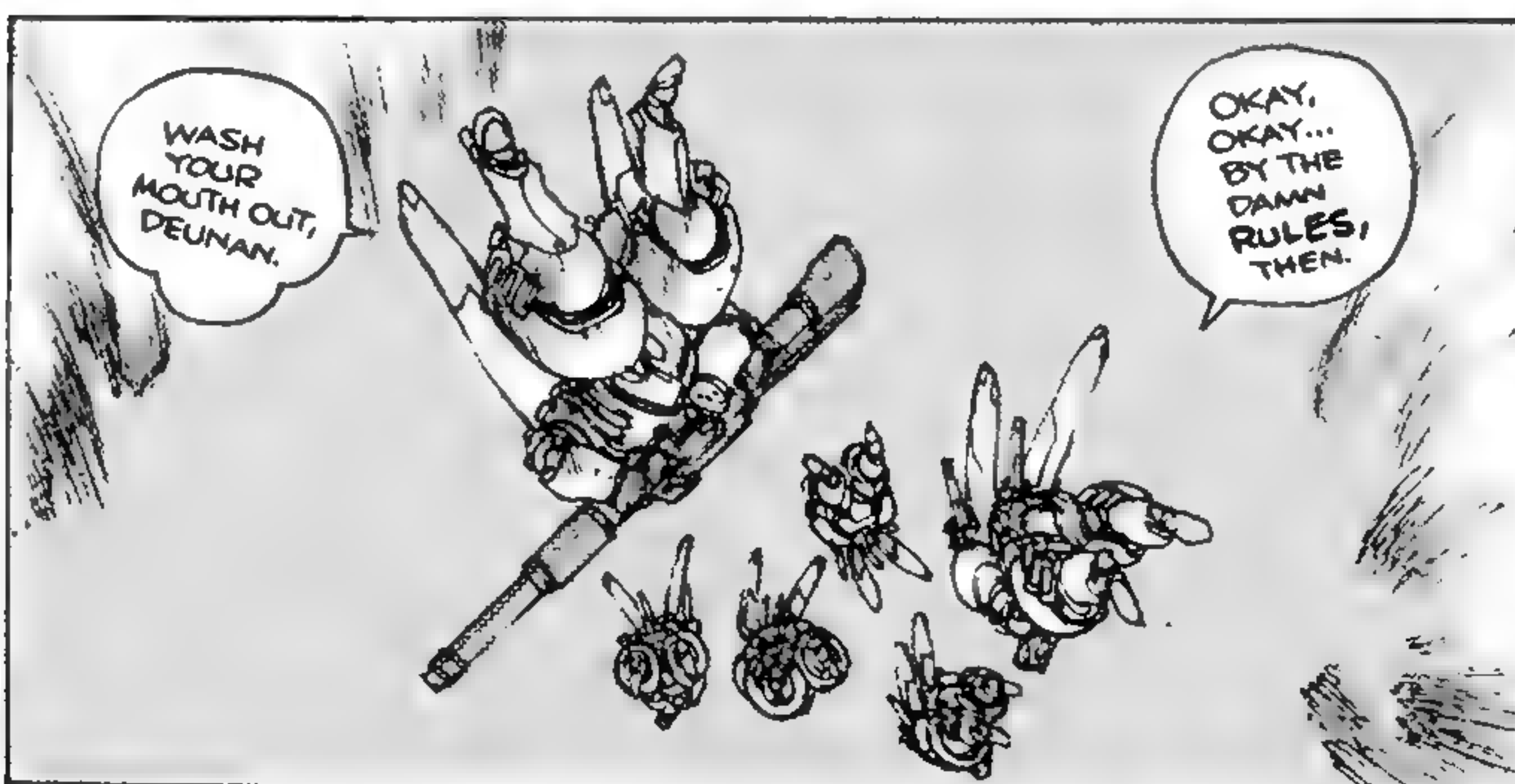
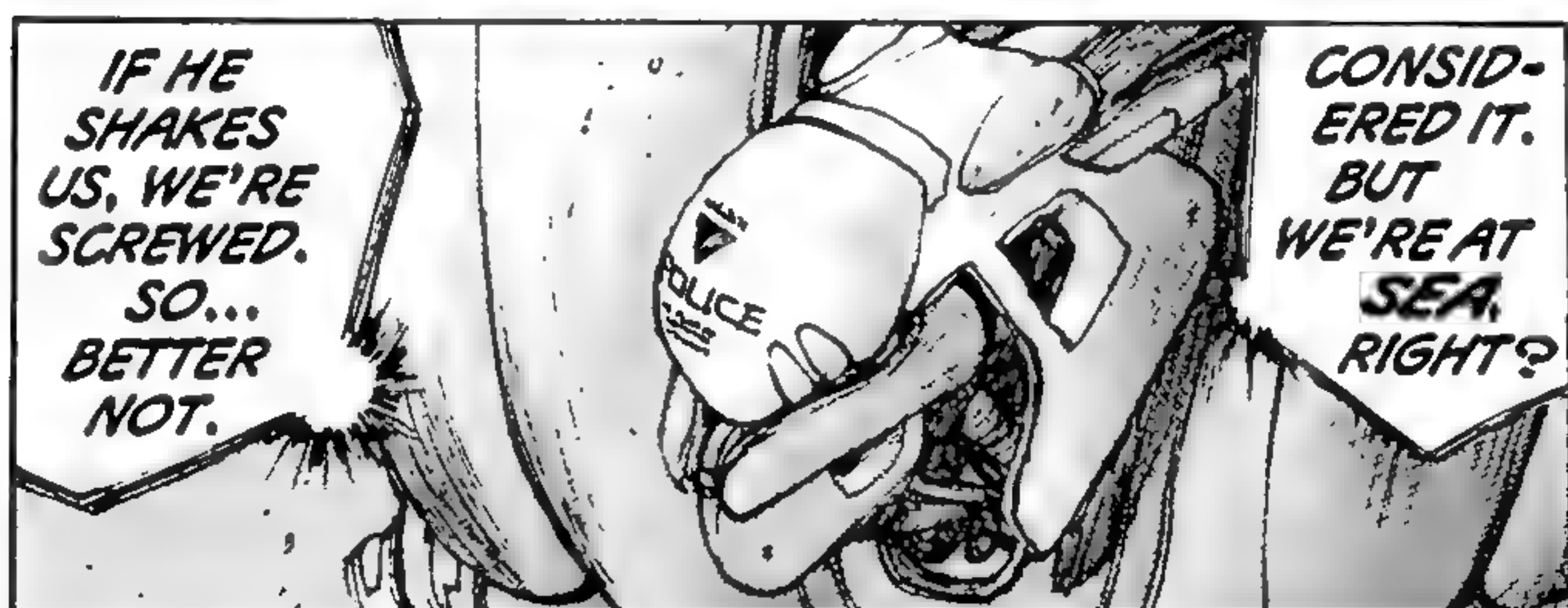
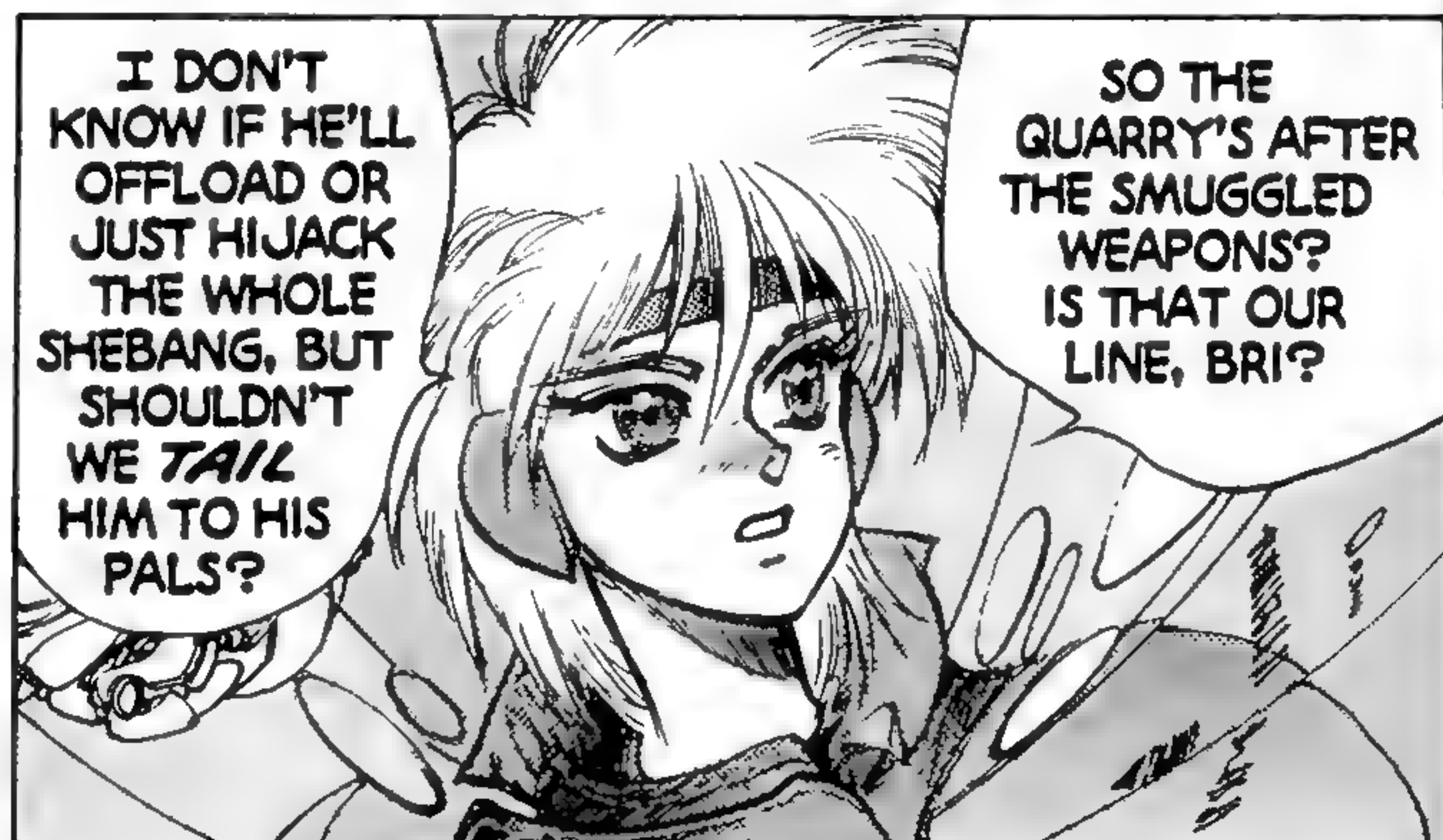
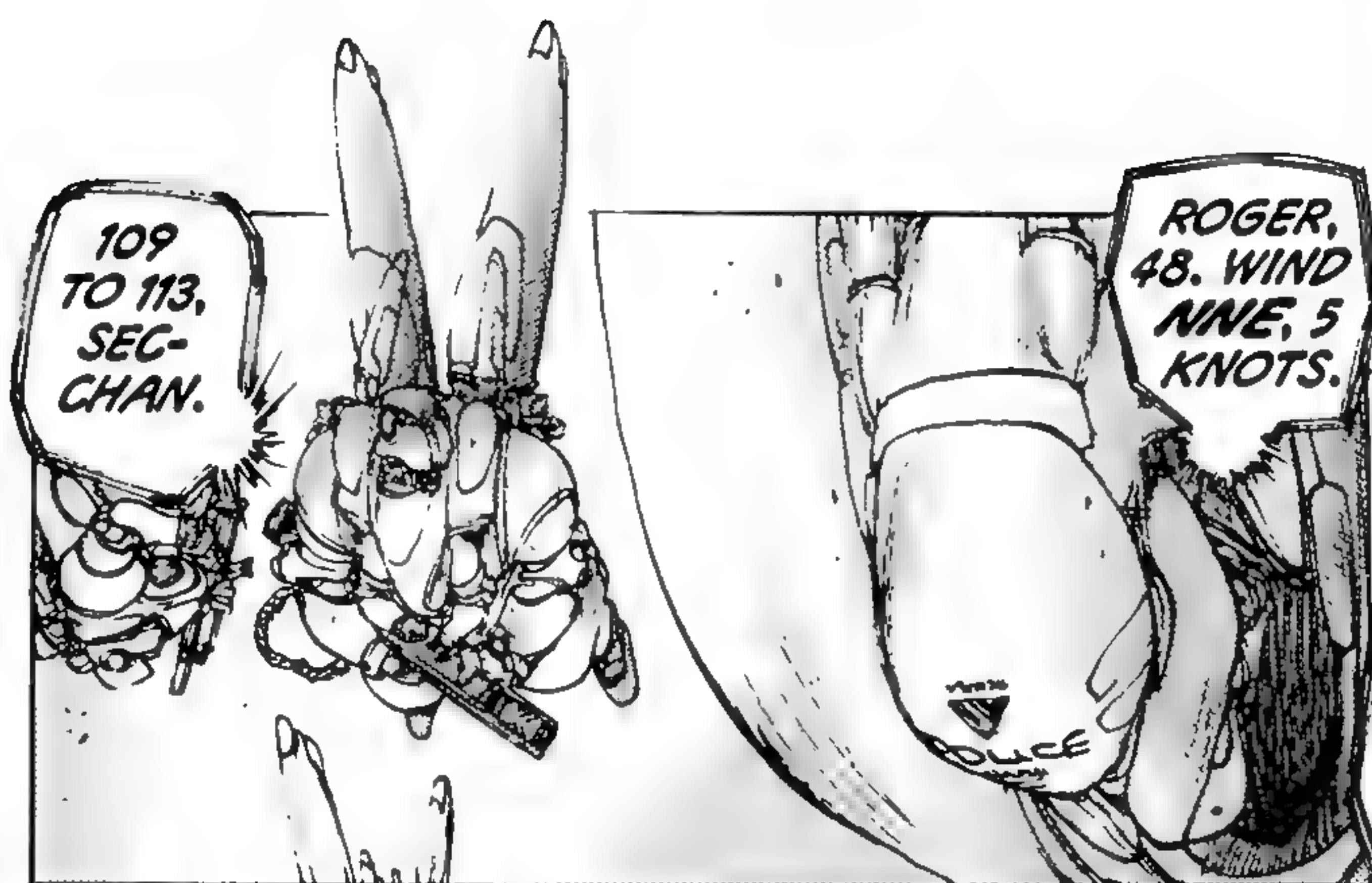
GUGES PAINTING AND MARKING COMPLETE!

\*FX VREEE VREEE

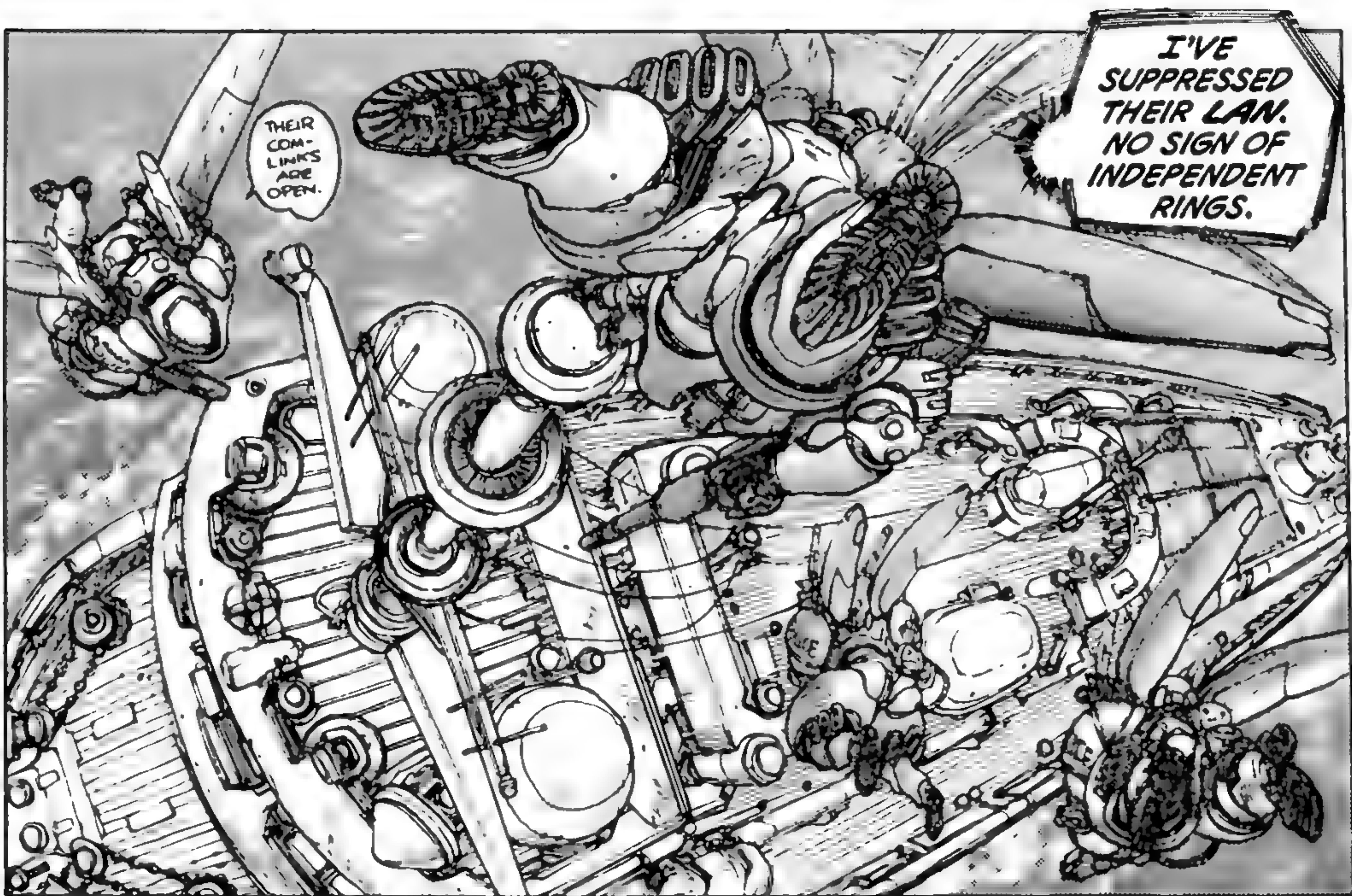




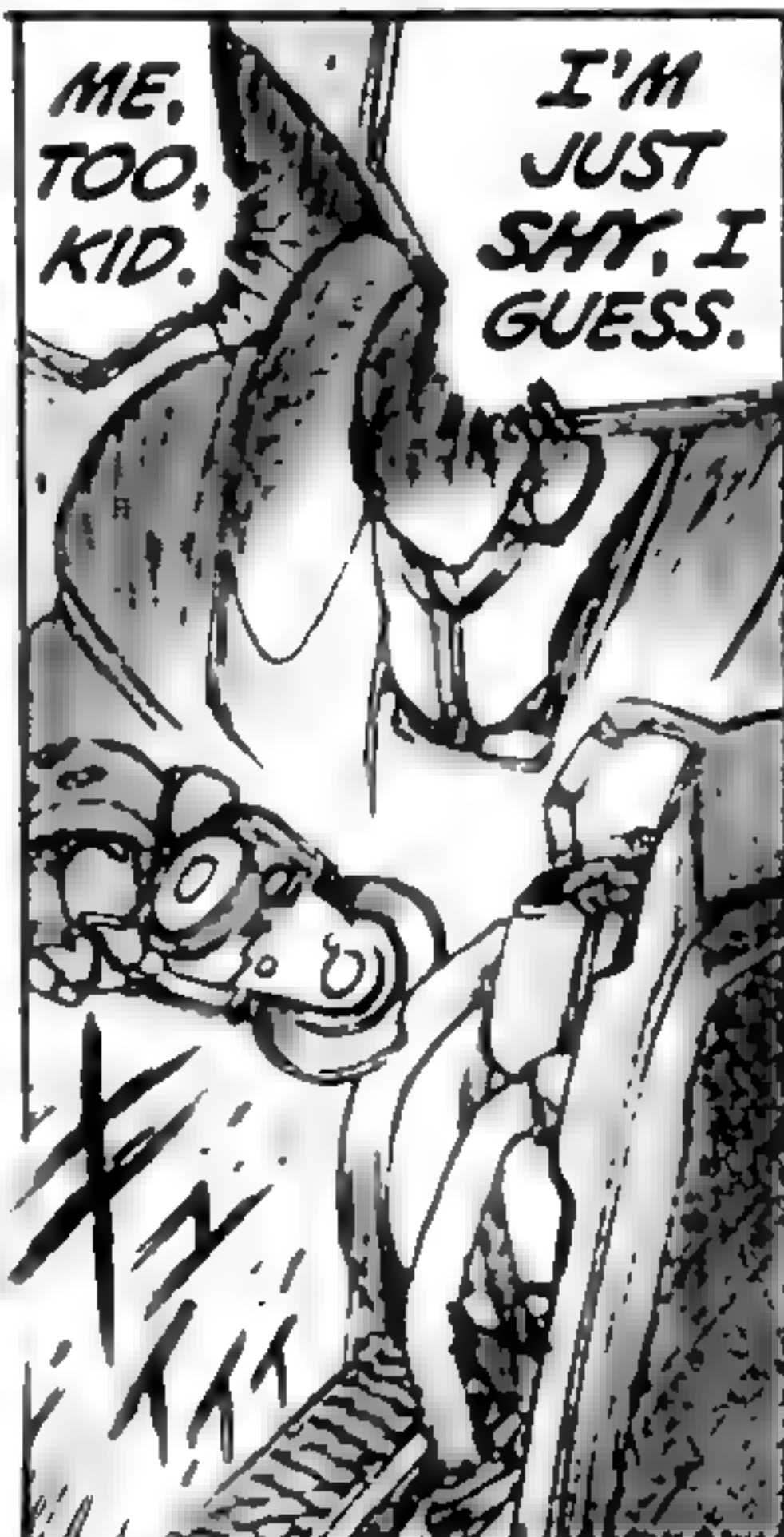
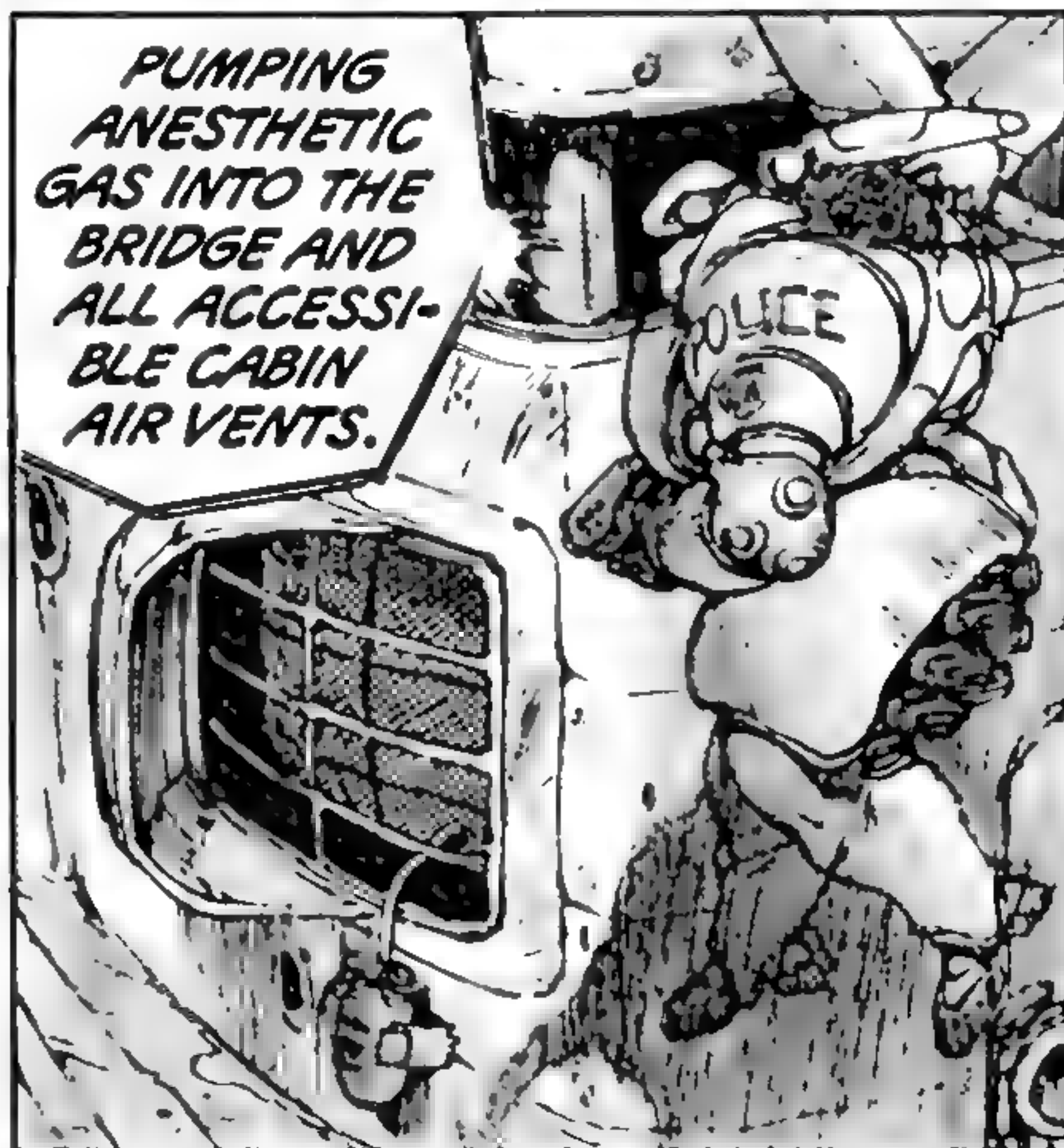




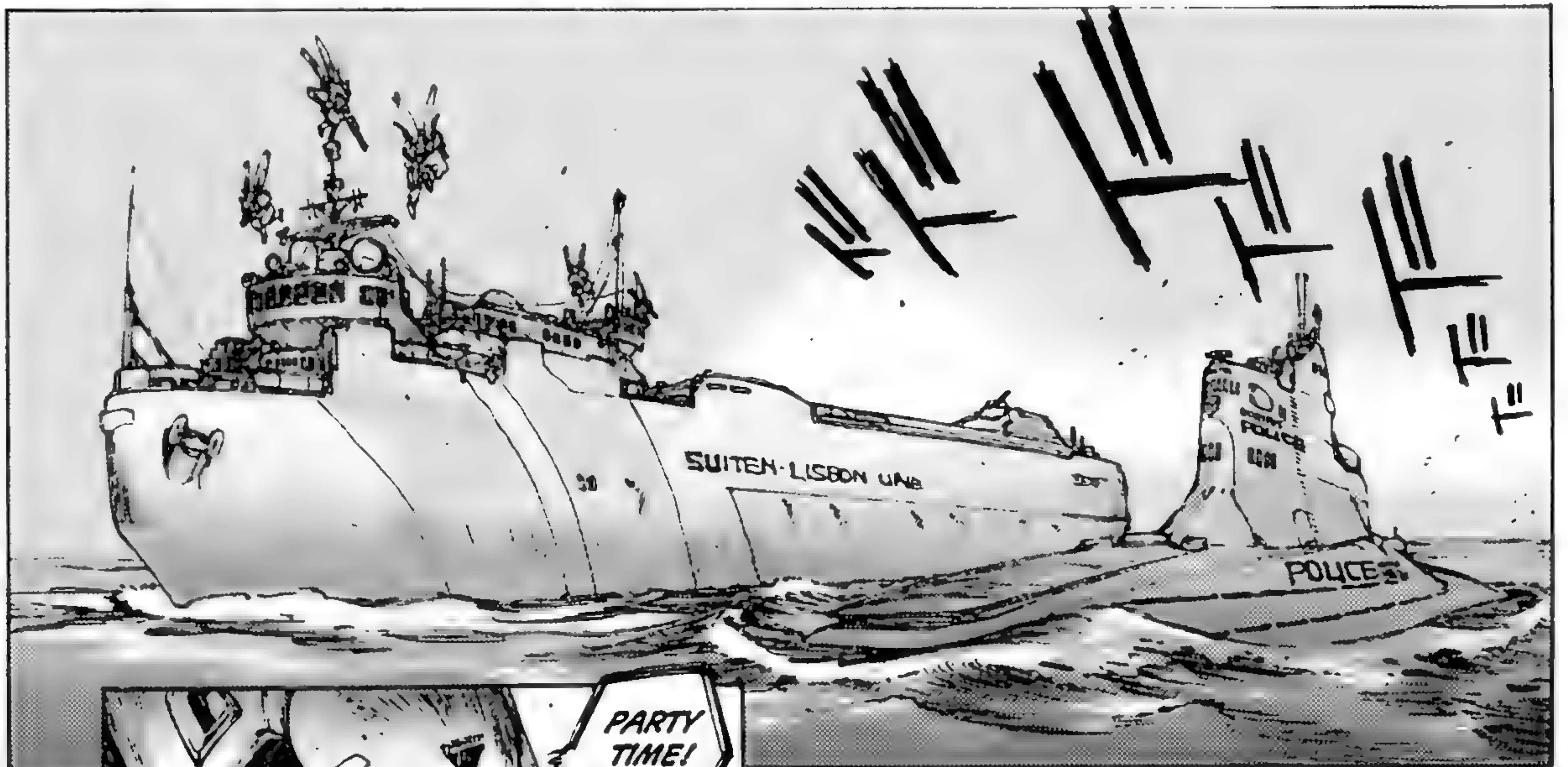
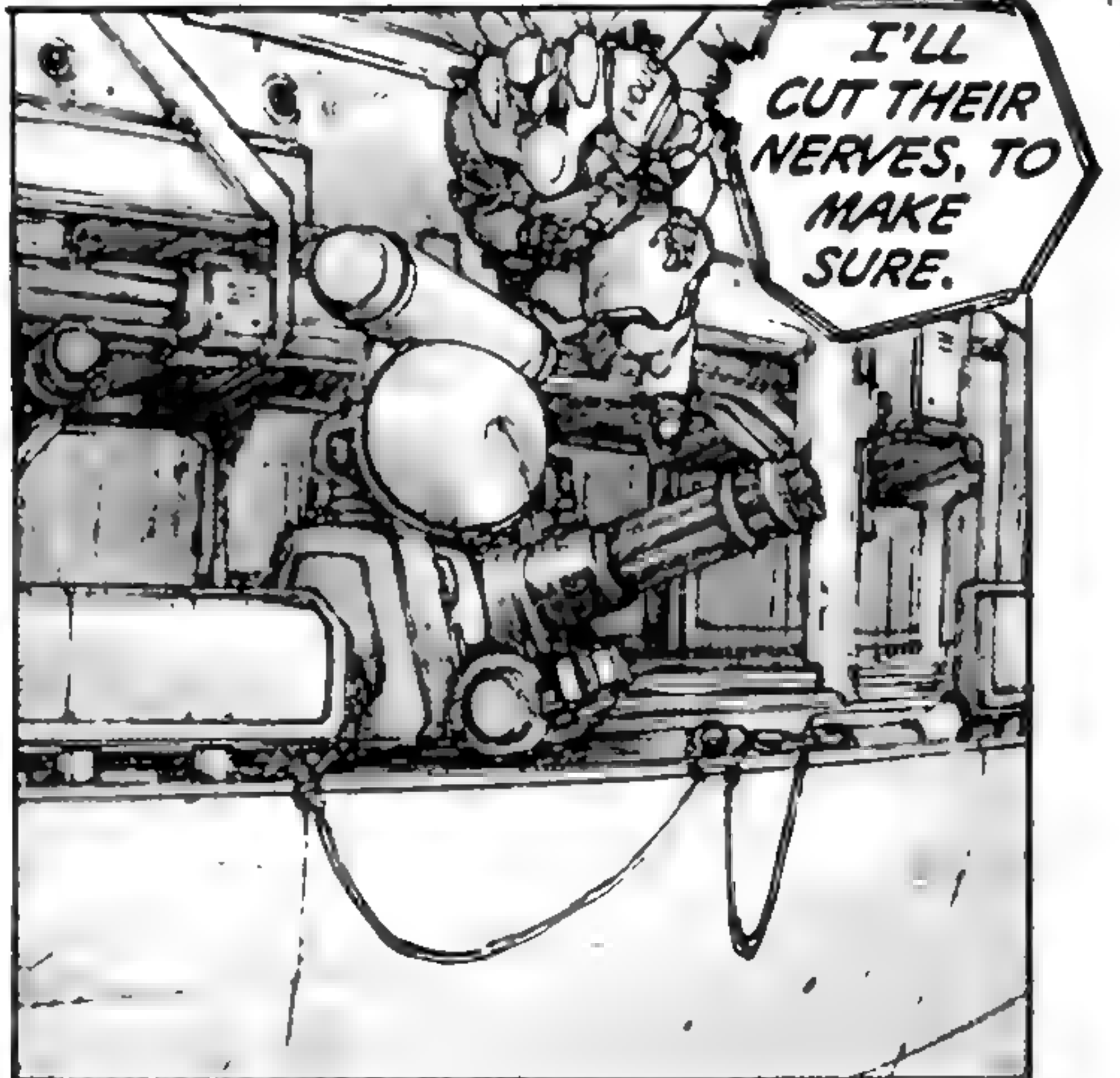




\*FX FWAP



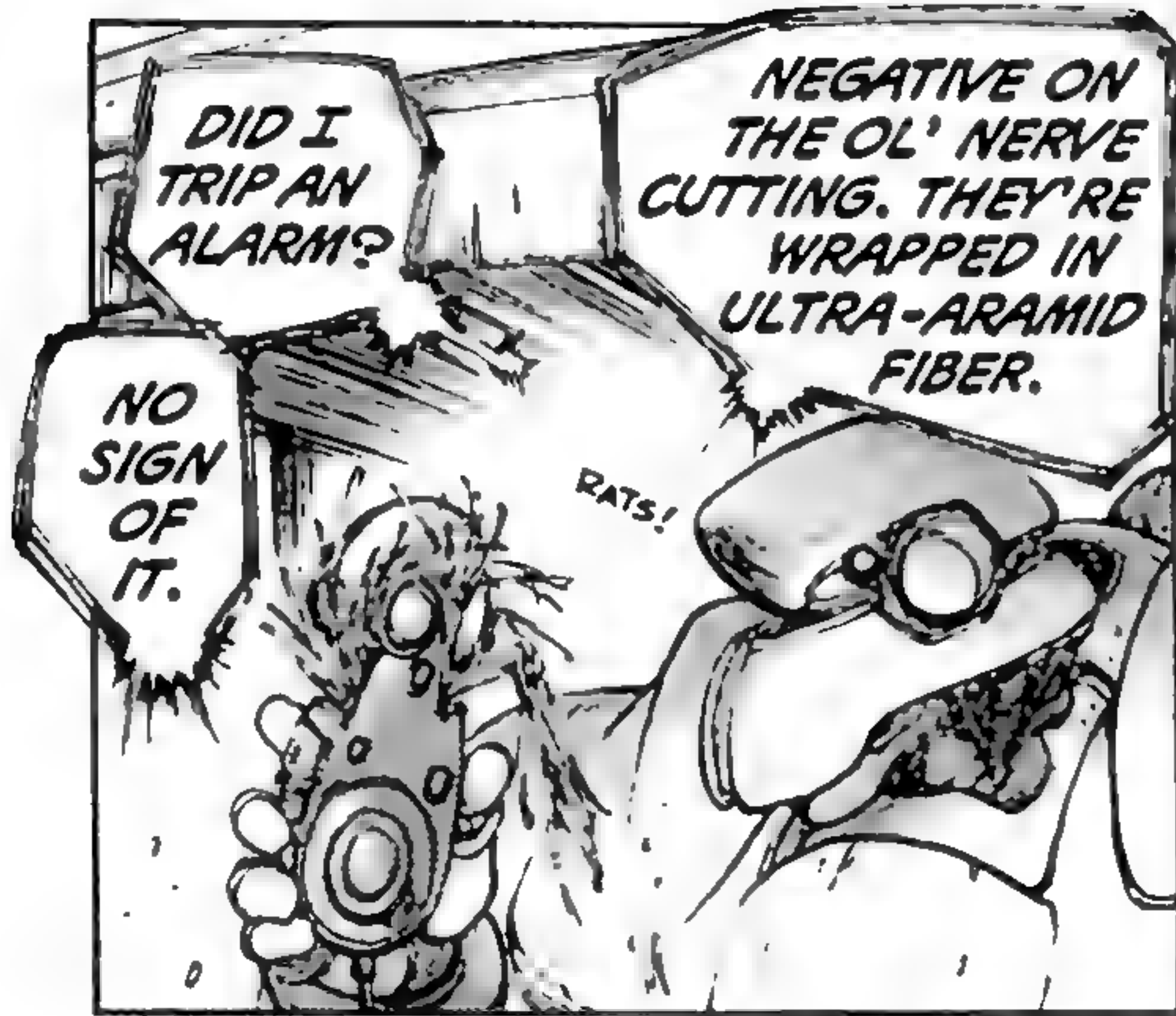
\*FX: SKREEE



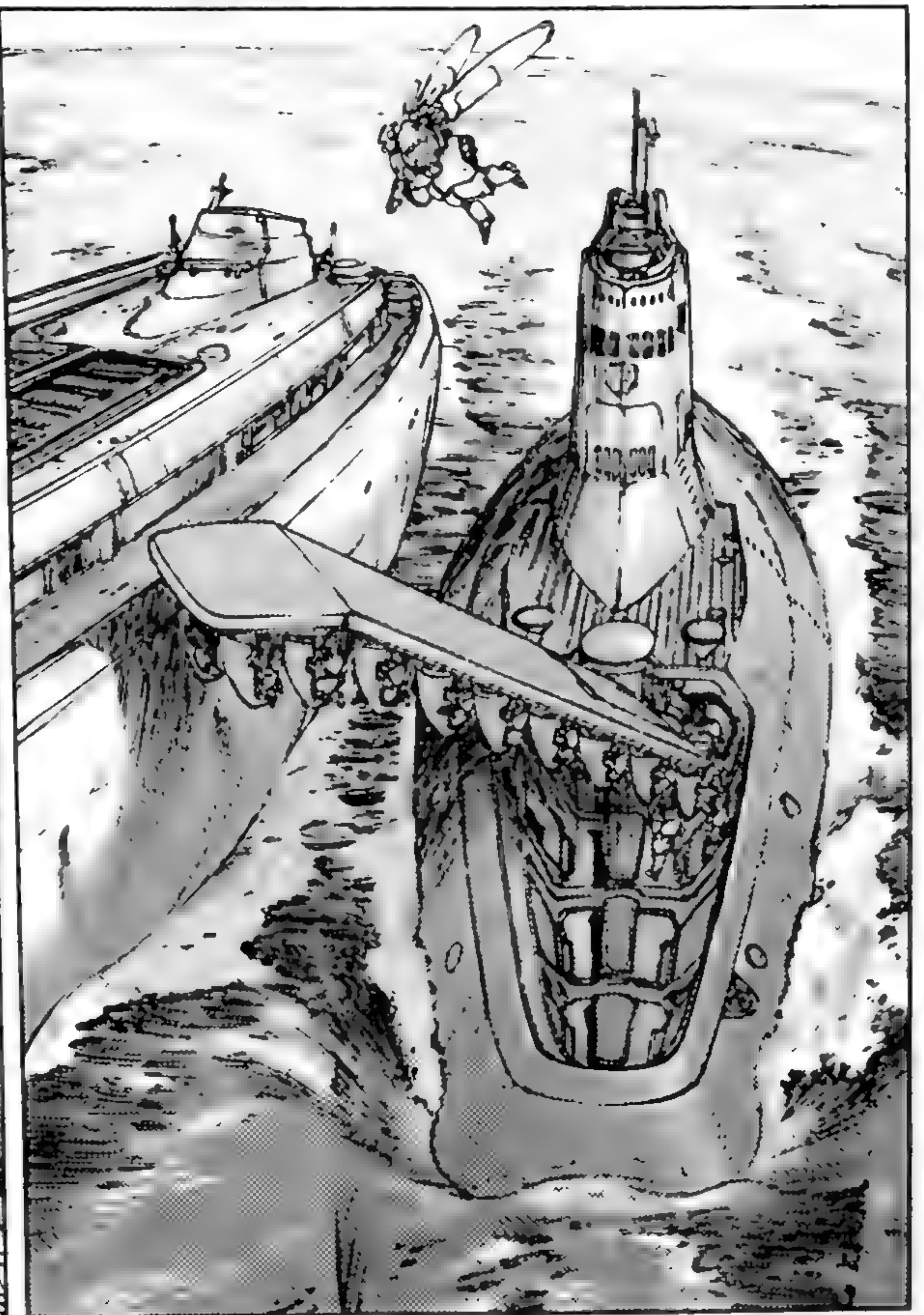
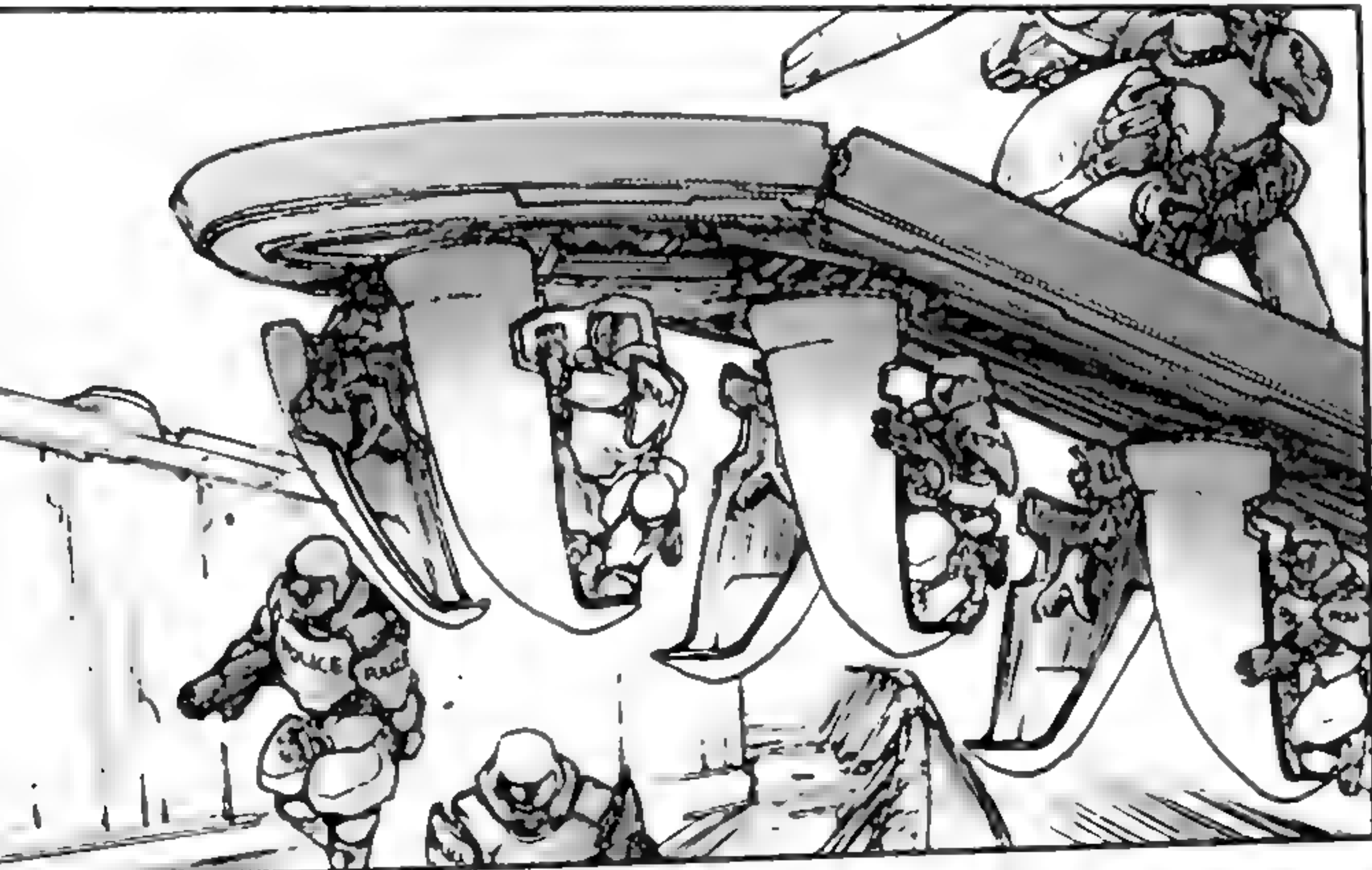
\*FX WHBLOOOSH!!







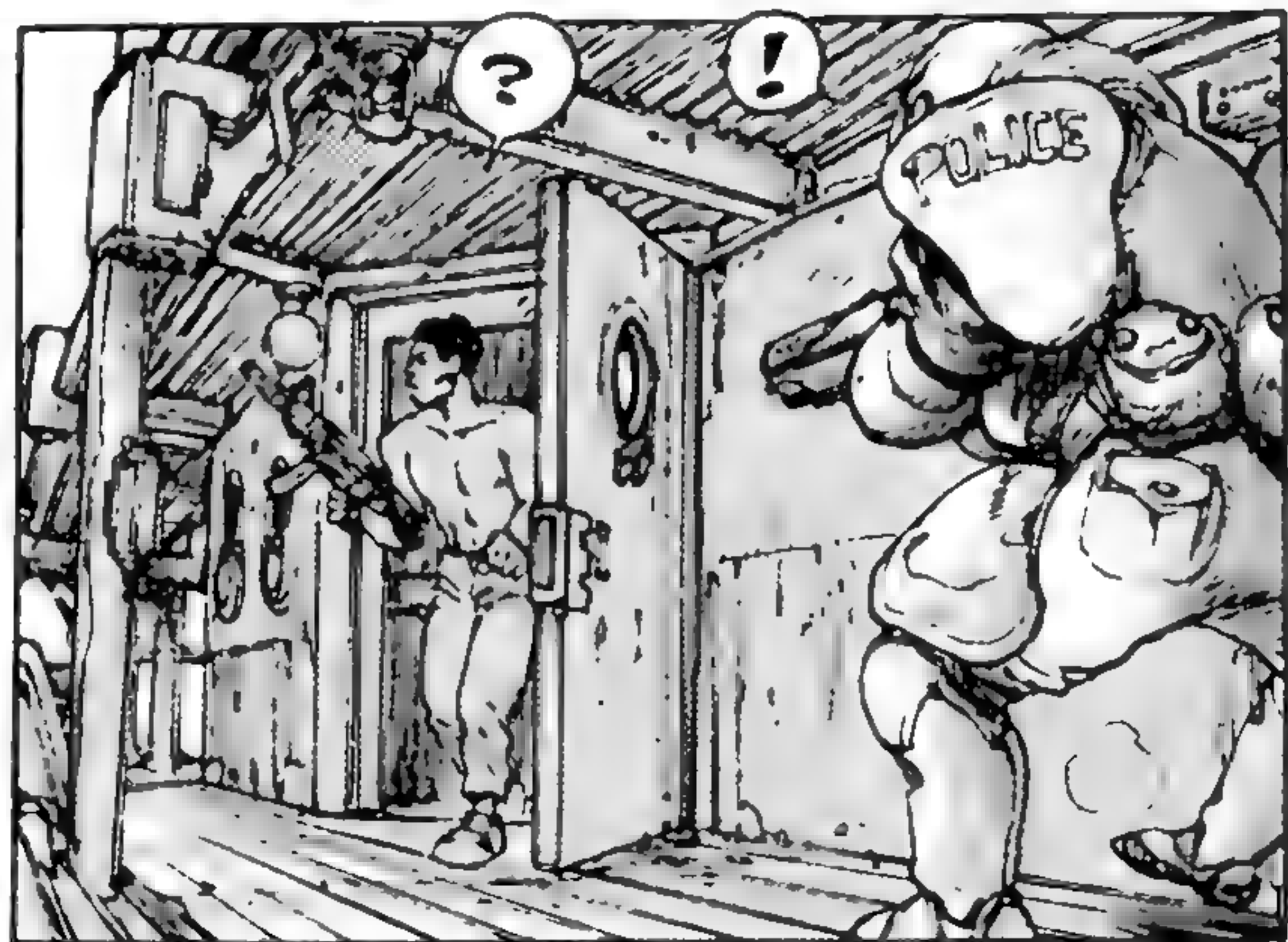
\*FX VRAZZK



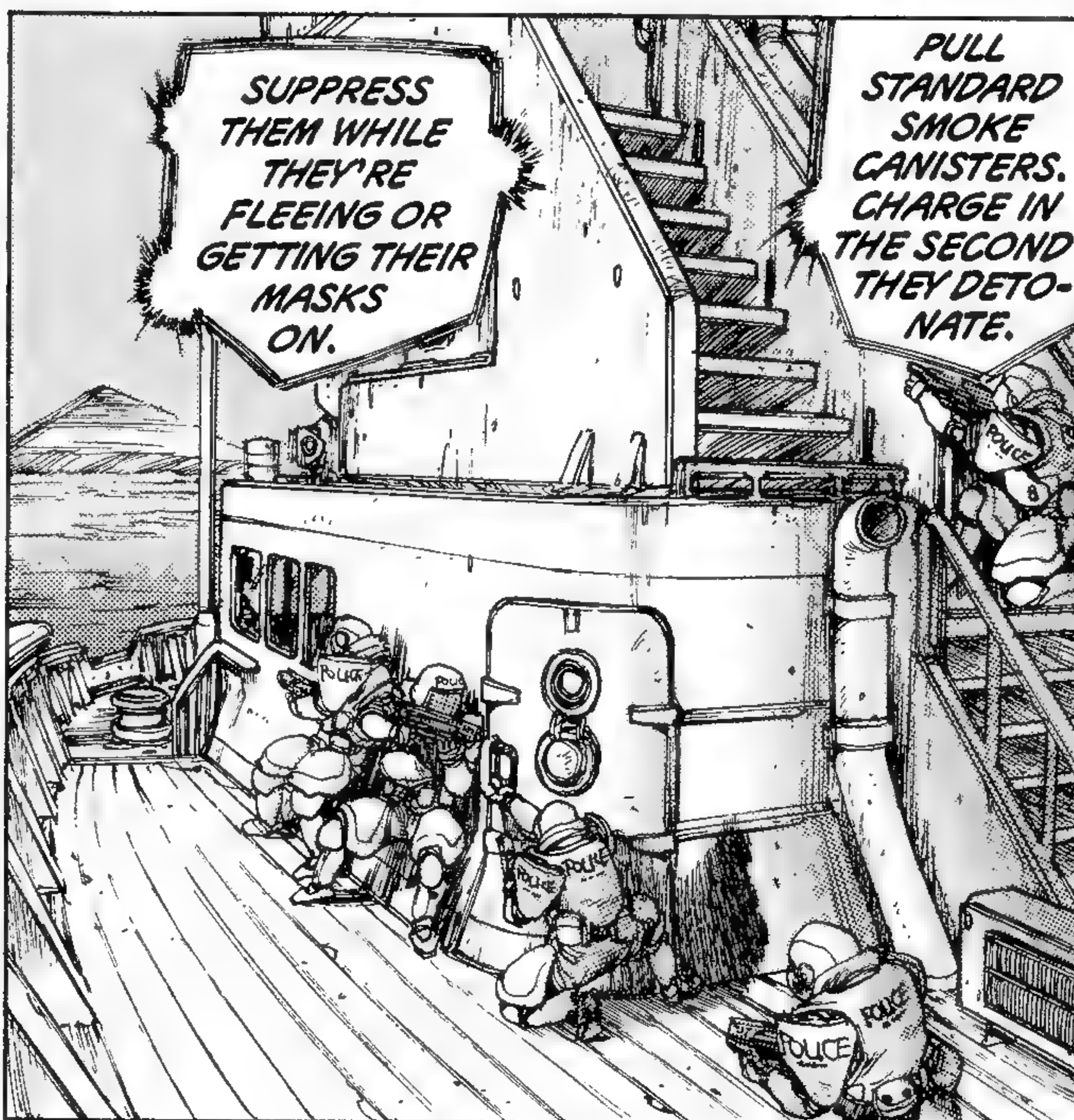
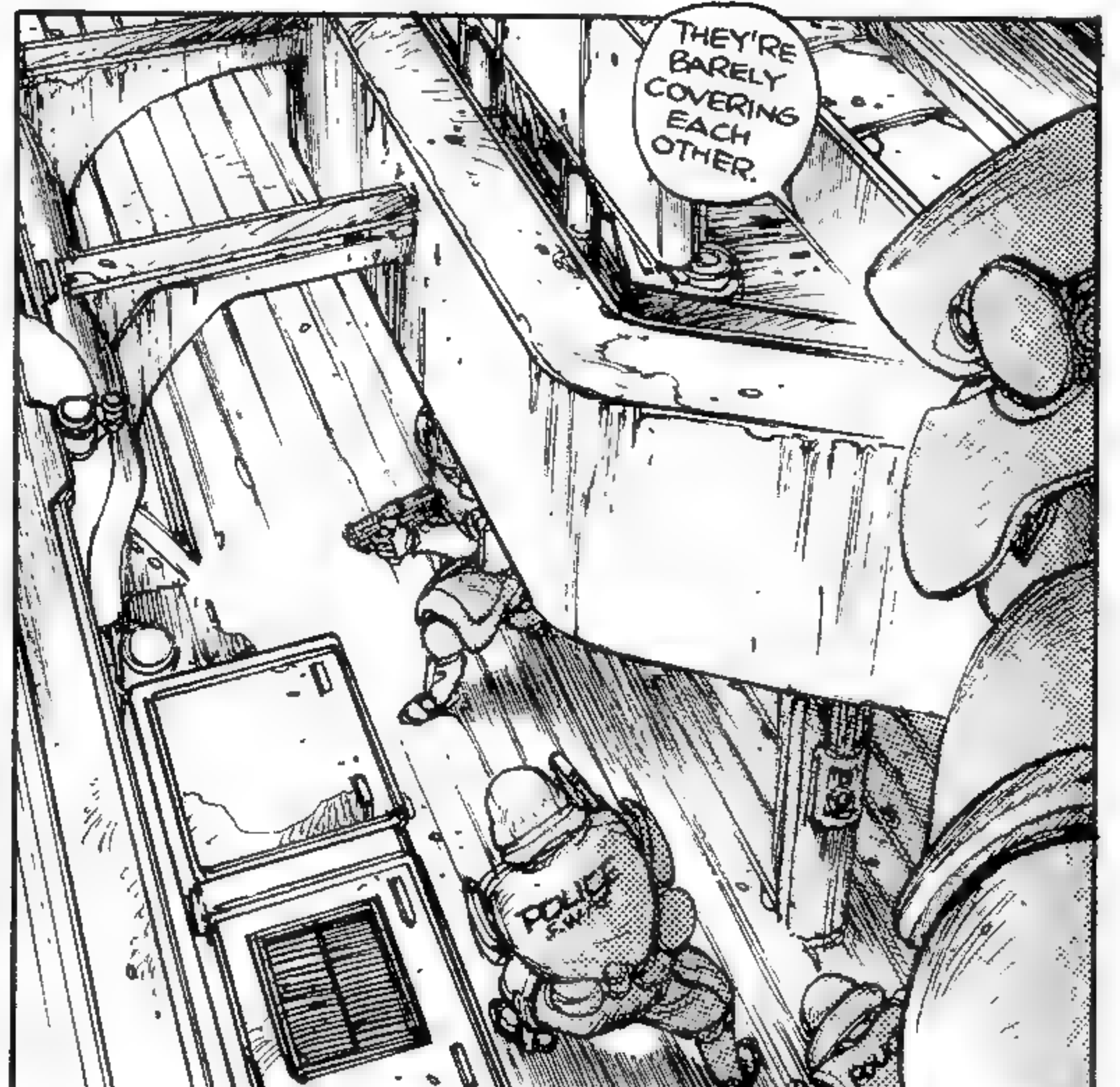
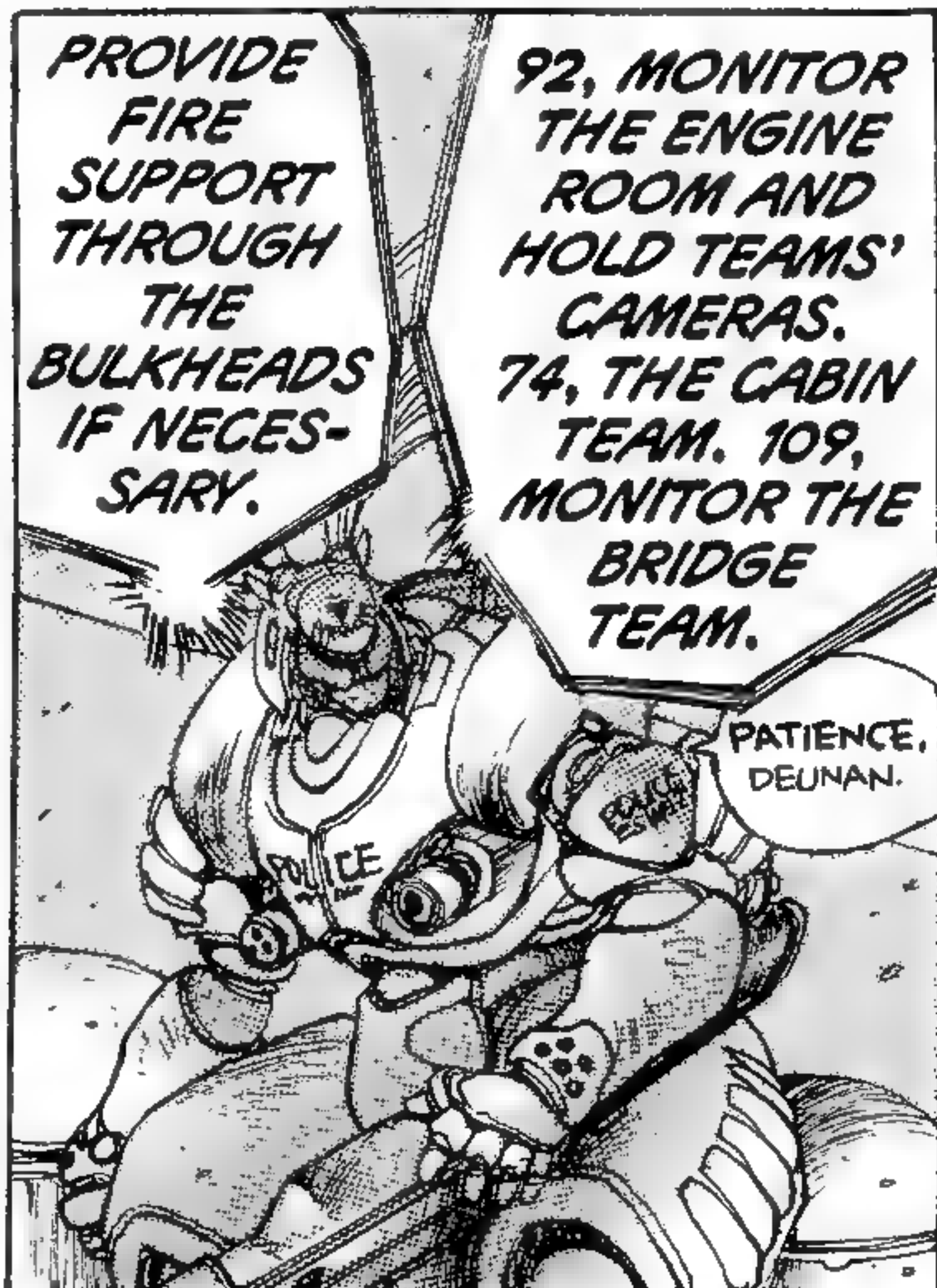
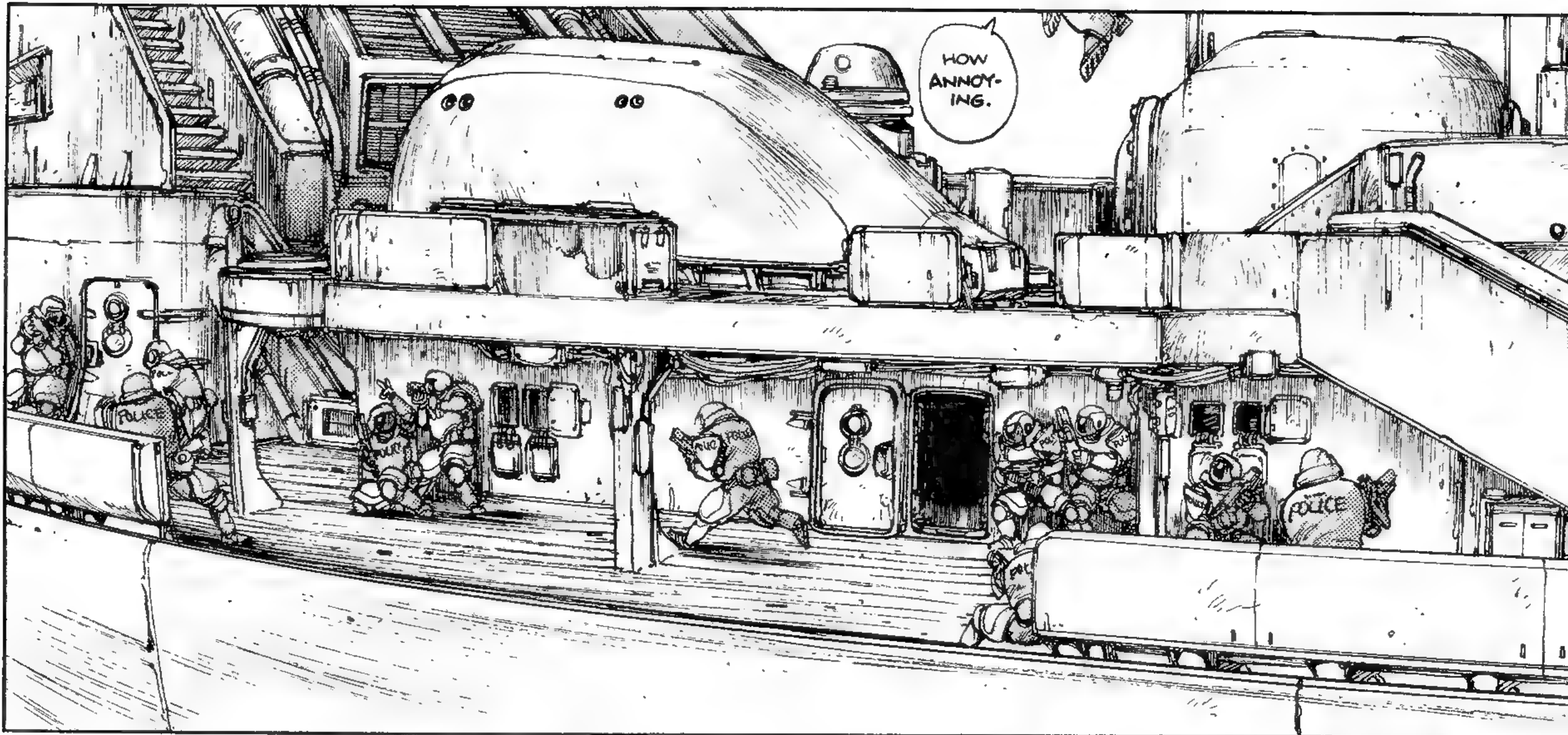
\*FX HAAAA



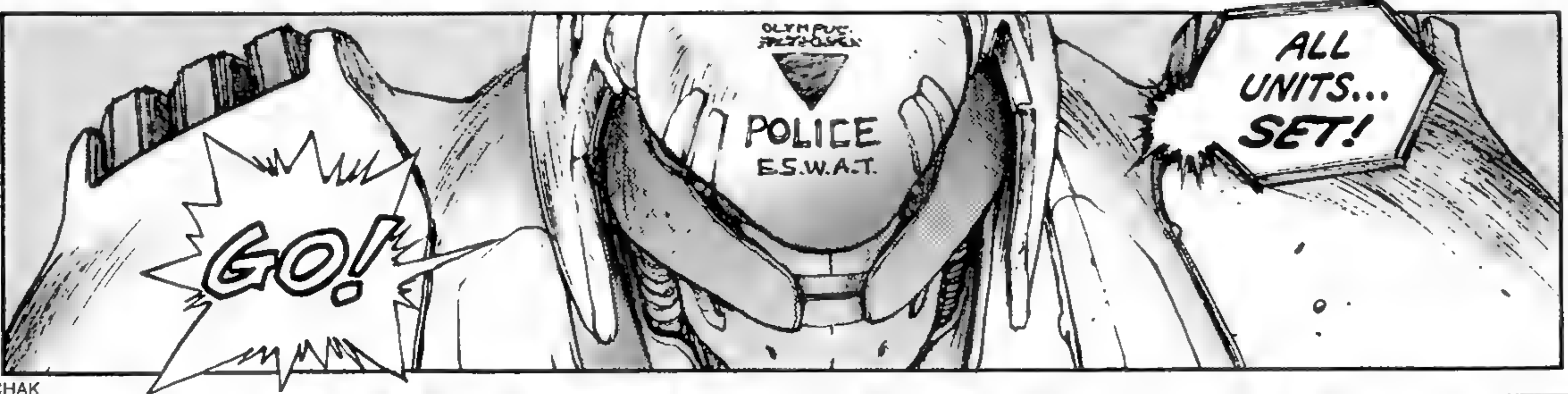
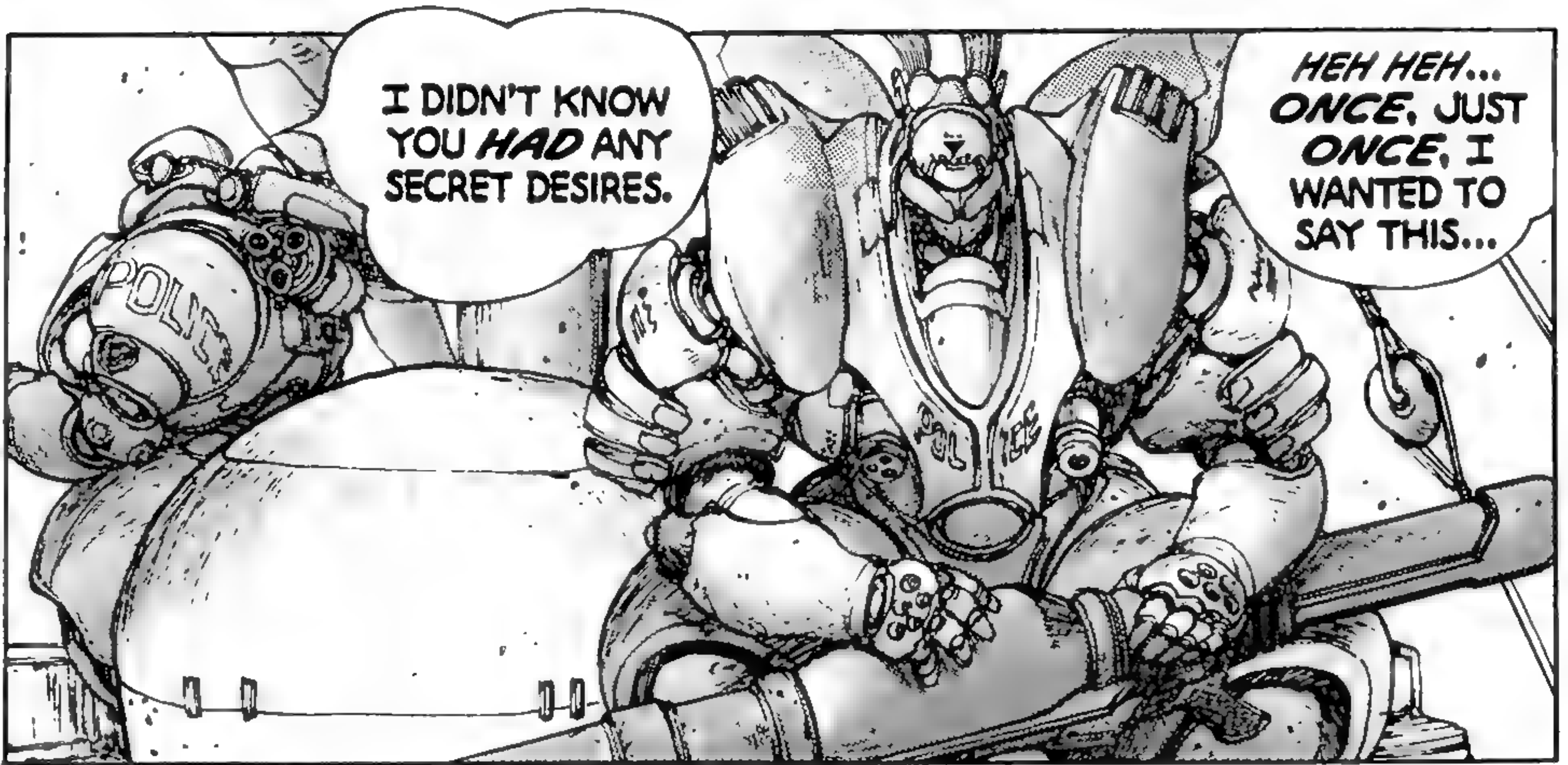
\*FX THUK



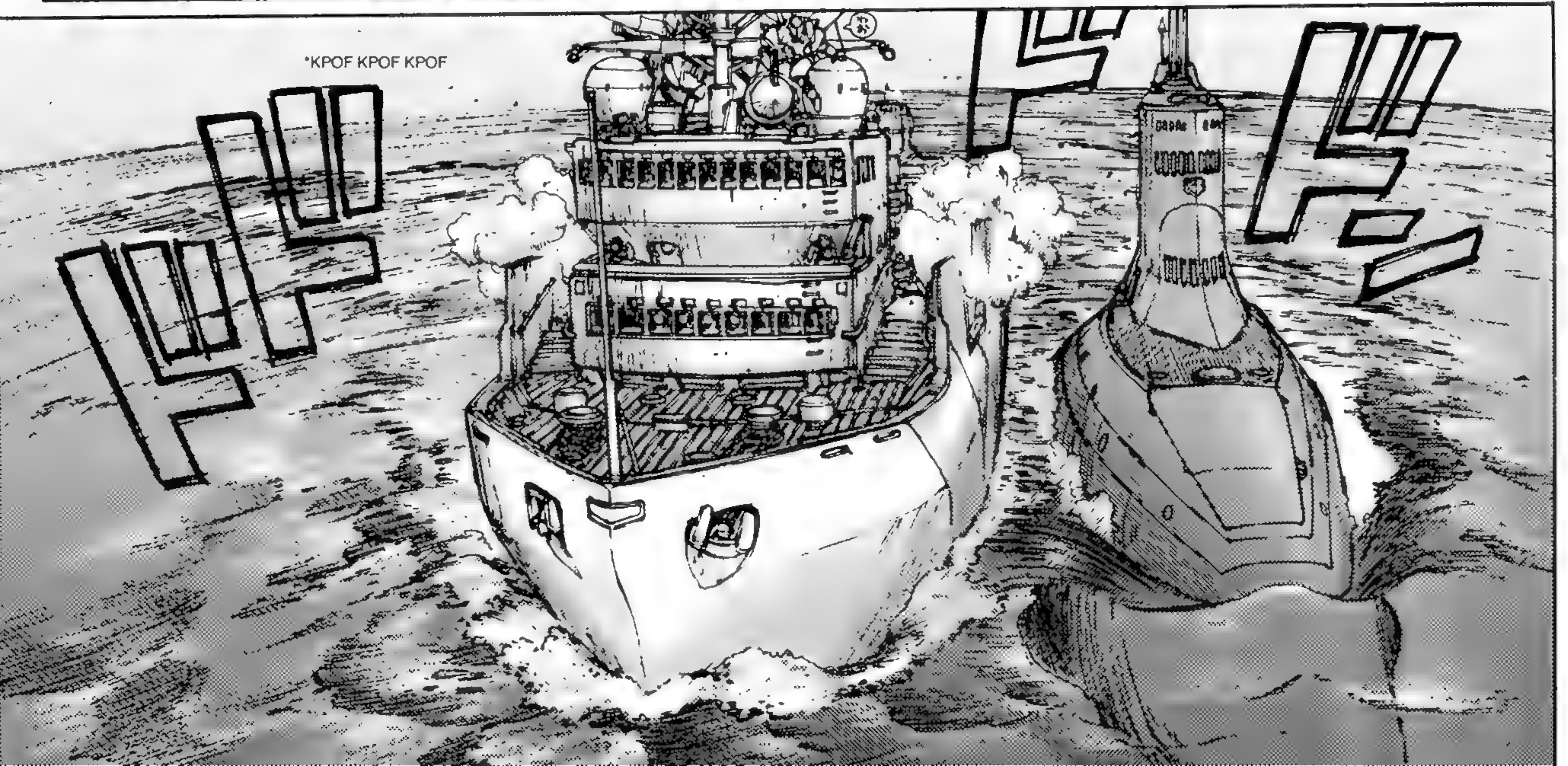
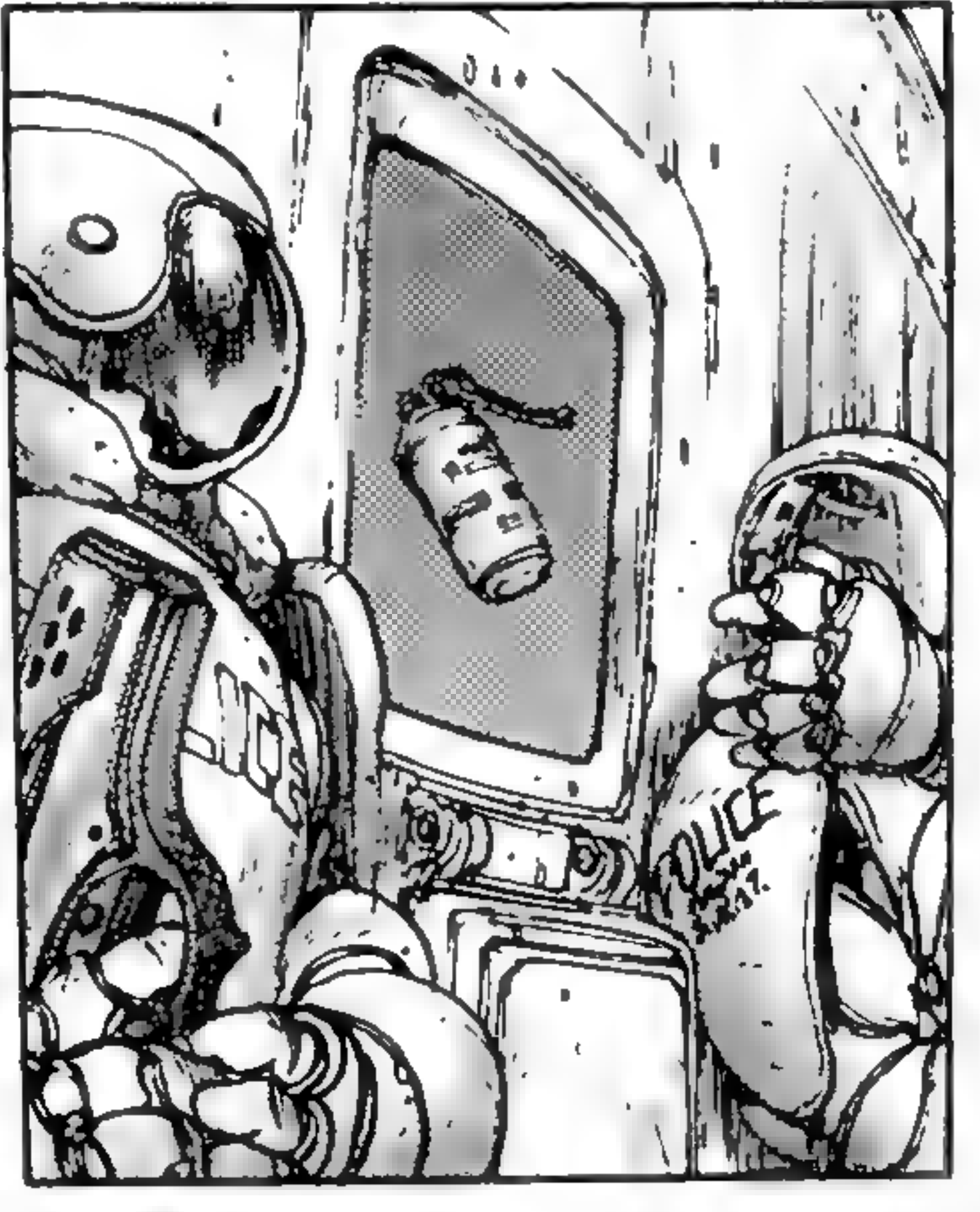
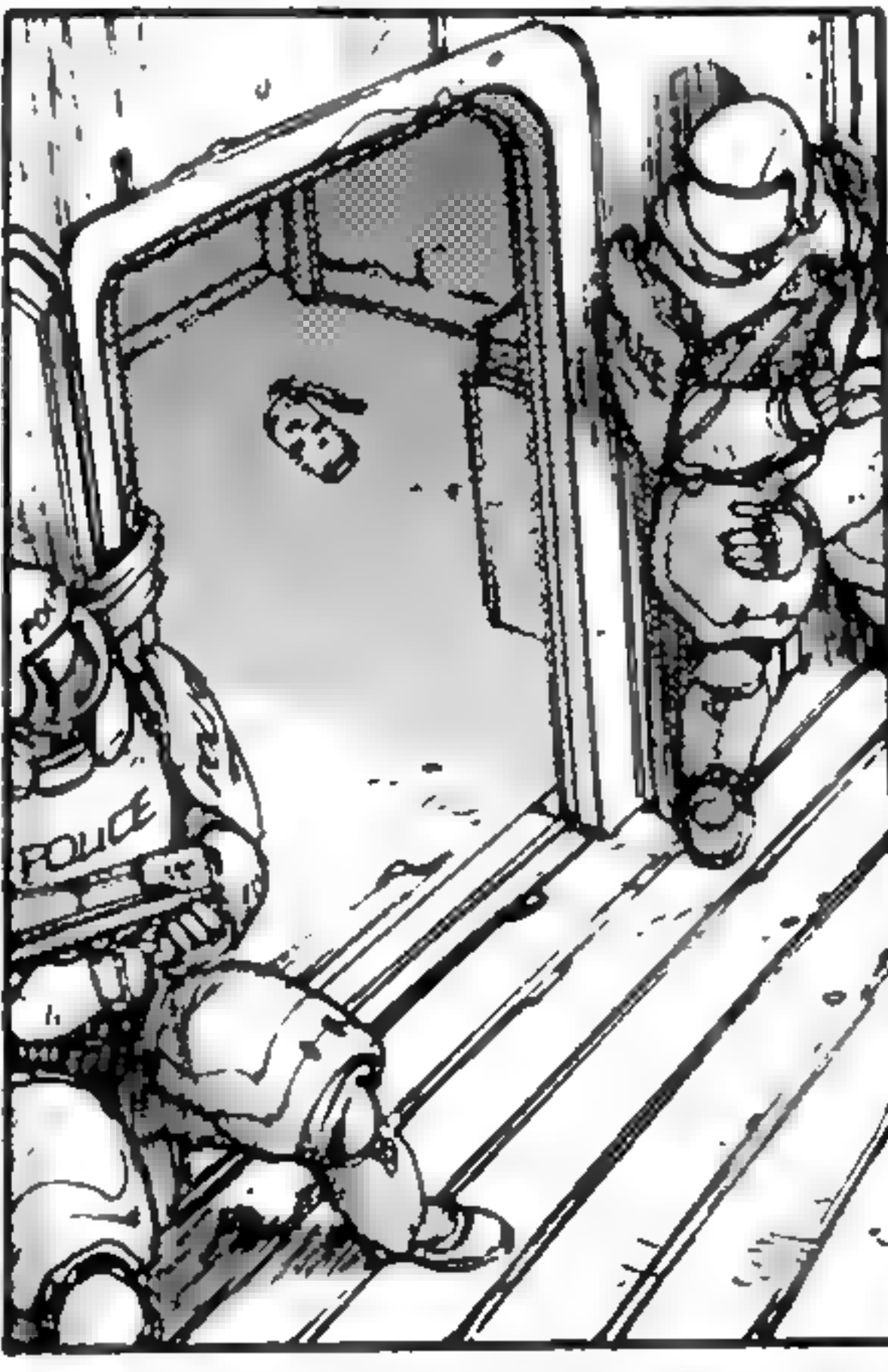
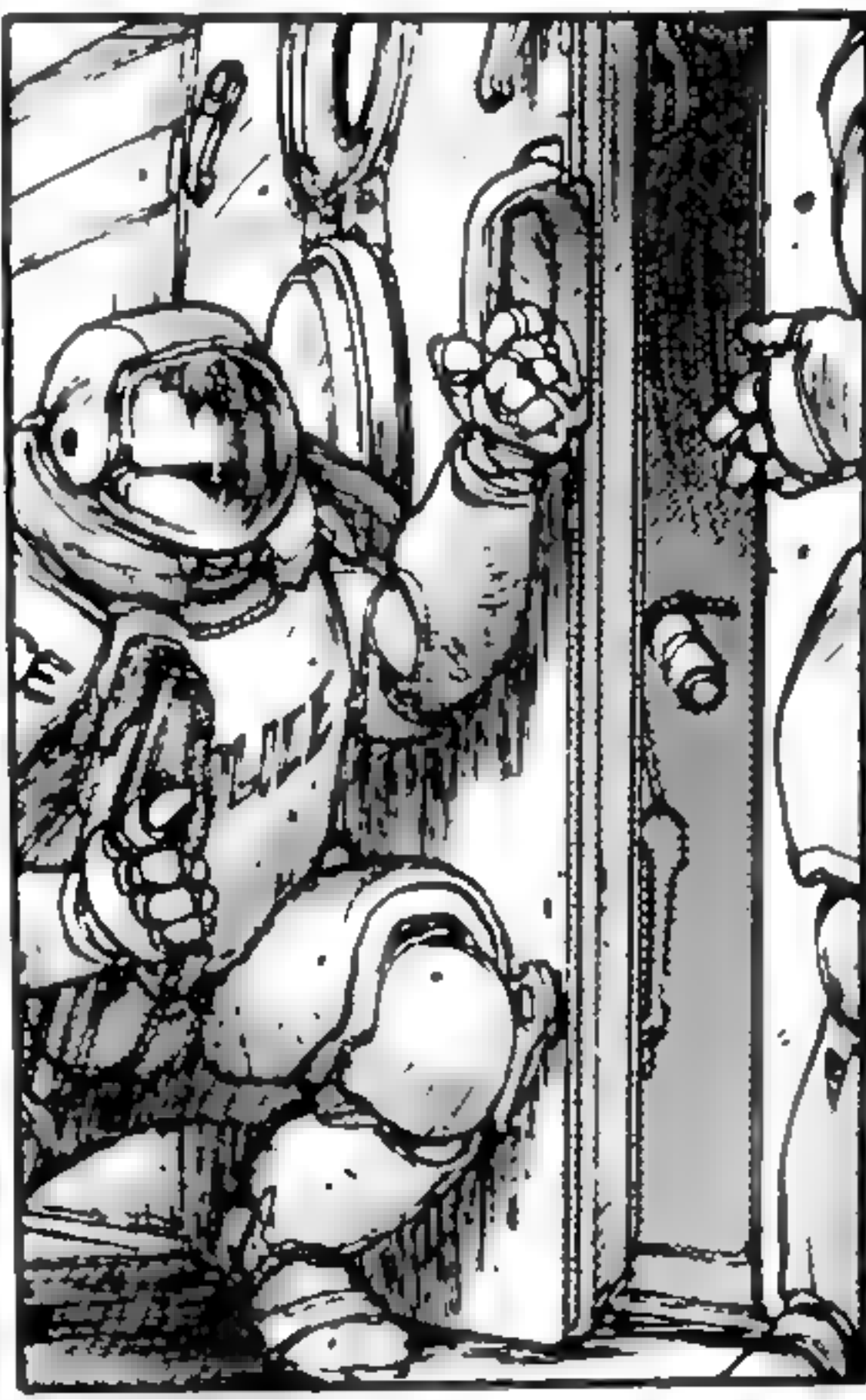
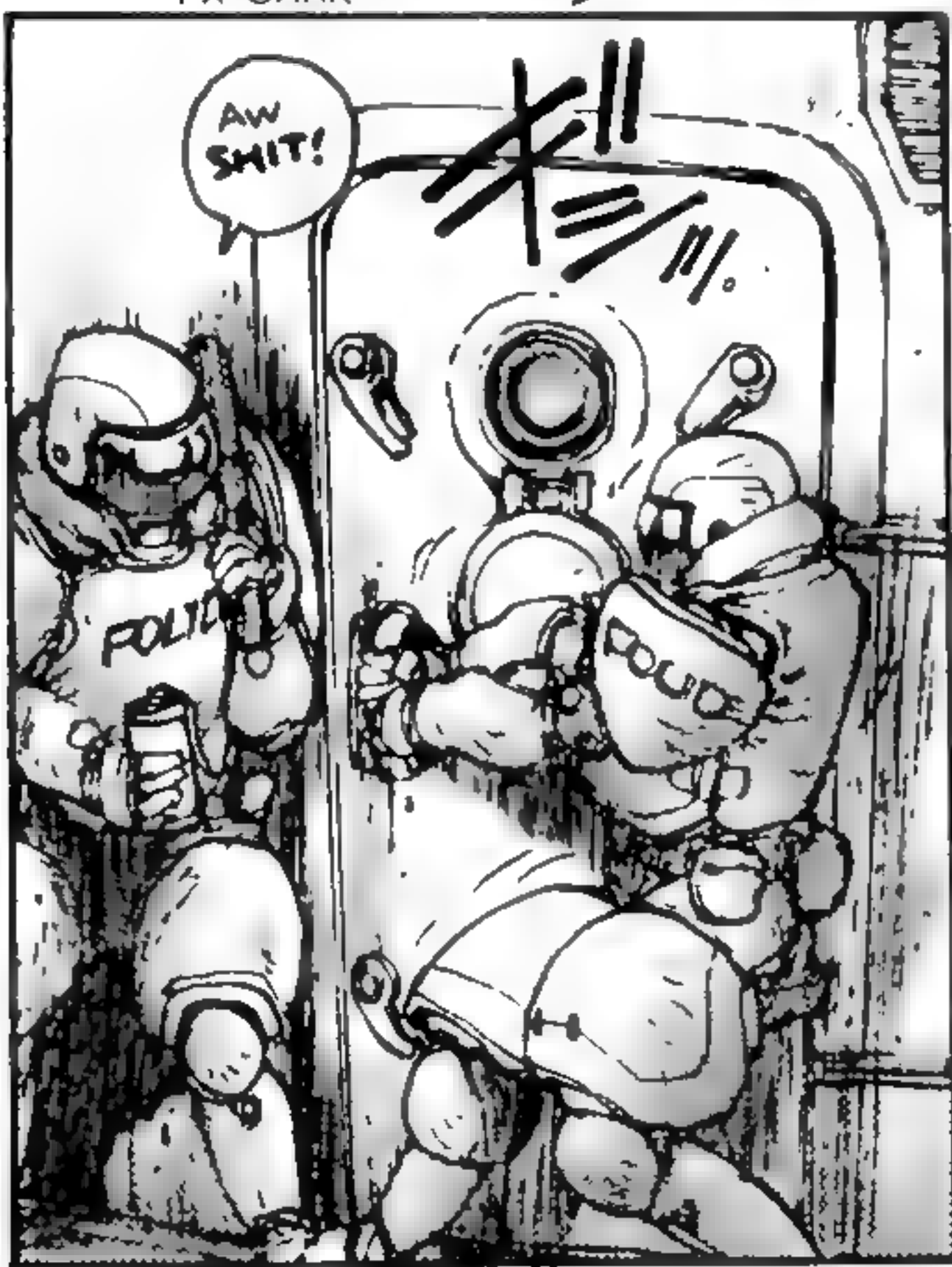




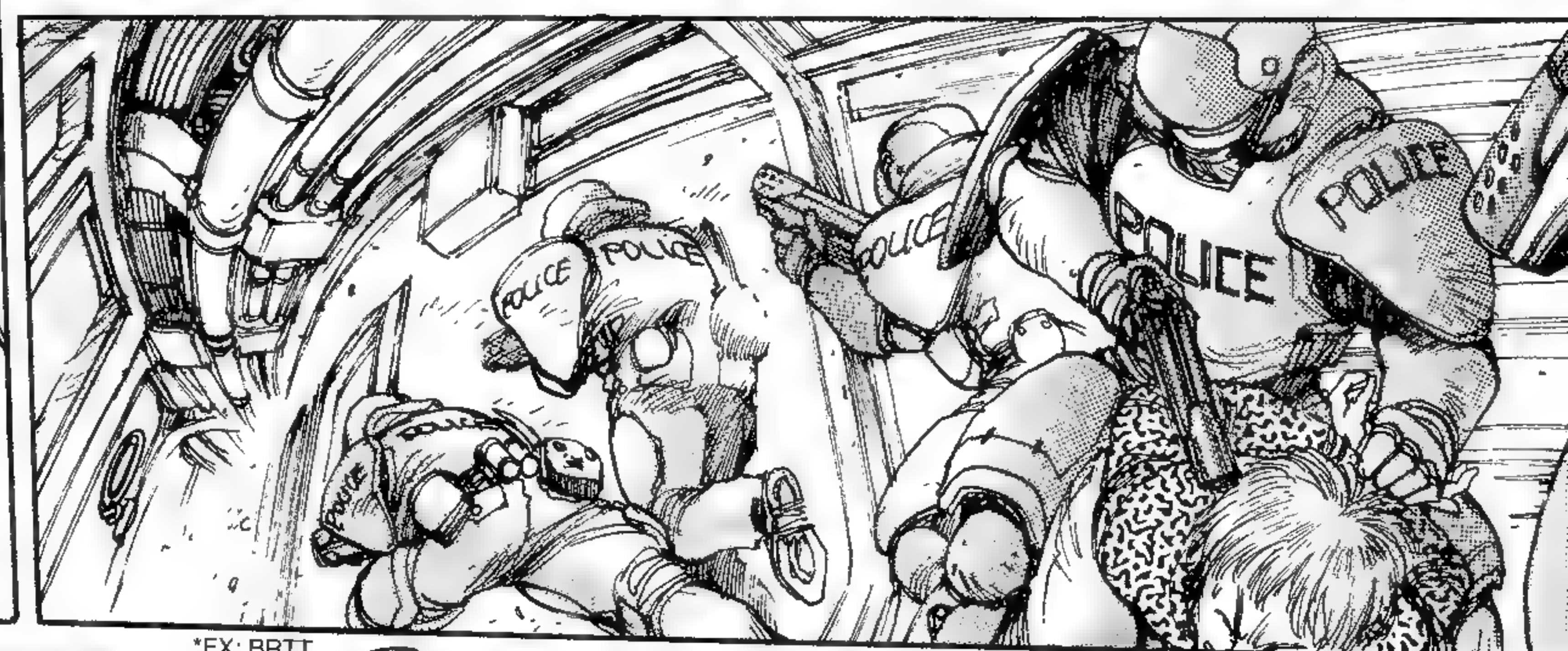
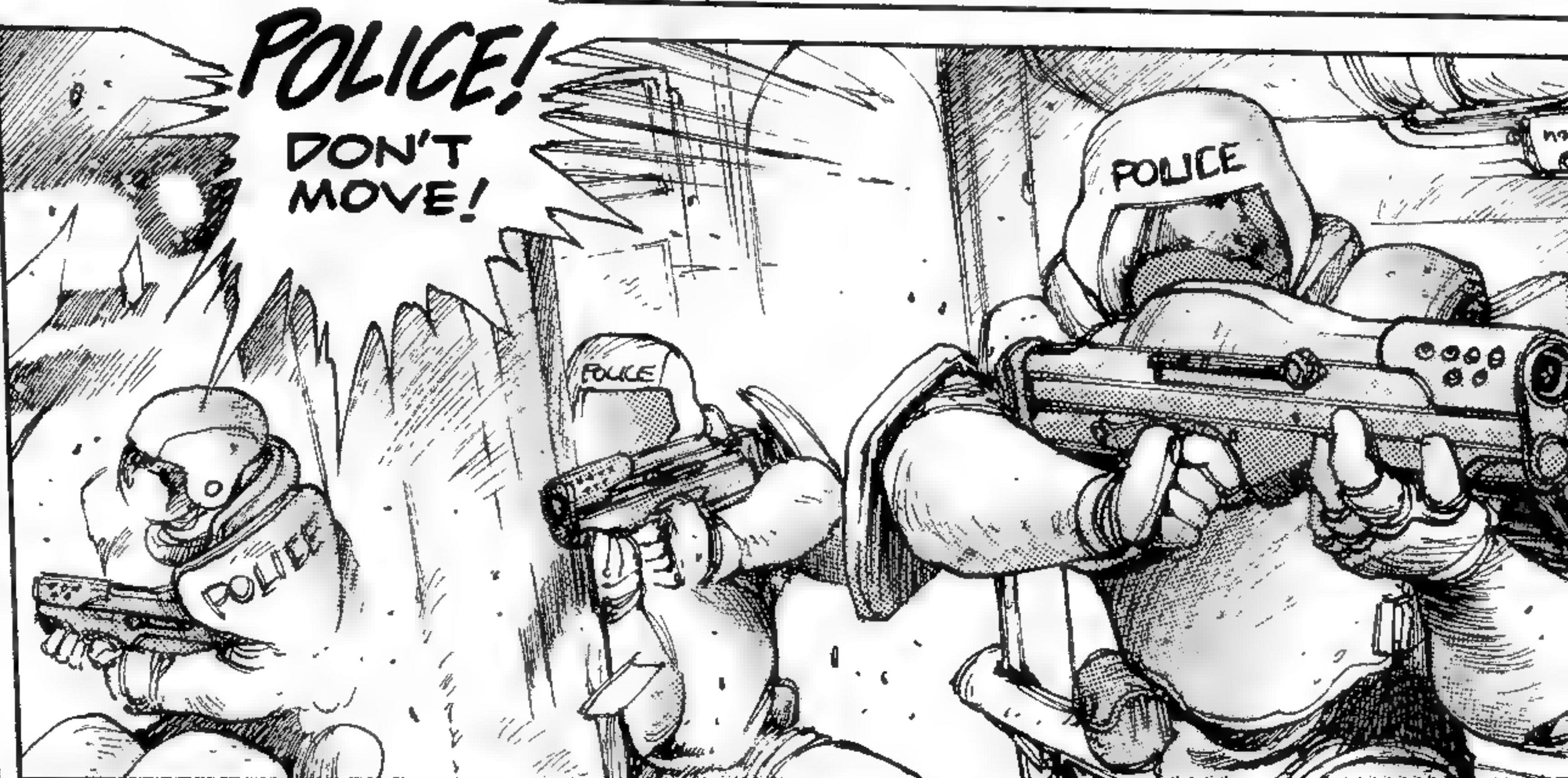
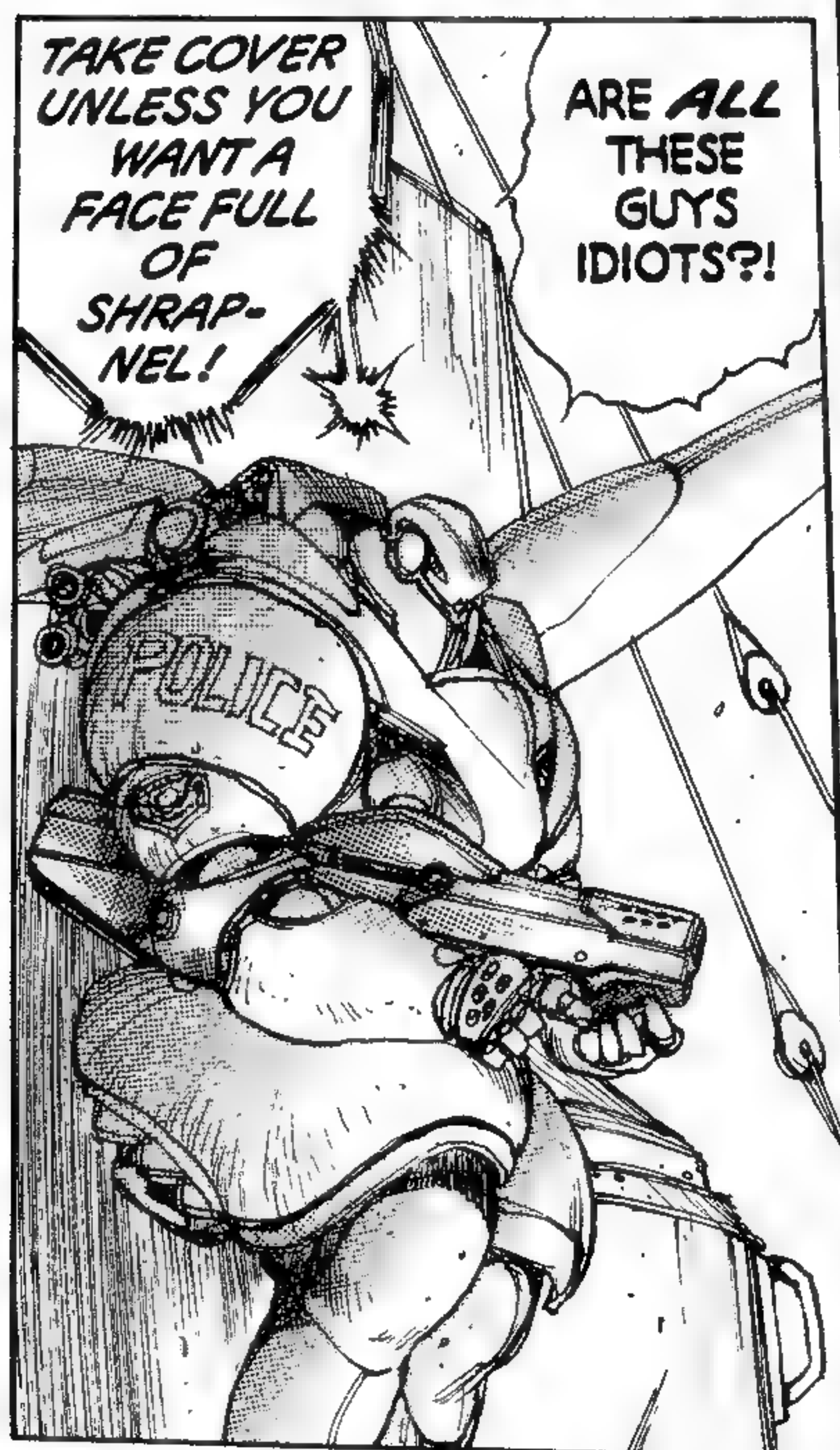
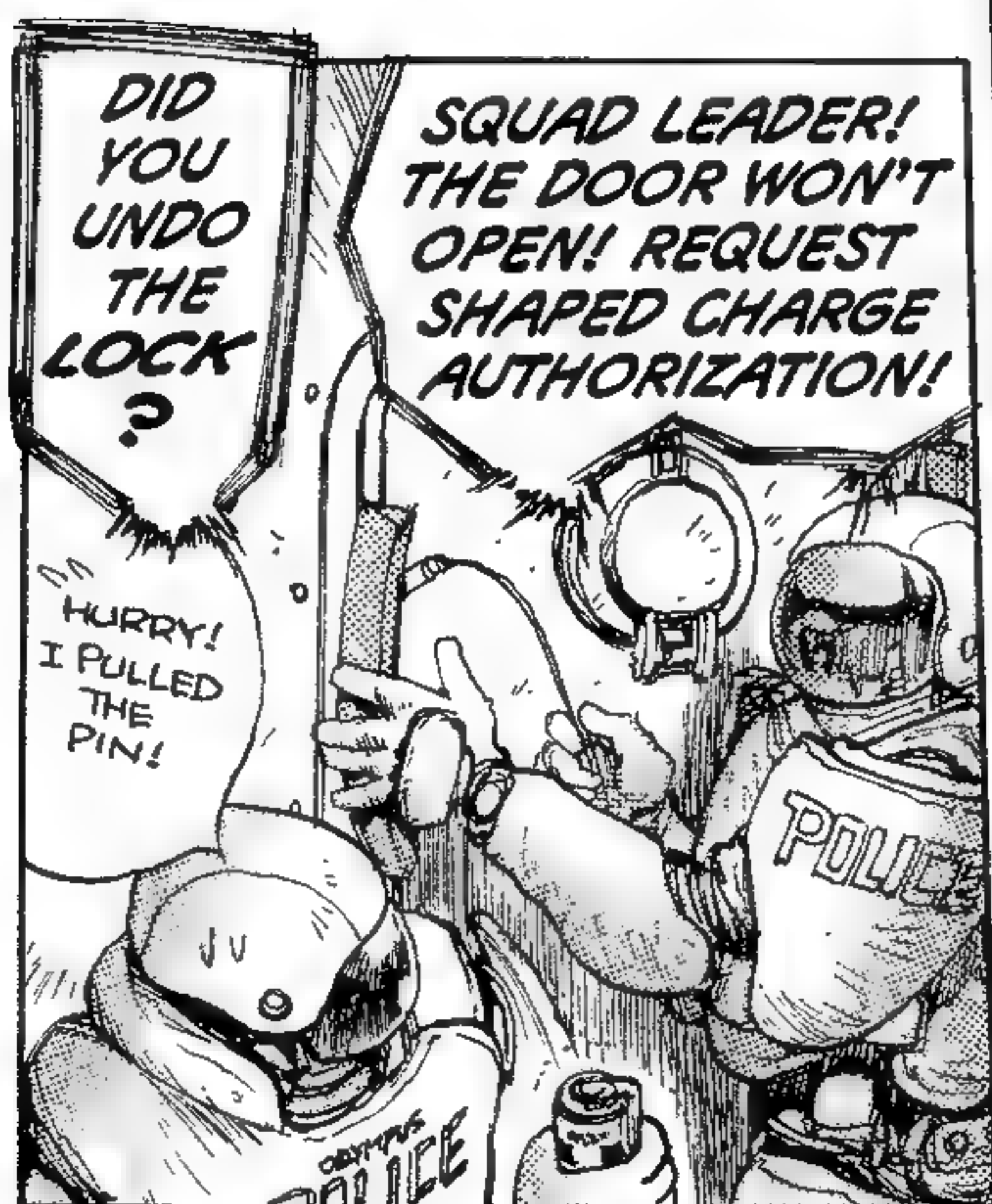




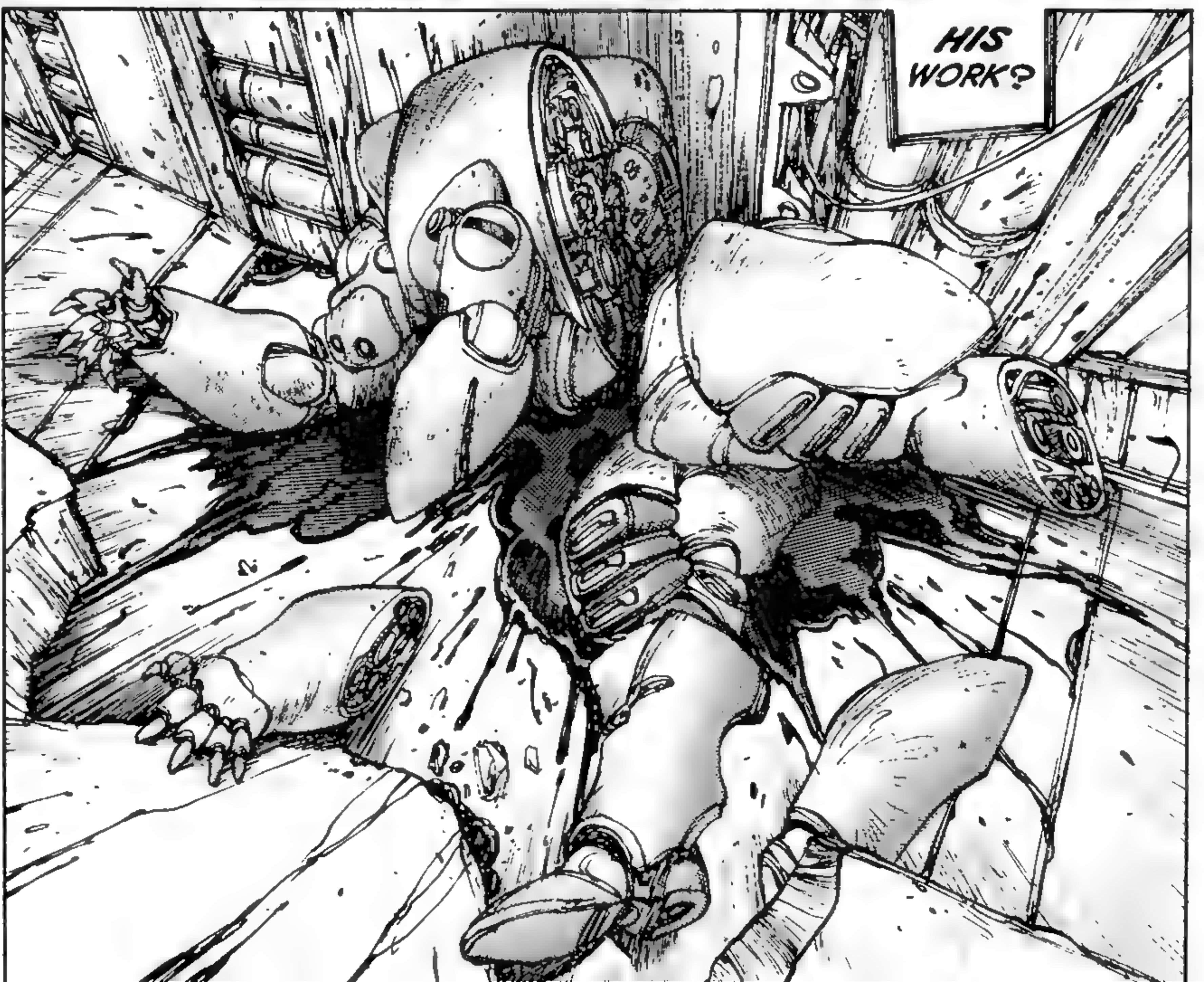
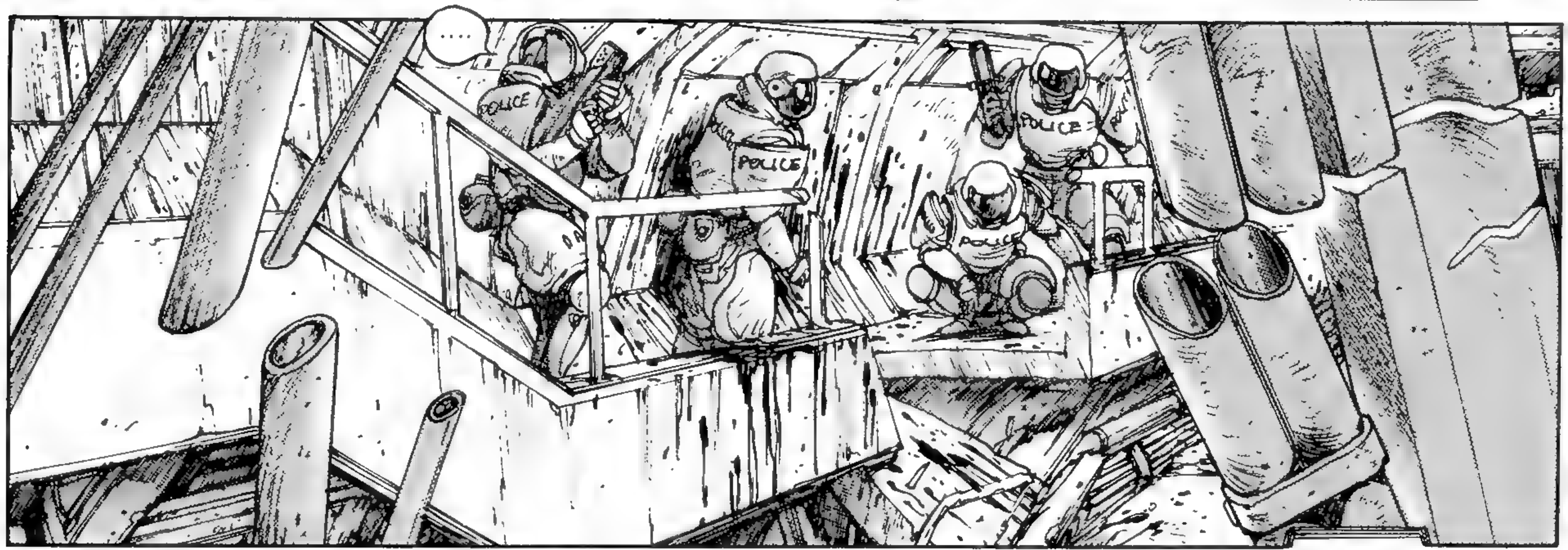
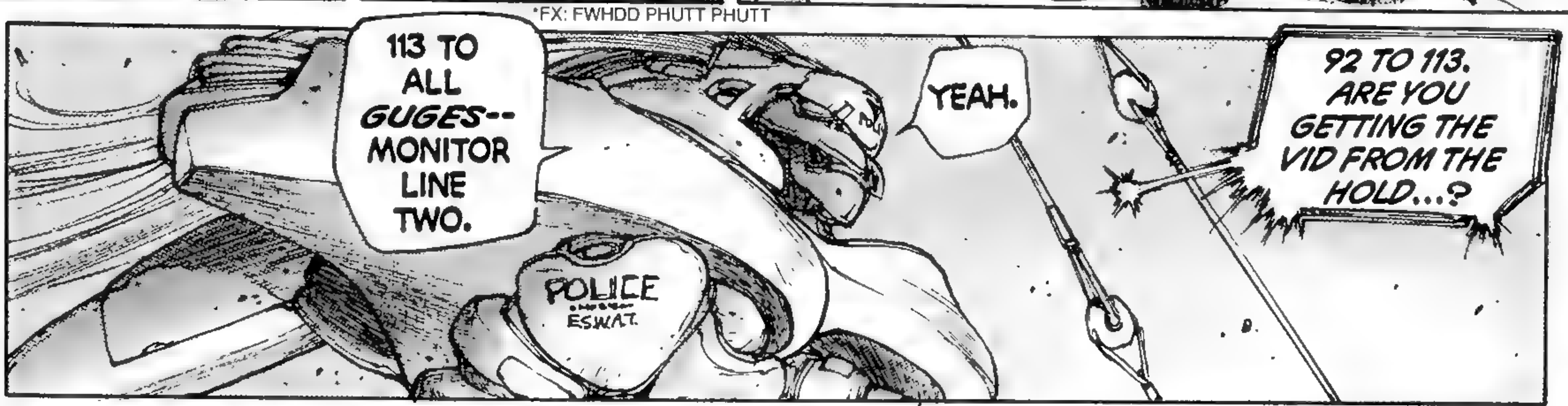
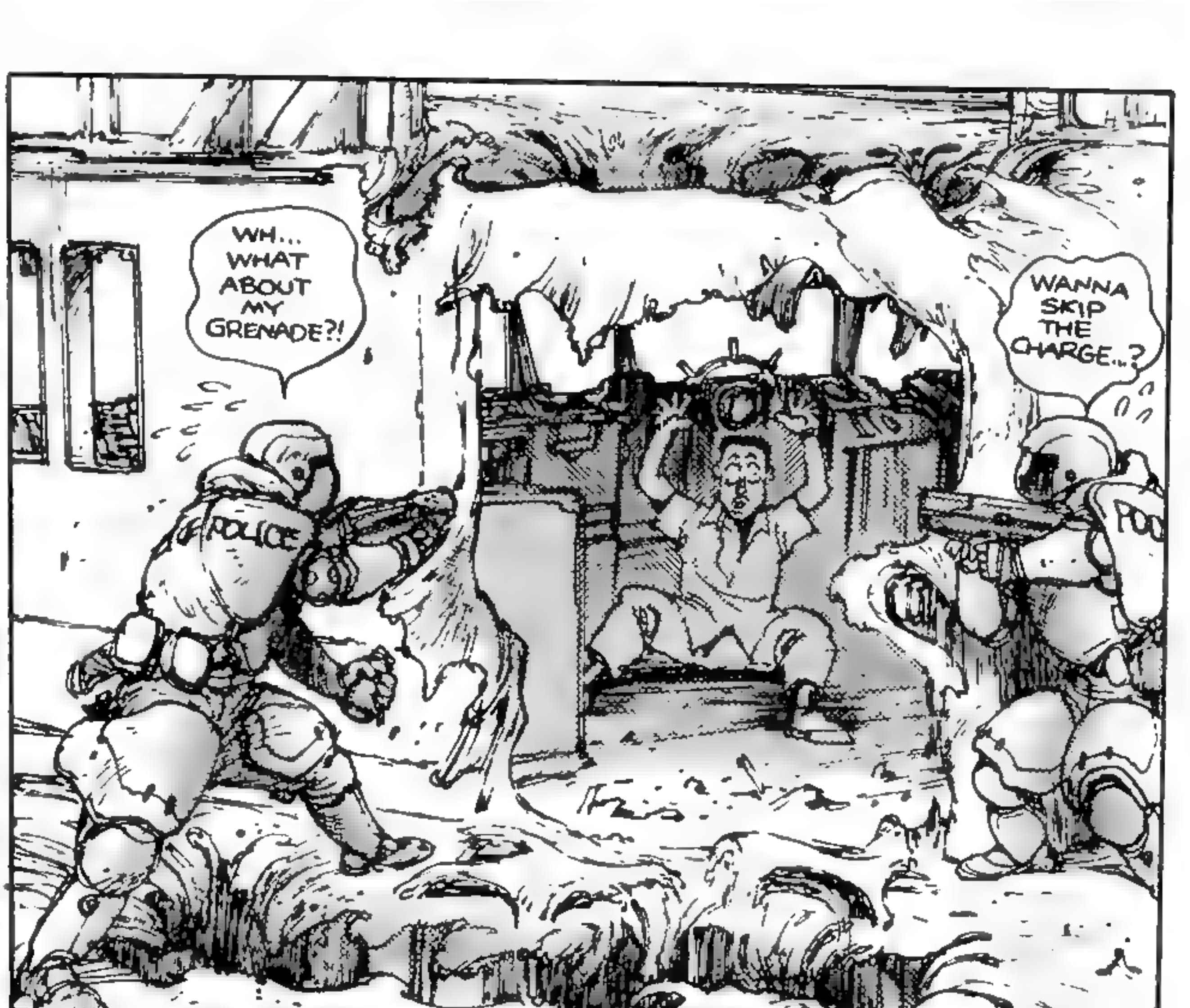
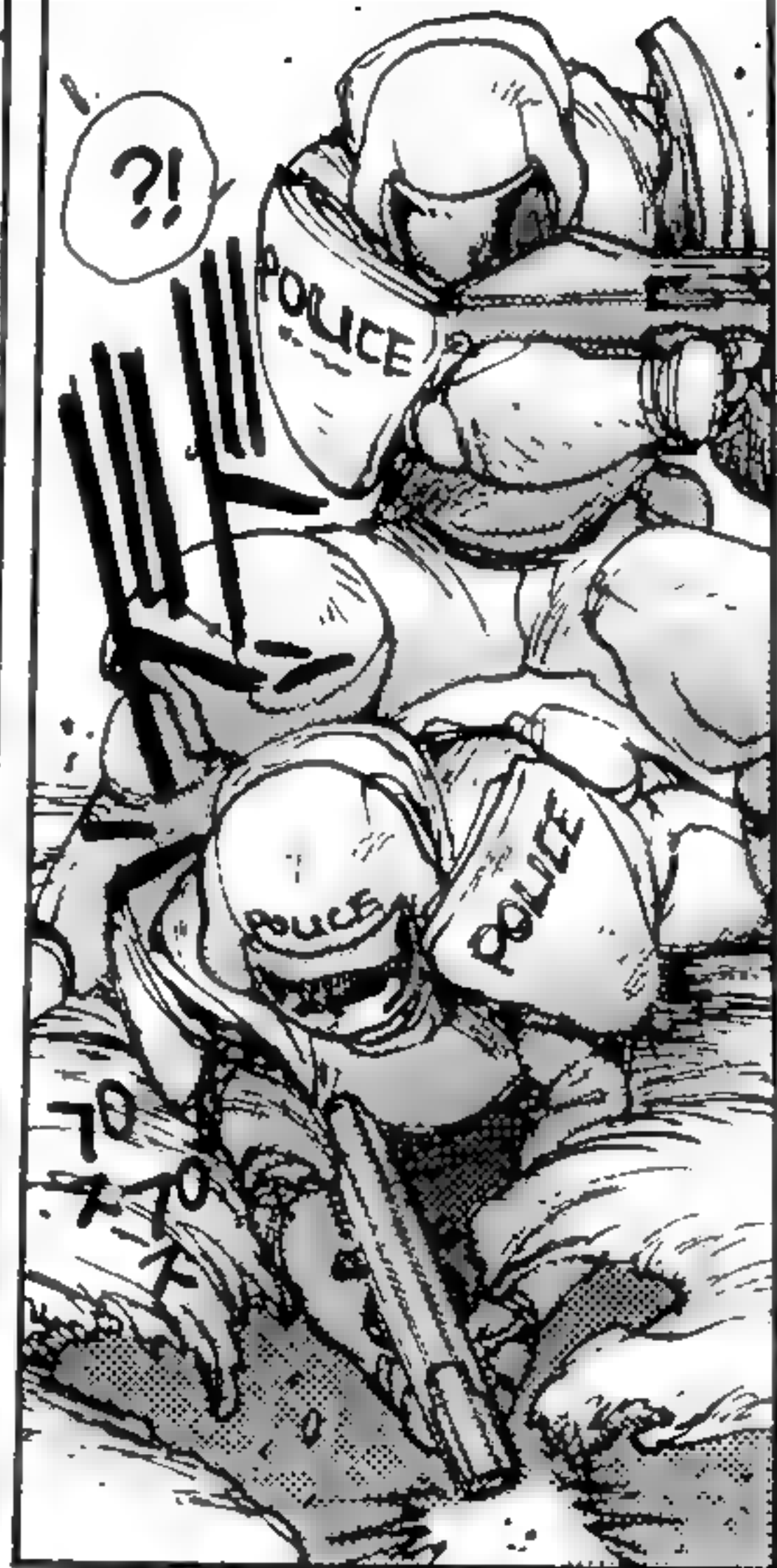
\*FX CHAK







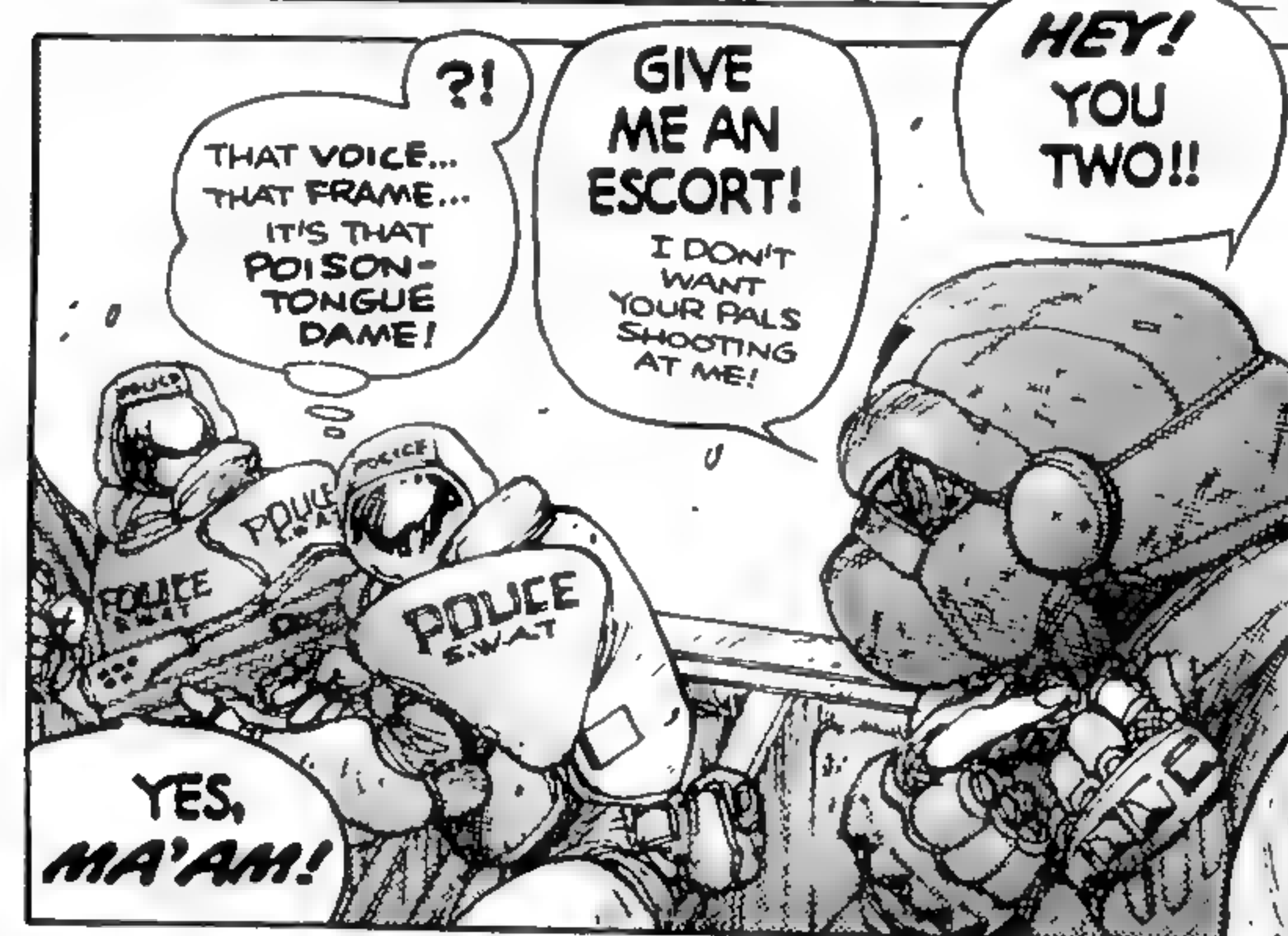
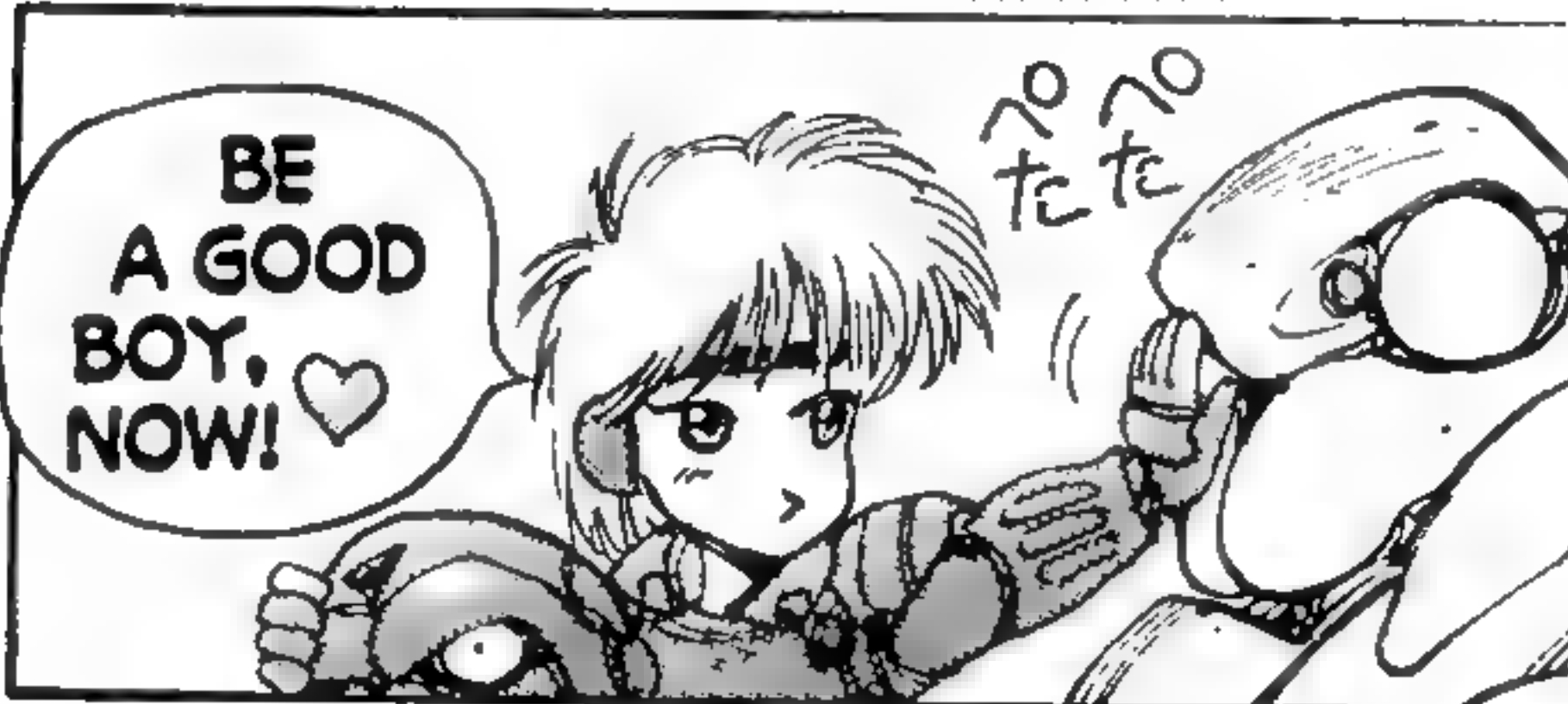




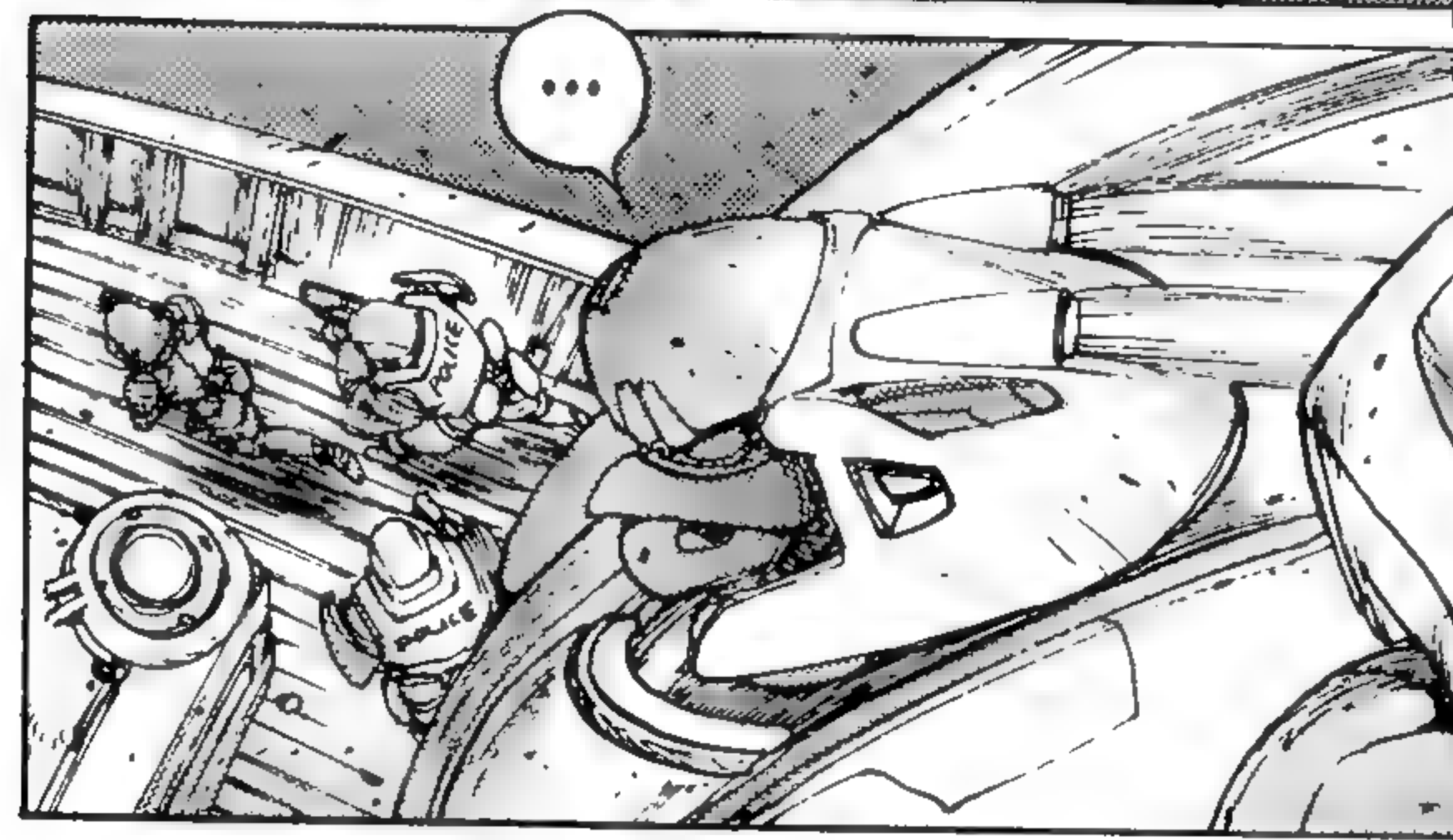


\*SHAKSSHH

\*FX PAT PAT



\*CHKK



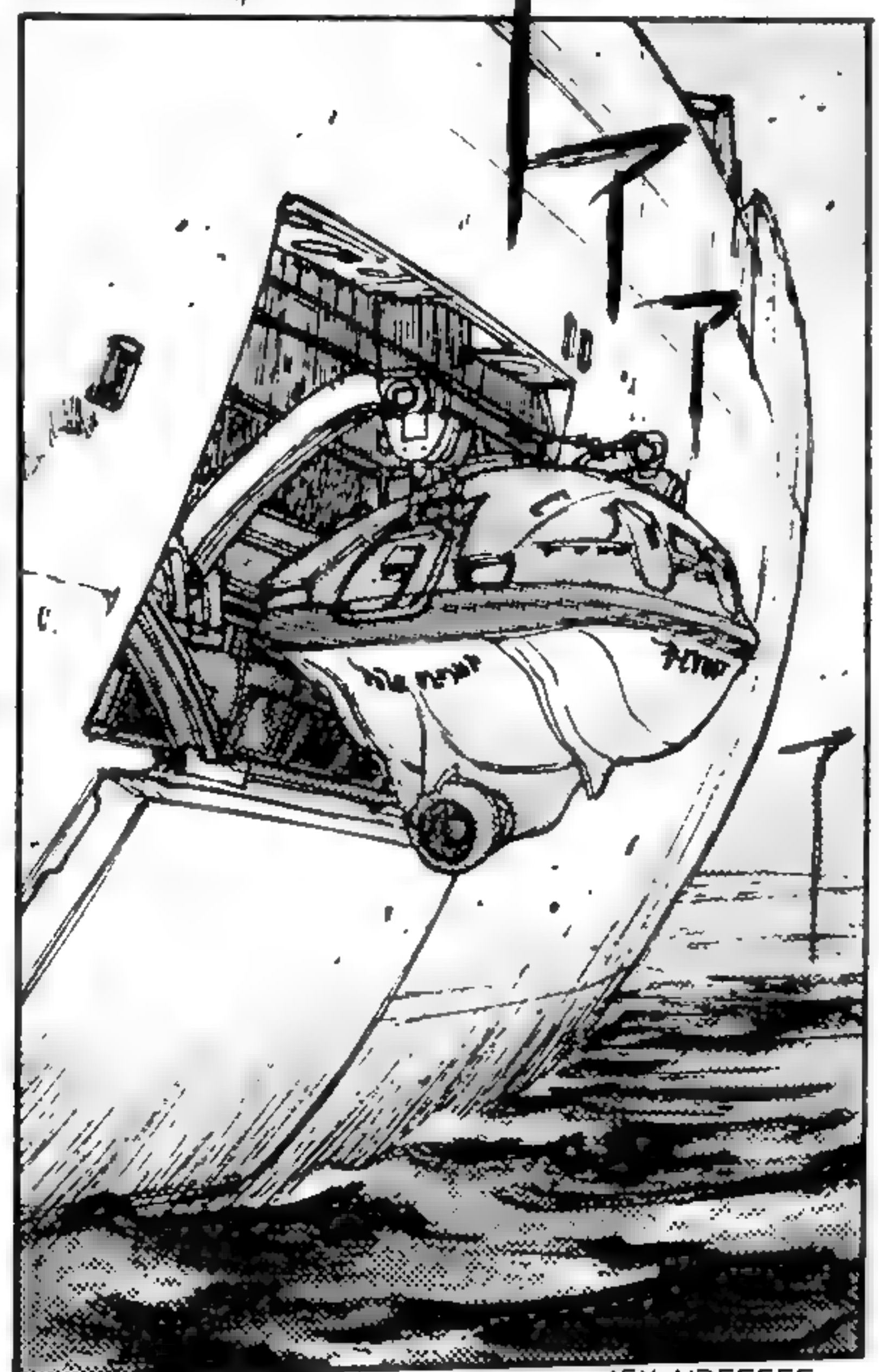
\*KRANGG

カッ=!

カッ  
カッ  
カッ

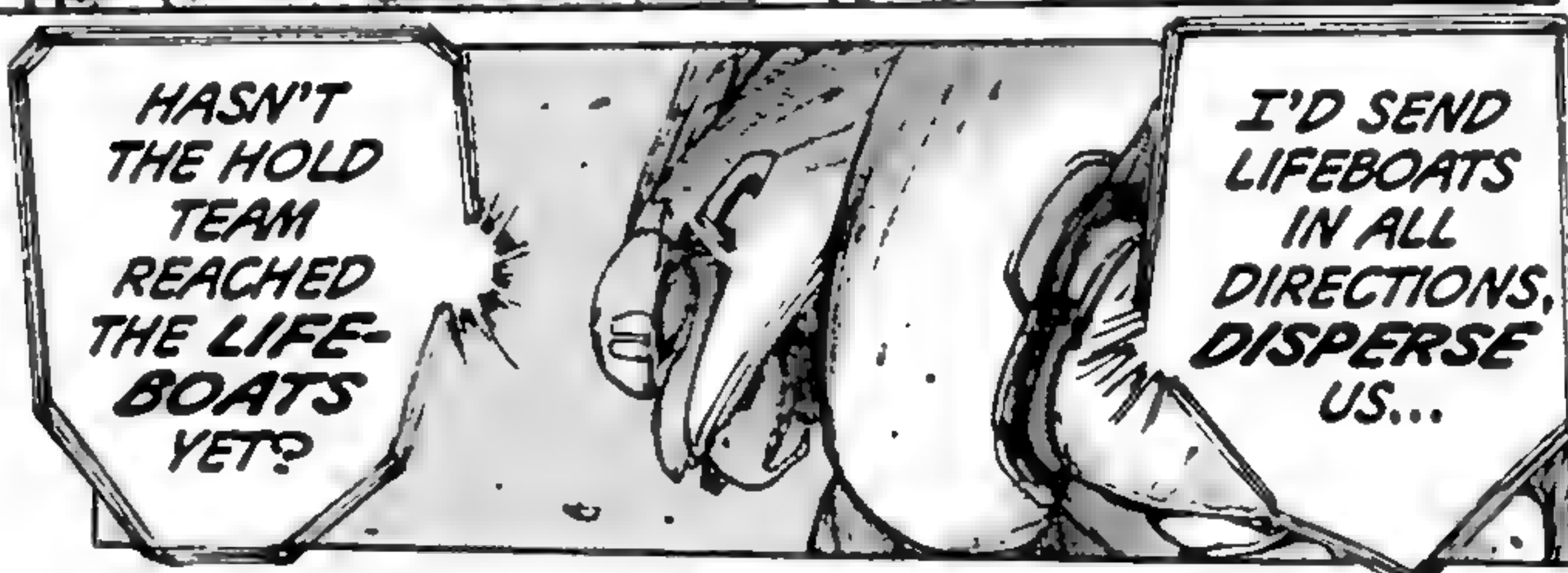
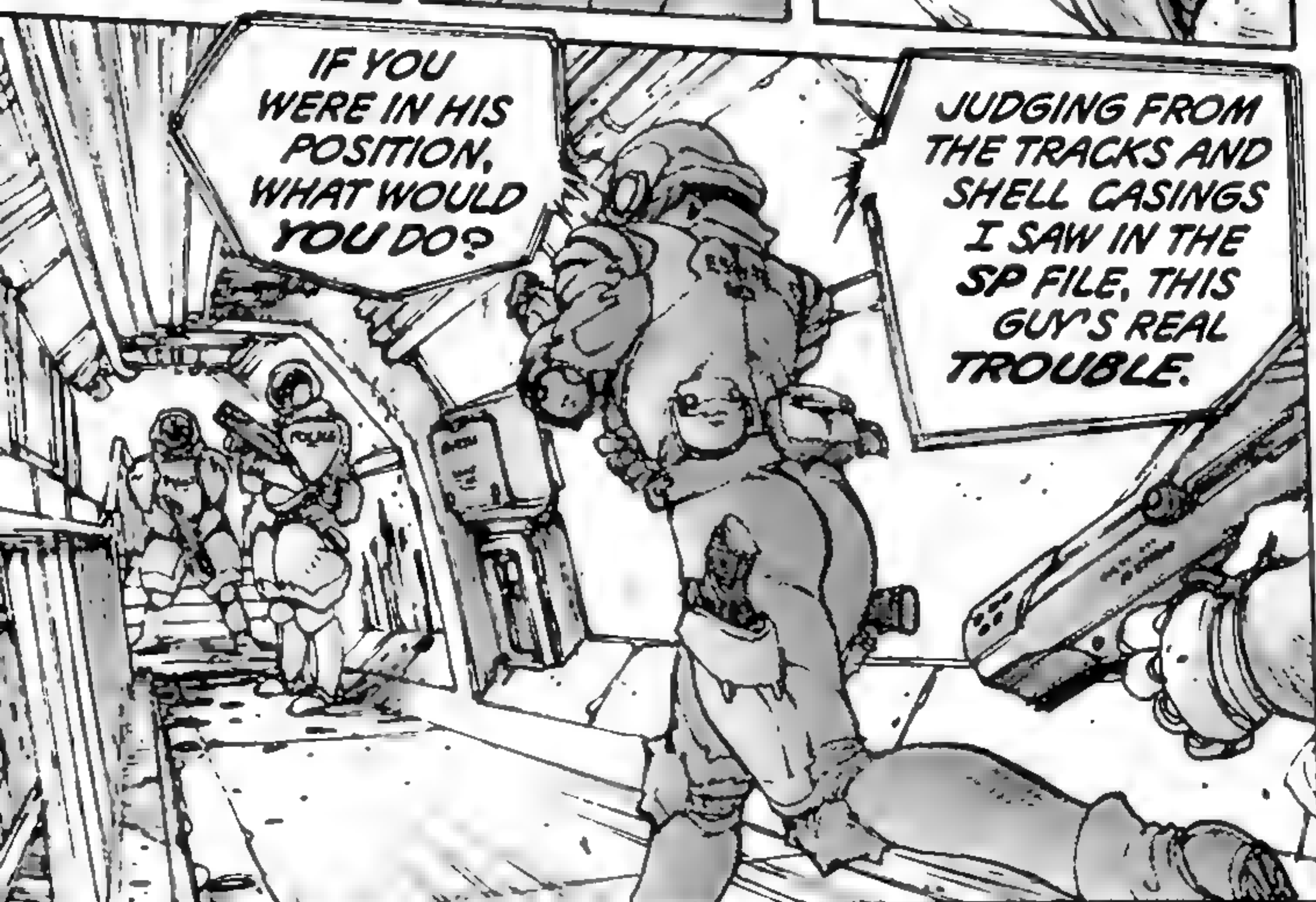


\*FX KBLOOSH



\*FX VREEEEE



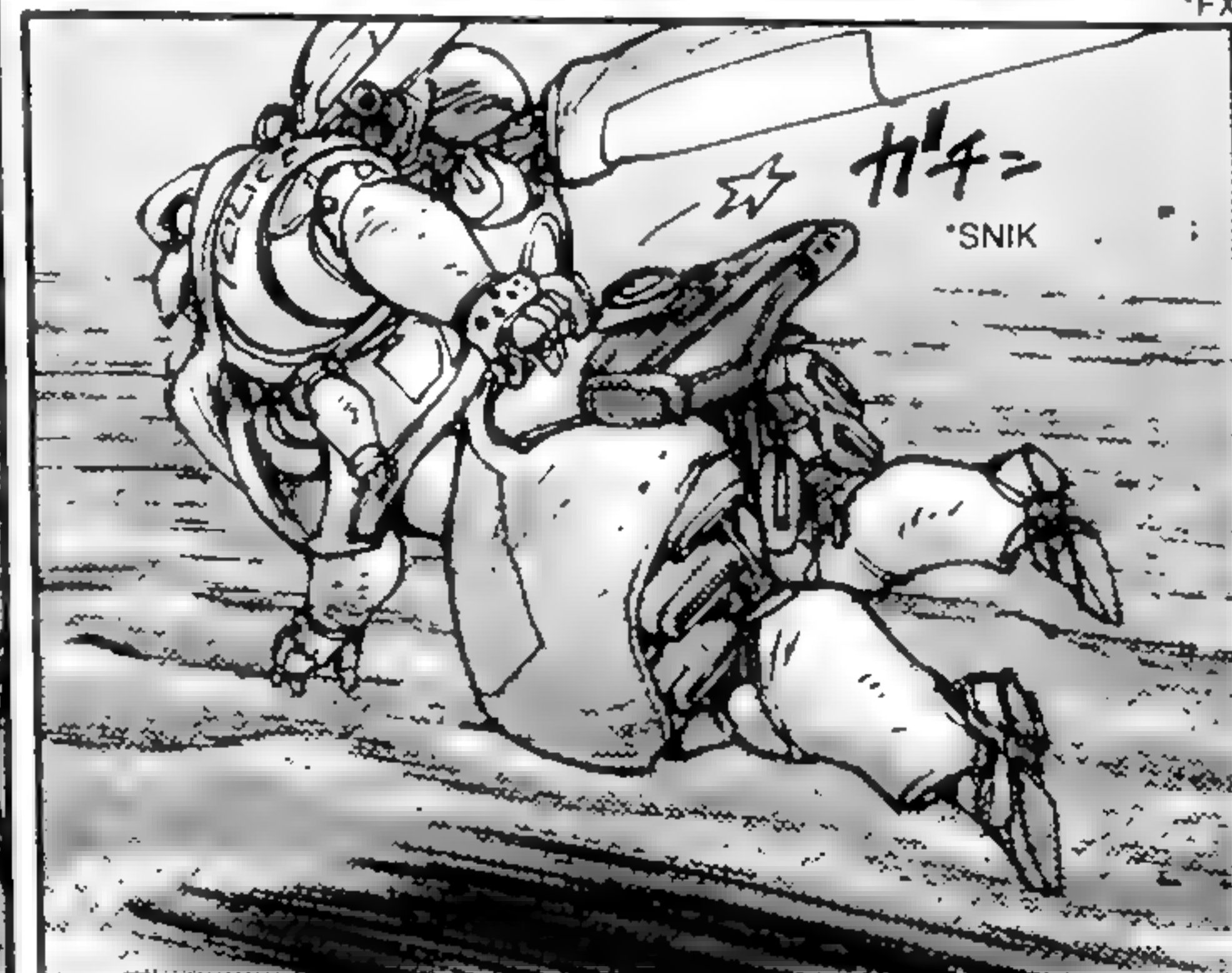
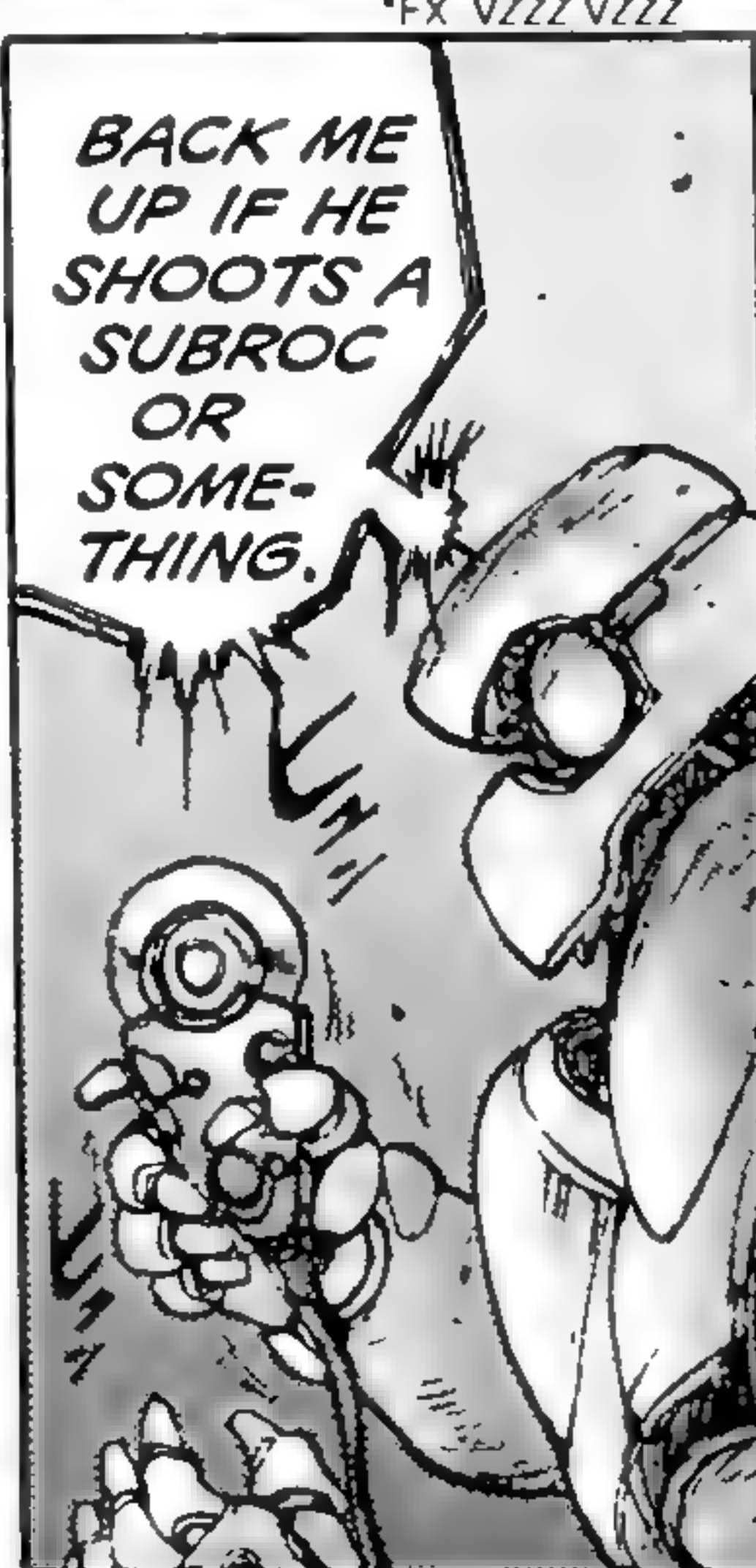
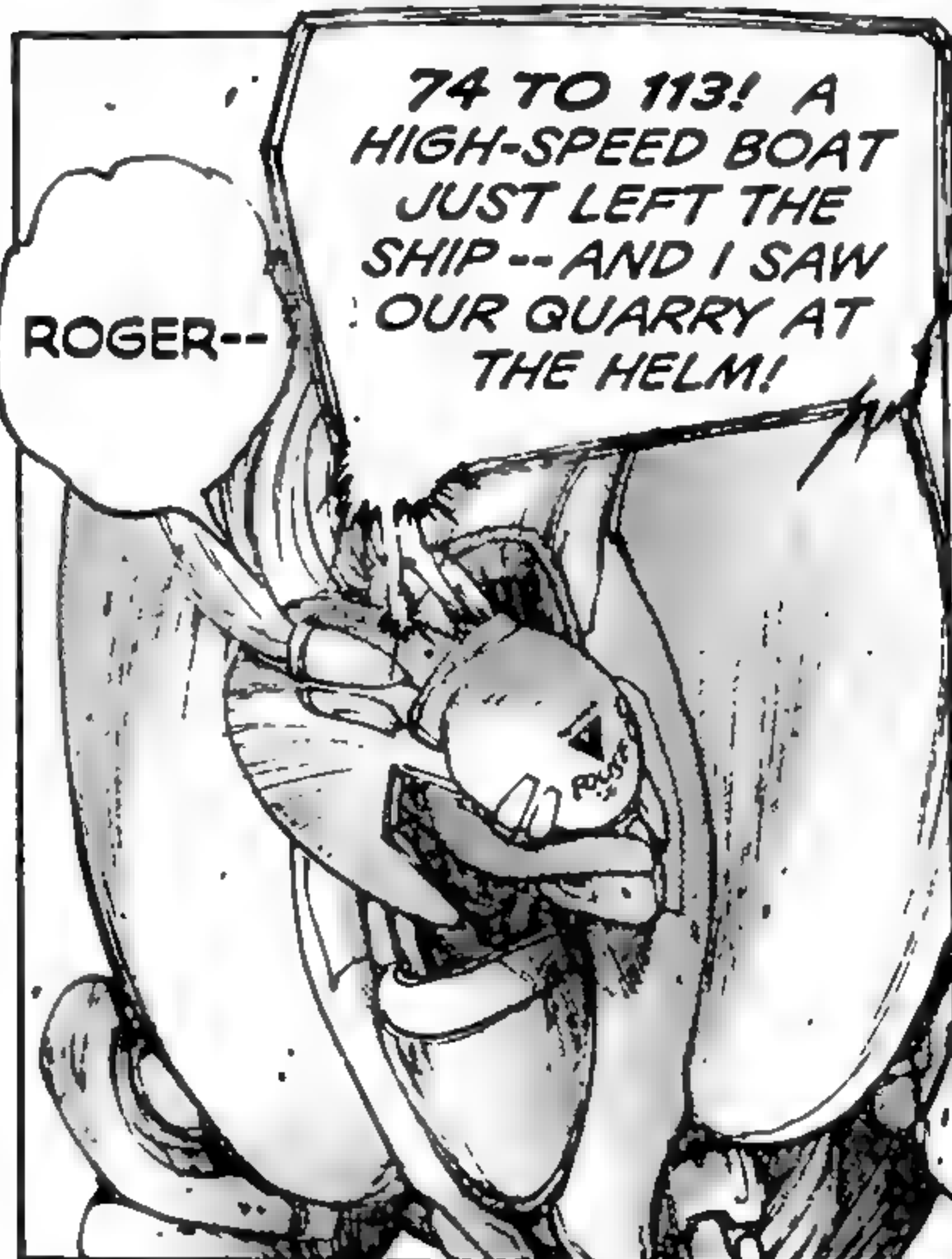




\*FX: SHAKK



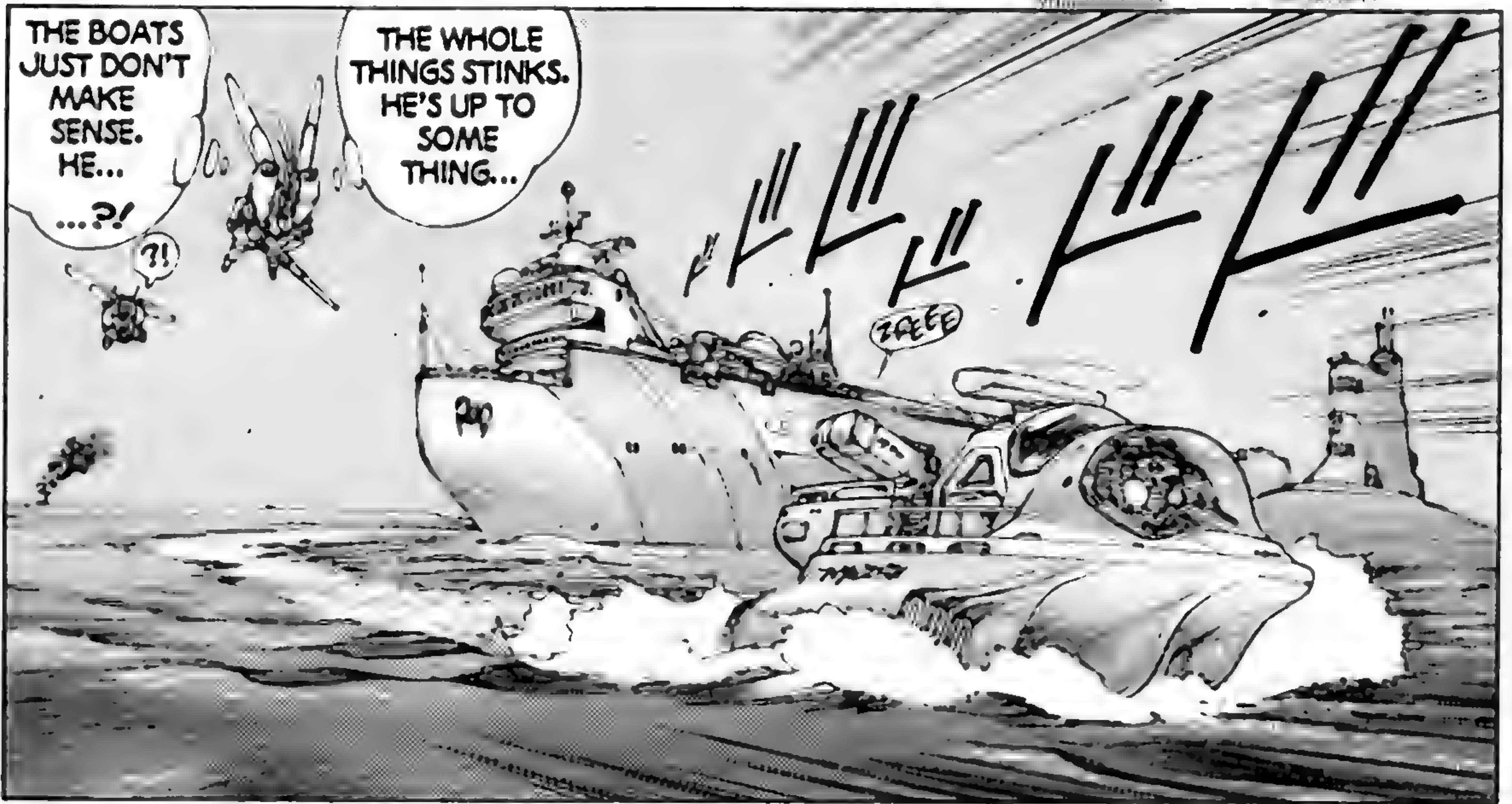
\*FX VZZZ VZZZ



\*WHKOOM



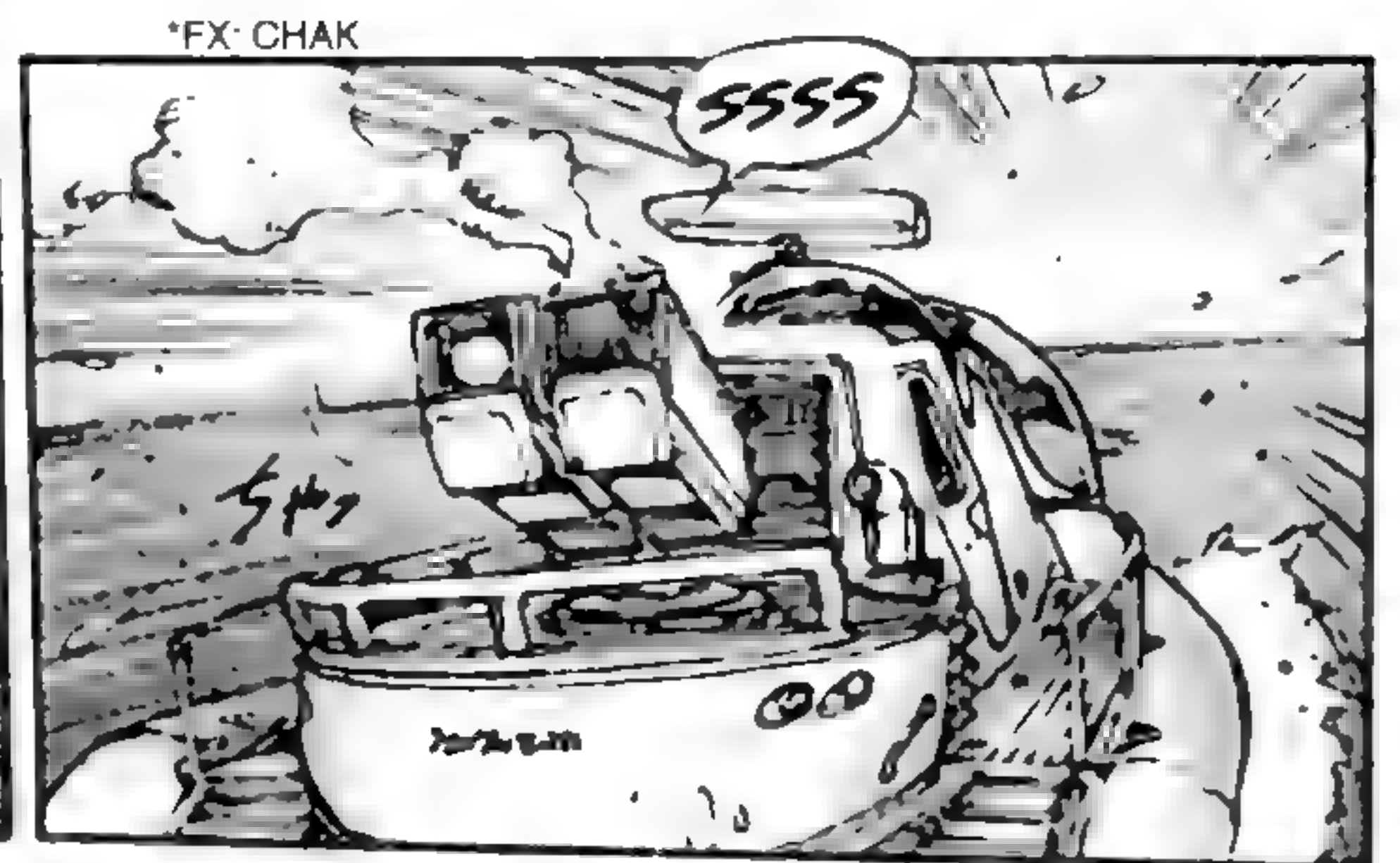






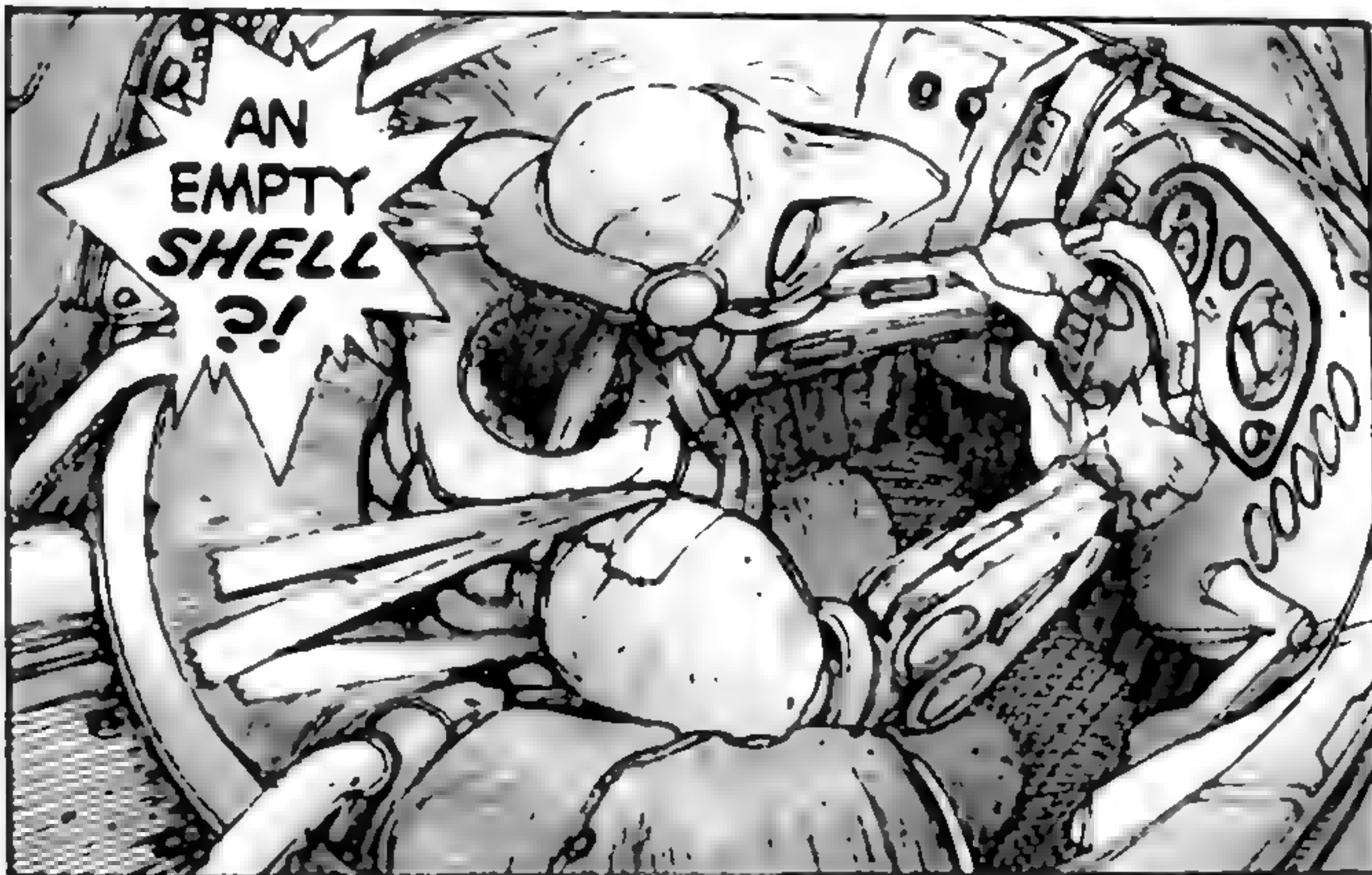
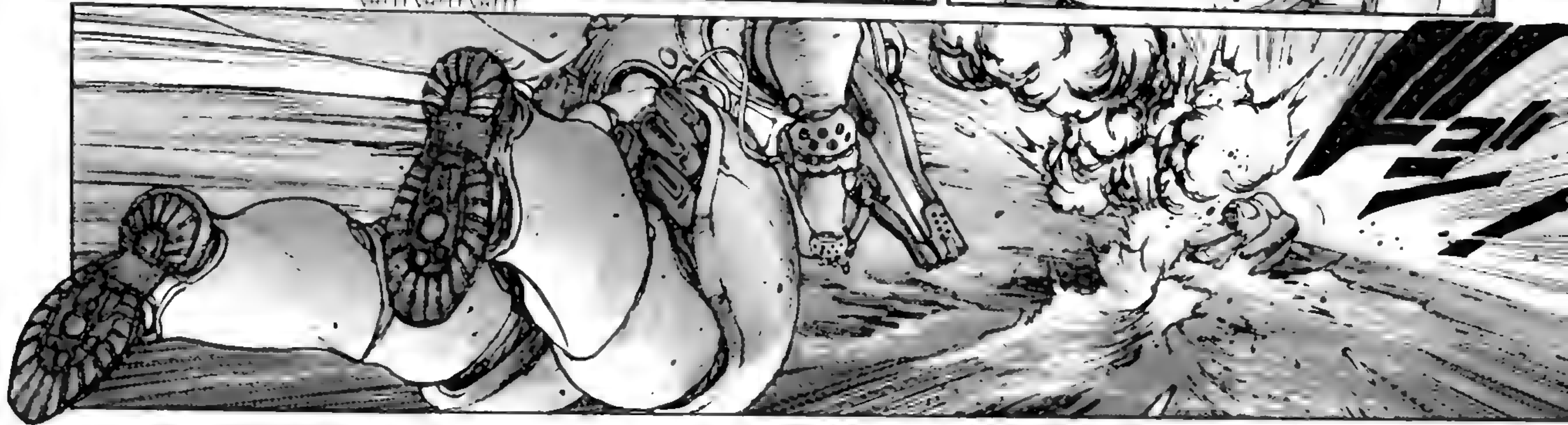


WHIEW!  
TOO CLOSE!

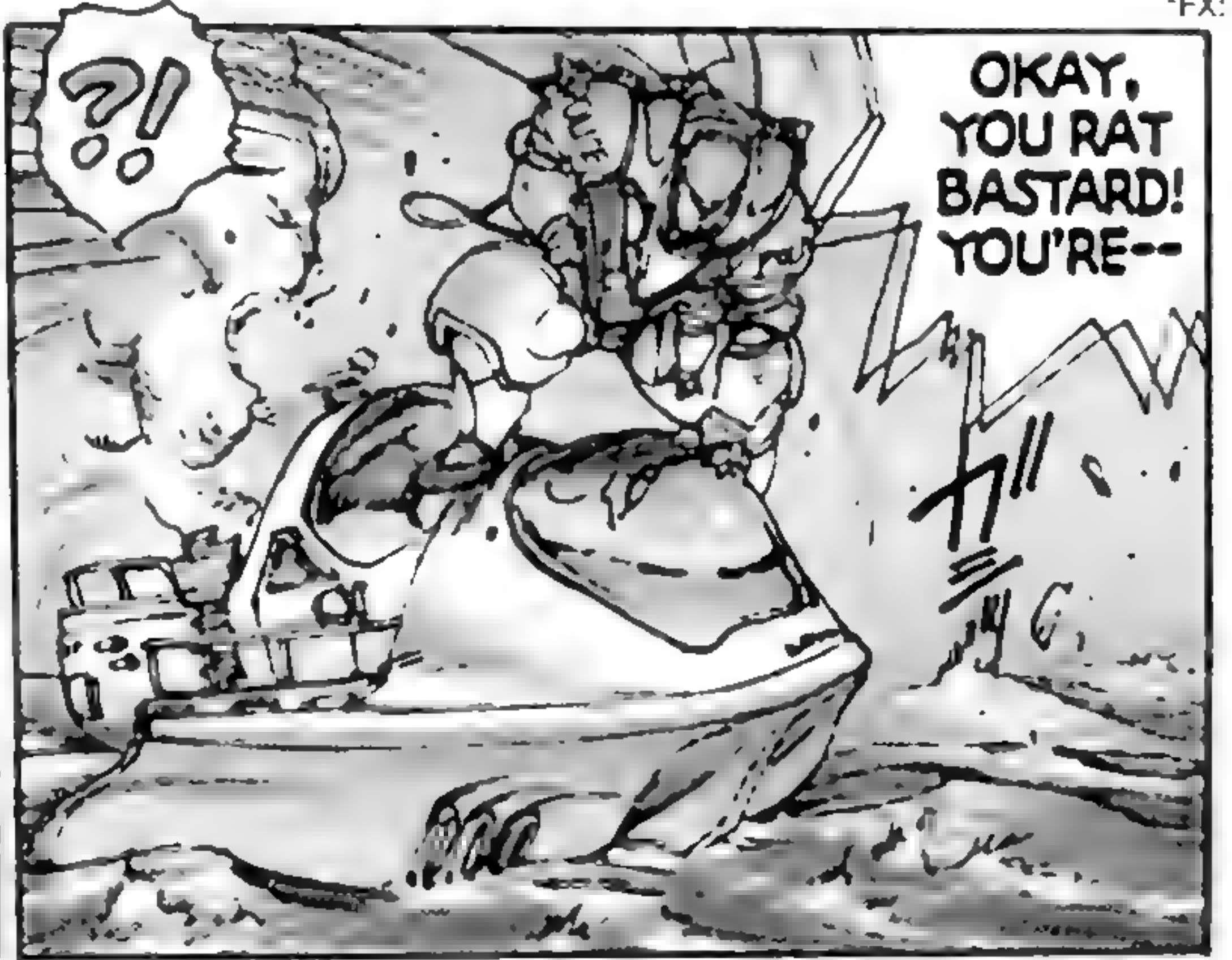


\*FX: CHAK

SSSS



AN  
EMPTY  
SHELL  
?!



OKAY,  
YOU RAT  
BASTARD!  
YOU'RE--

\*FX: BKOOM



EIGHT...?!  
WAIT A  
MINUTE!  
THEN WHAT  
WERE THOSE  
FIRST  
TWO...?!



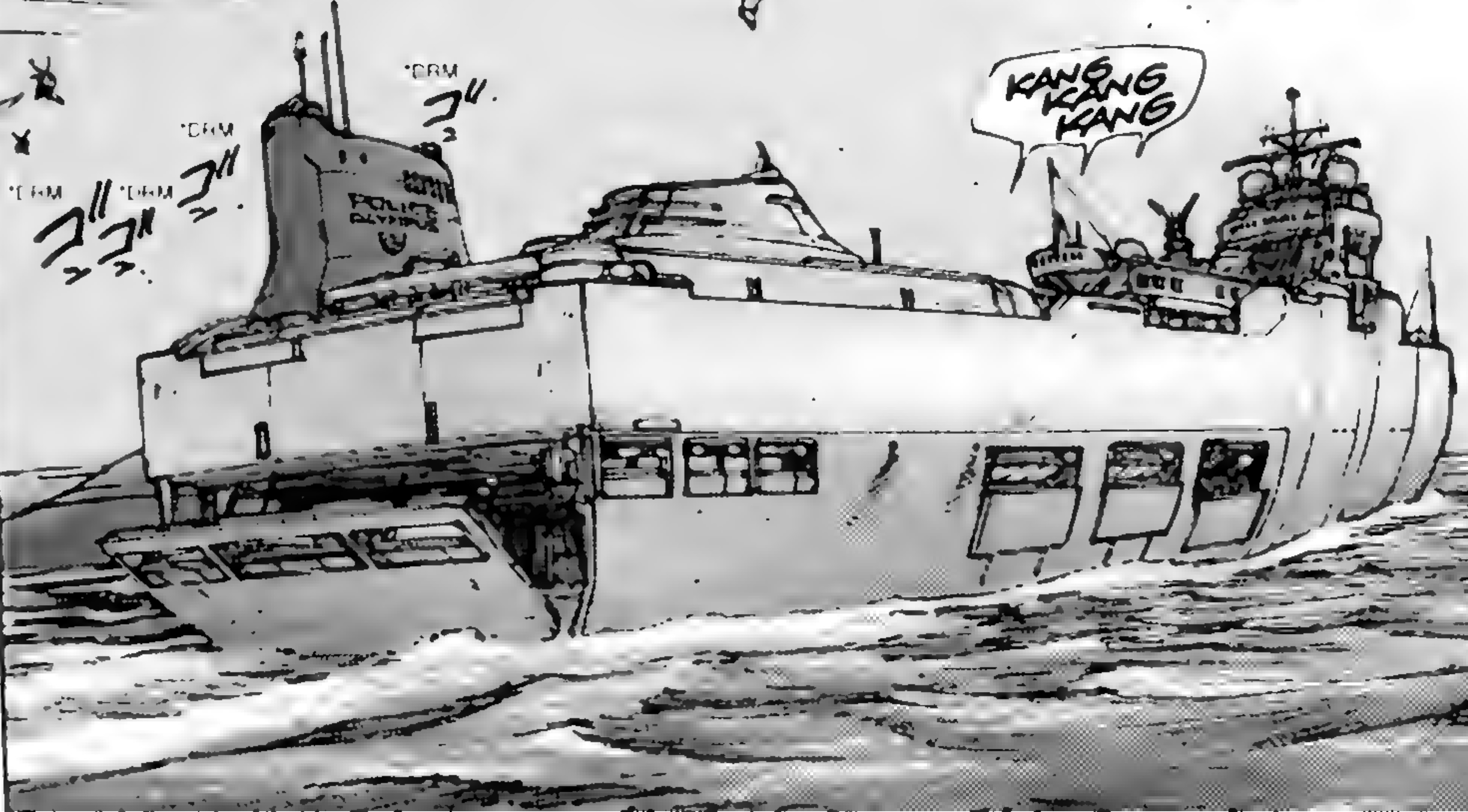
STERN  
HATCH  
OPENING...!  
THEY'RE  
LAUNCH-  
ING!!

THERE ARE...  
EIGHT BOATS?!  
THIS ISN'T A  
FREIGHTER!  
IT'S A CAMOU-  
FLAGED LANDING  
SHIP!



FINALLY...

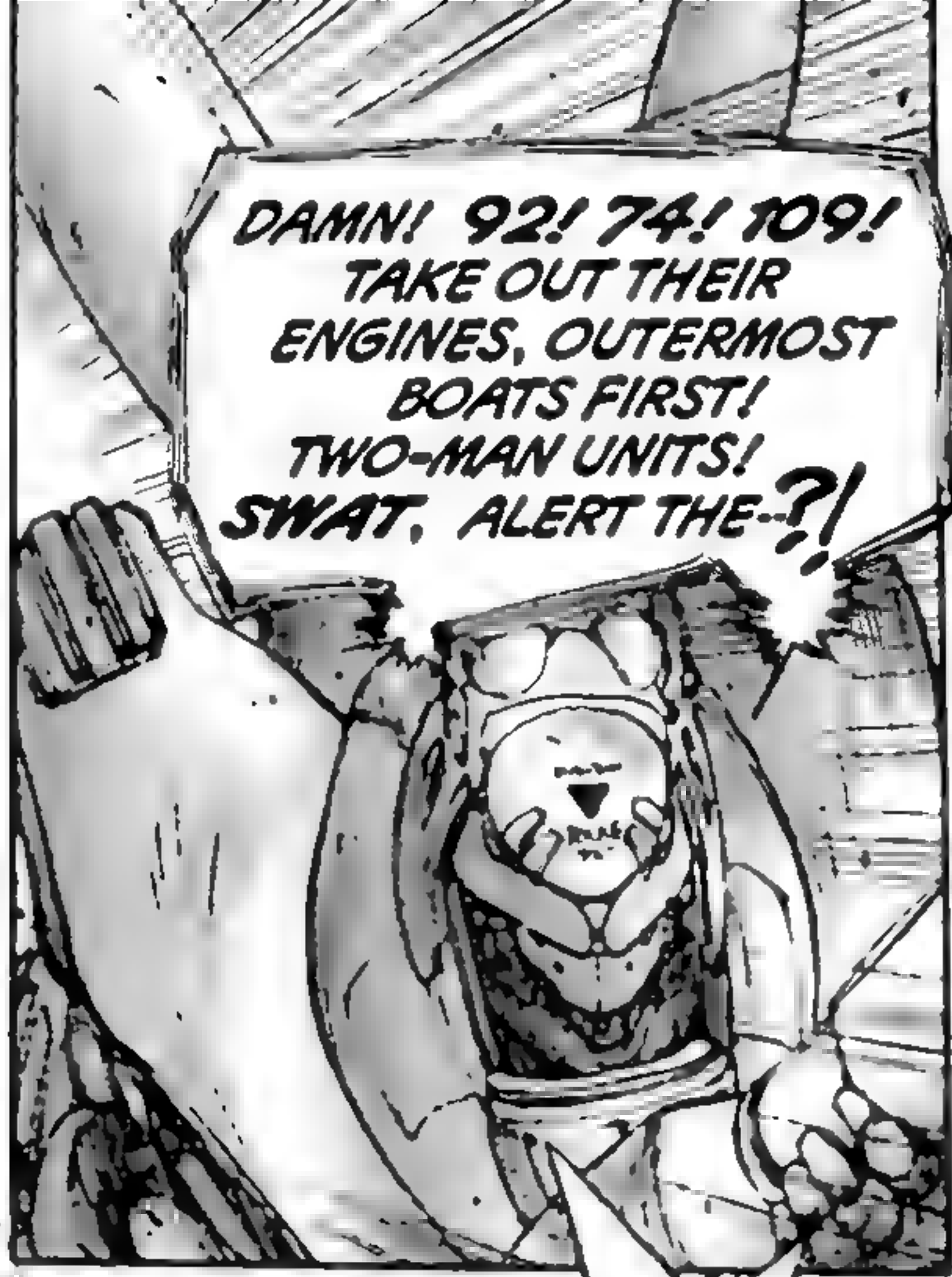
SWAT  
TO 113!  
WE'RE IN  
THE  
HOLD!



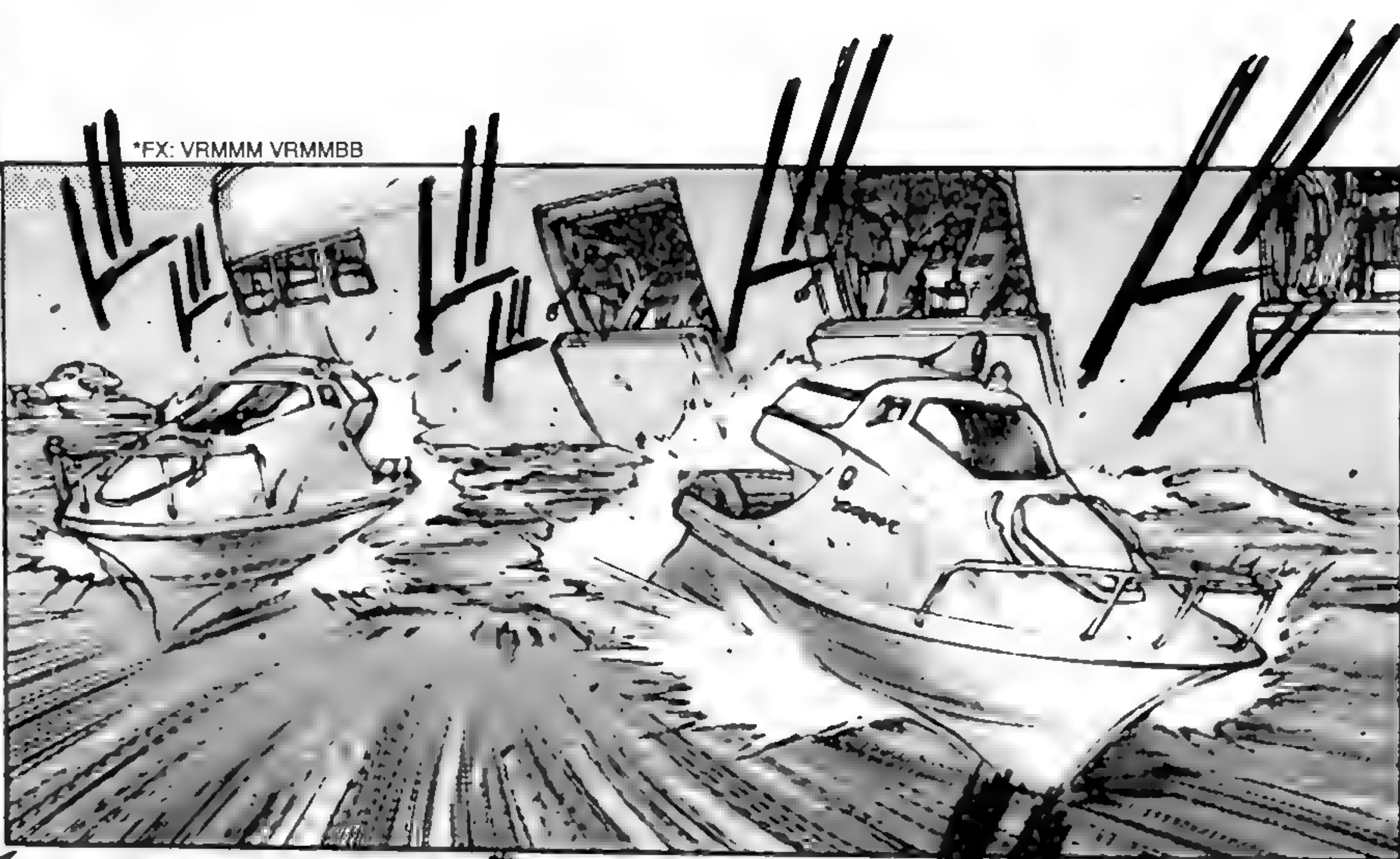
\*DRM

KANG  
KANG  
KANG





DAMN! 92! 74! 109!  
TAKE OUT THEIR  
ENGINES, OUTERMOST  
BOATS FIRST!  
TWO-MAN UNITS!  
SWAT, ALERT THE-?!



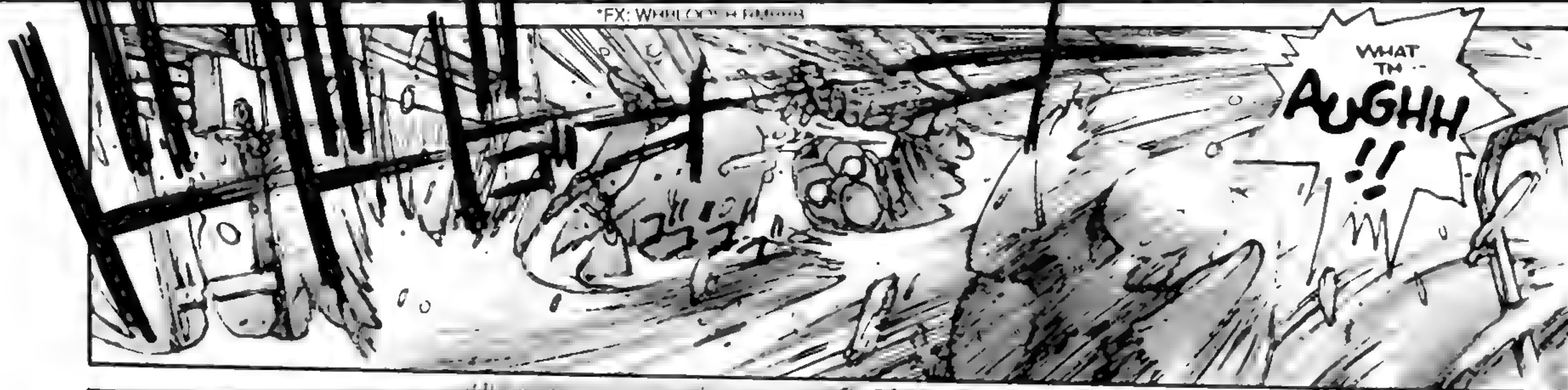
\*FX: VRMMM VRMMBB

\*FX: WHRMBB

\*FX: BRRROOOOM



\*FX: WHIRLWIND FUMPH



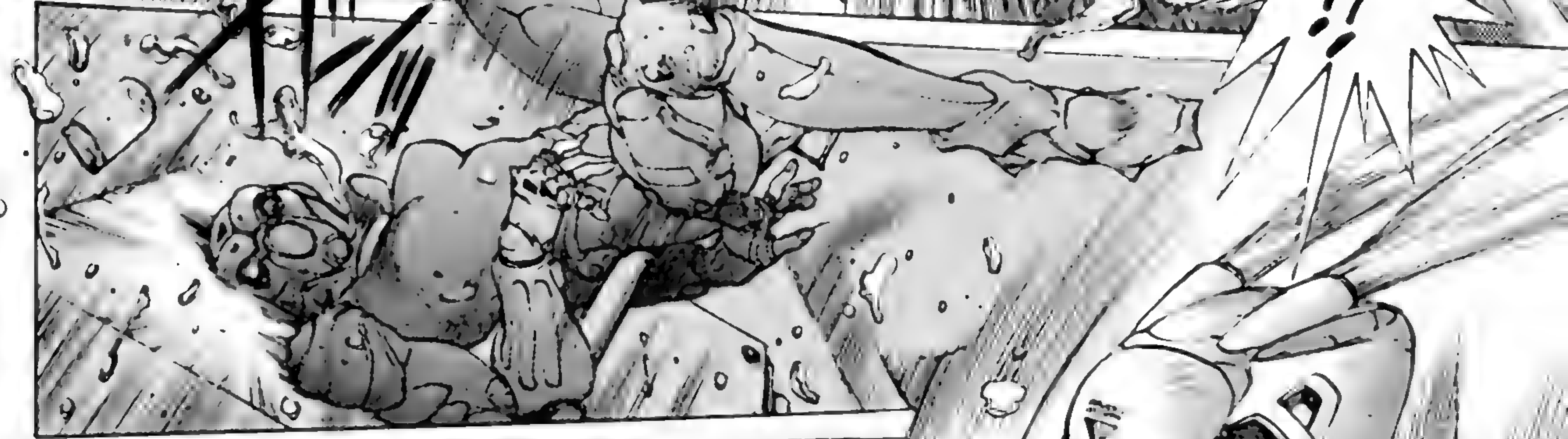
WHAT  
TH...  
AUGH!!



HE'S  
SINKING  
THE  
SHIP!

TRICKED  
!!

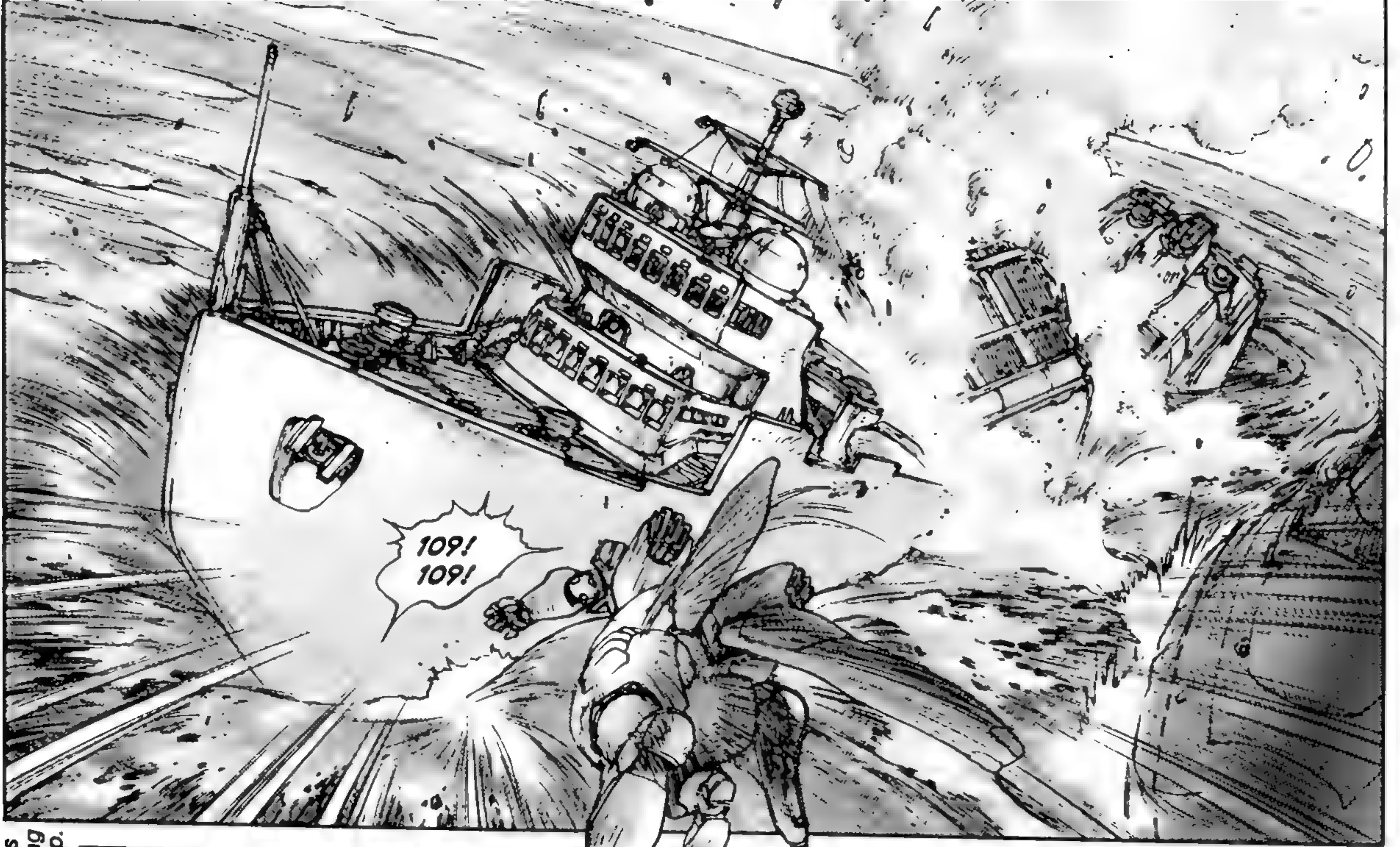




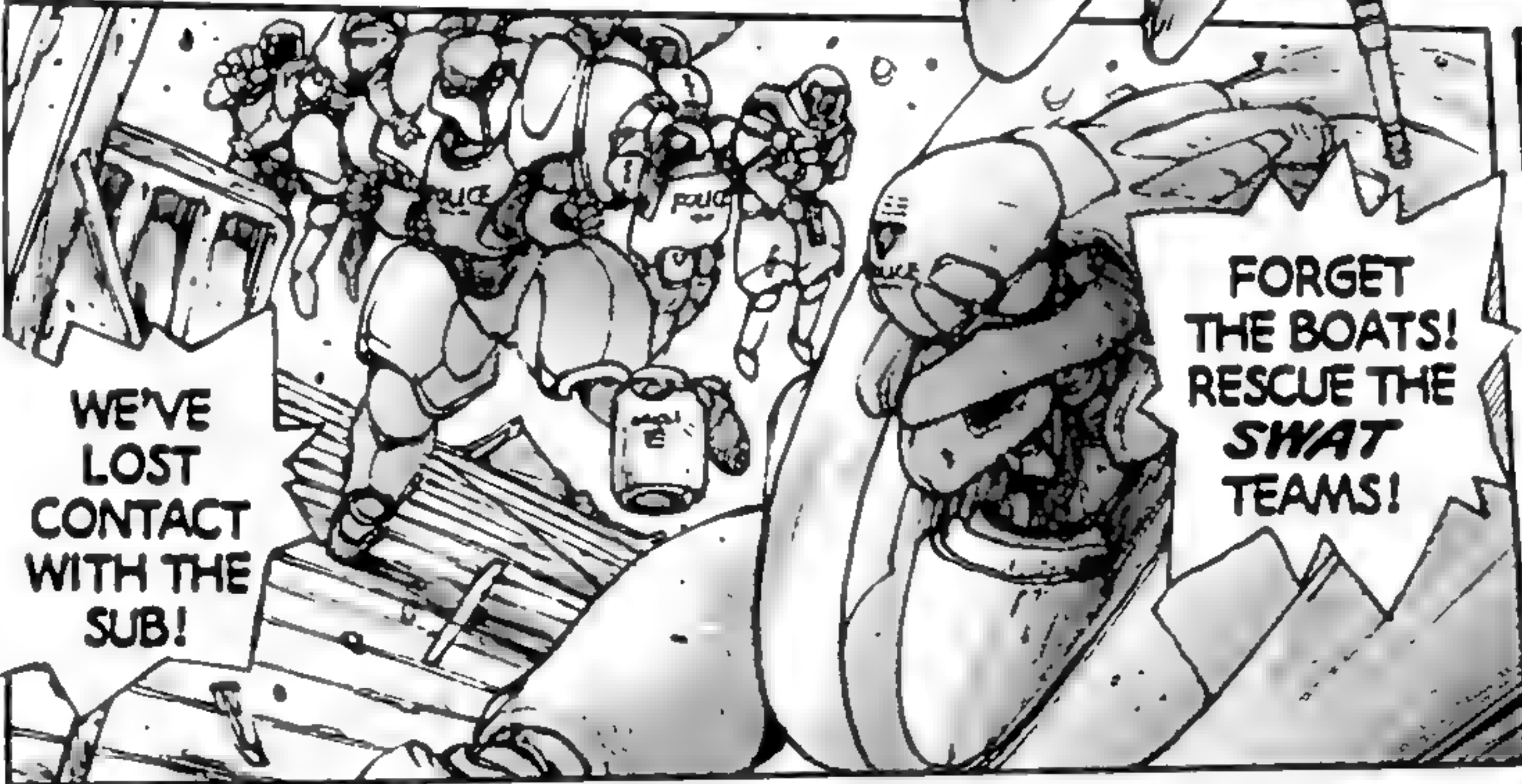
\*FX WHROOOM

כ"כ כ"כ כ"כ כ"כ כ"כ  
\*FX: VM1BB RM1BB





The submersible has its hands full just getting clear of the sinking ship.

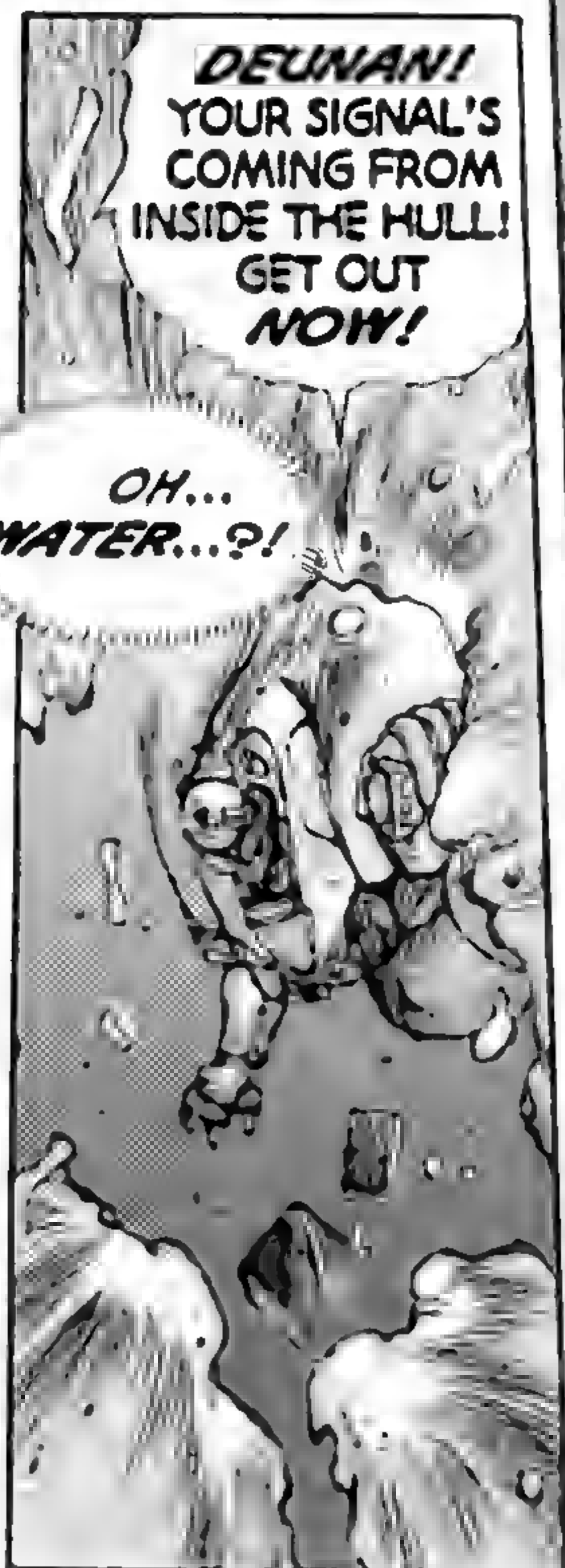


RM888



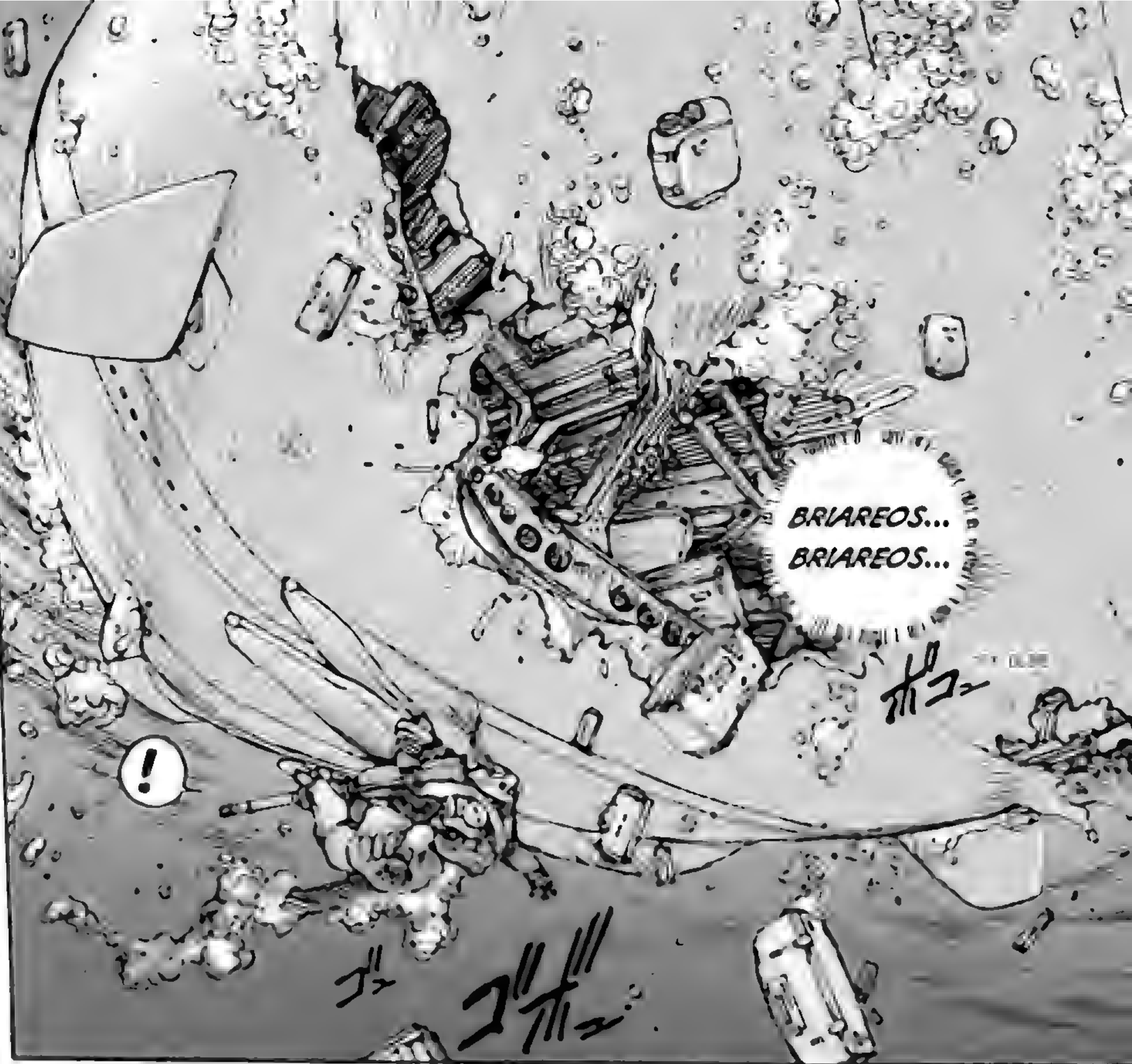
\*FX: BLOOOOSH





DEUNANI!  
YOUR SIGNAL'S  
COMING FROM  
INSIDE THE HULL!  
GET OUT  
NOW!

OH...  
WATER...?!

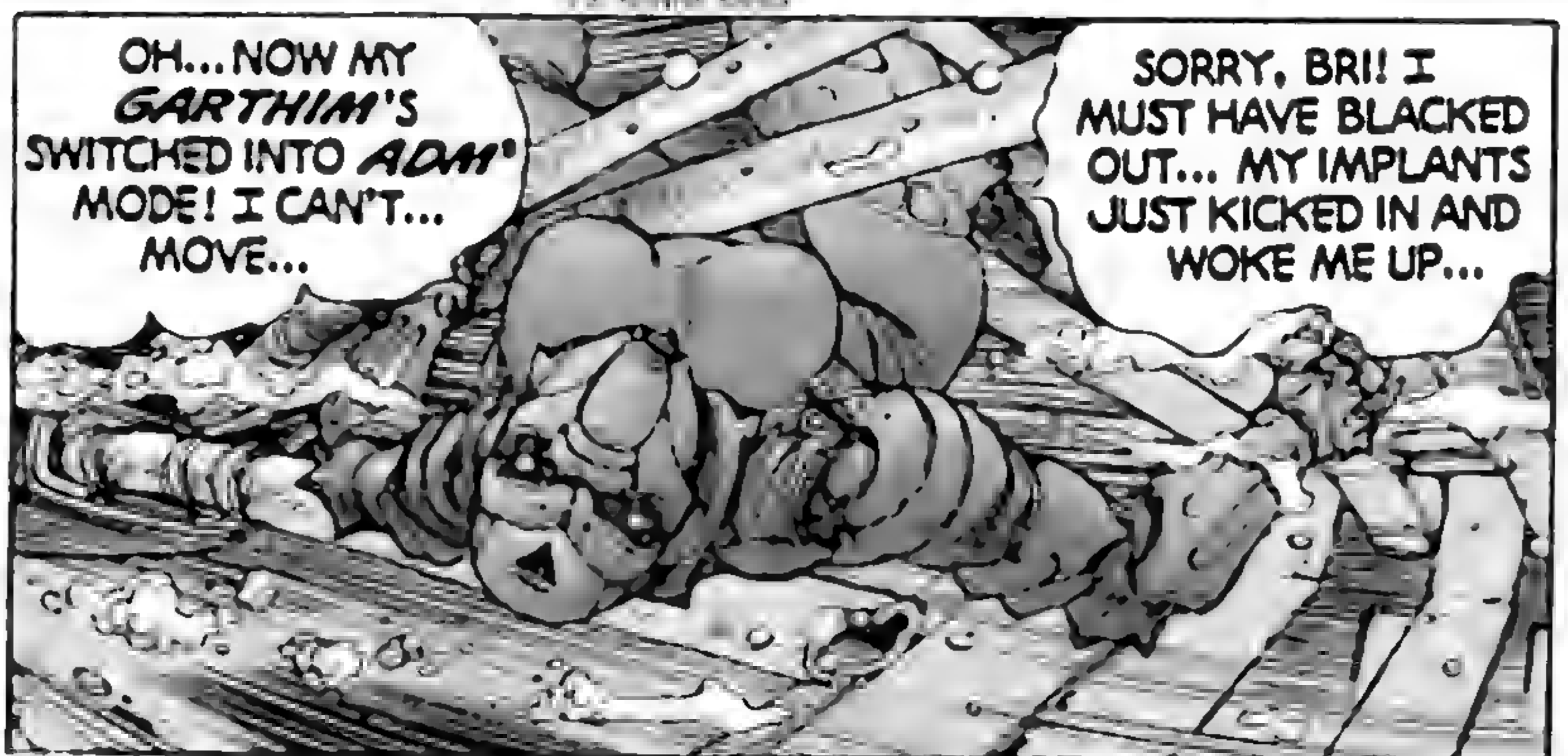


BRIAREOS...  
BRIAREOS...



KRIK  
KRRK

DEPTH  
60FSW...  
80...  
100...



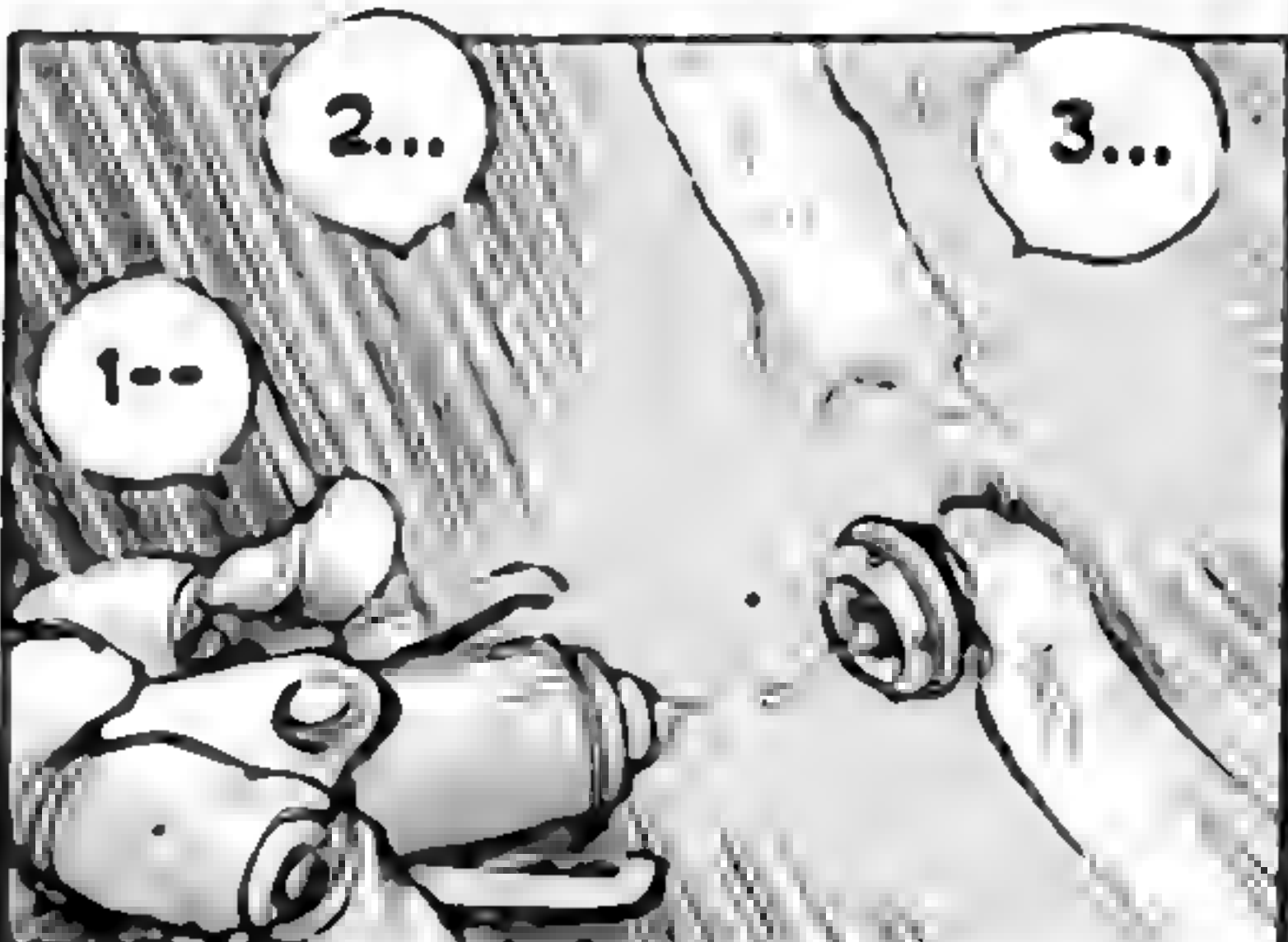
OH... NOW MY  
GARTHIM'S  
SWITCHED INTO ADM\*  
MODE! I CAN'T...  
MOVE...

SORRY, BRI! I  
MUST HAVE BLACKED  
OUT... MY IMPLANTS  
JUST KICKED IN AND  
WOKE ME UP...



4...

5...



1--

2...

3...



...SO  
BRACE  
YOUR-  
SELF!

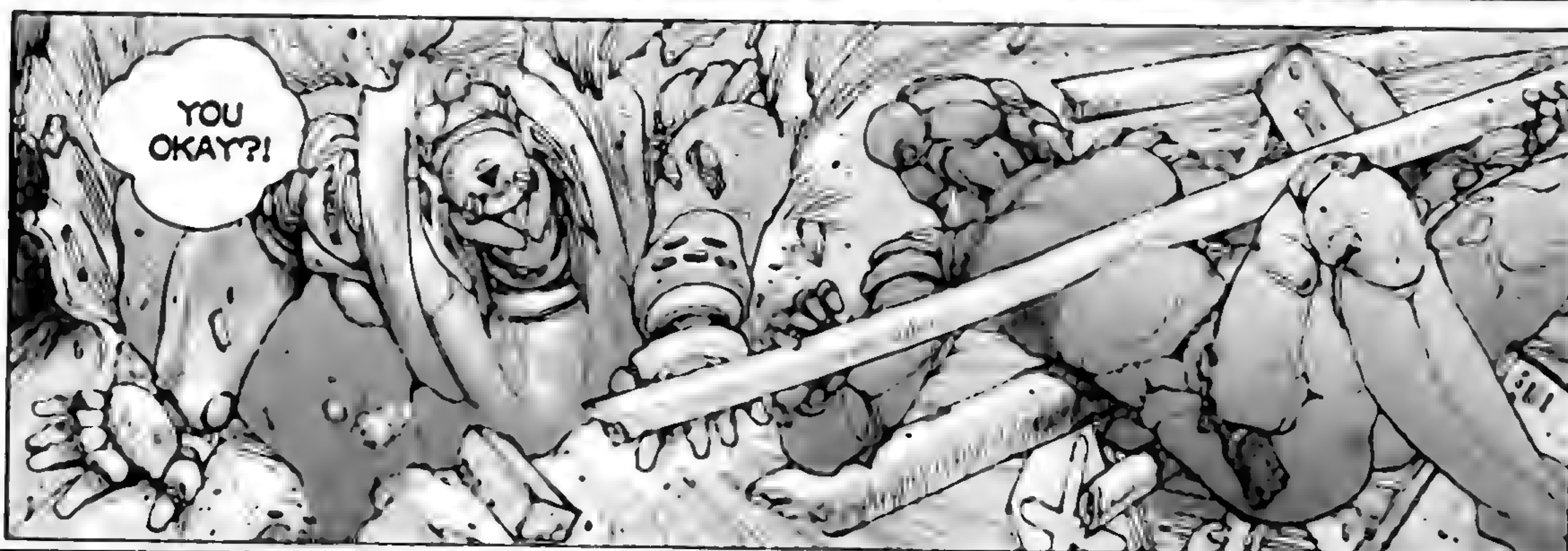
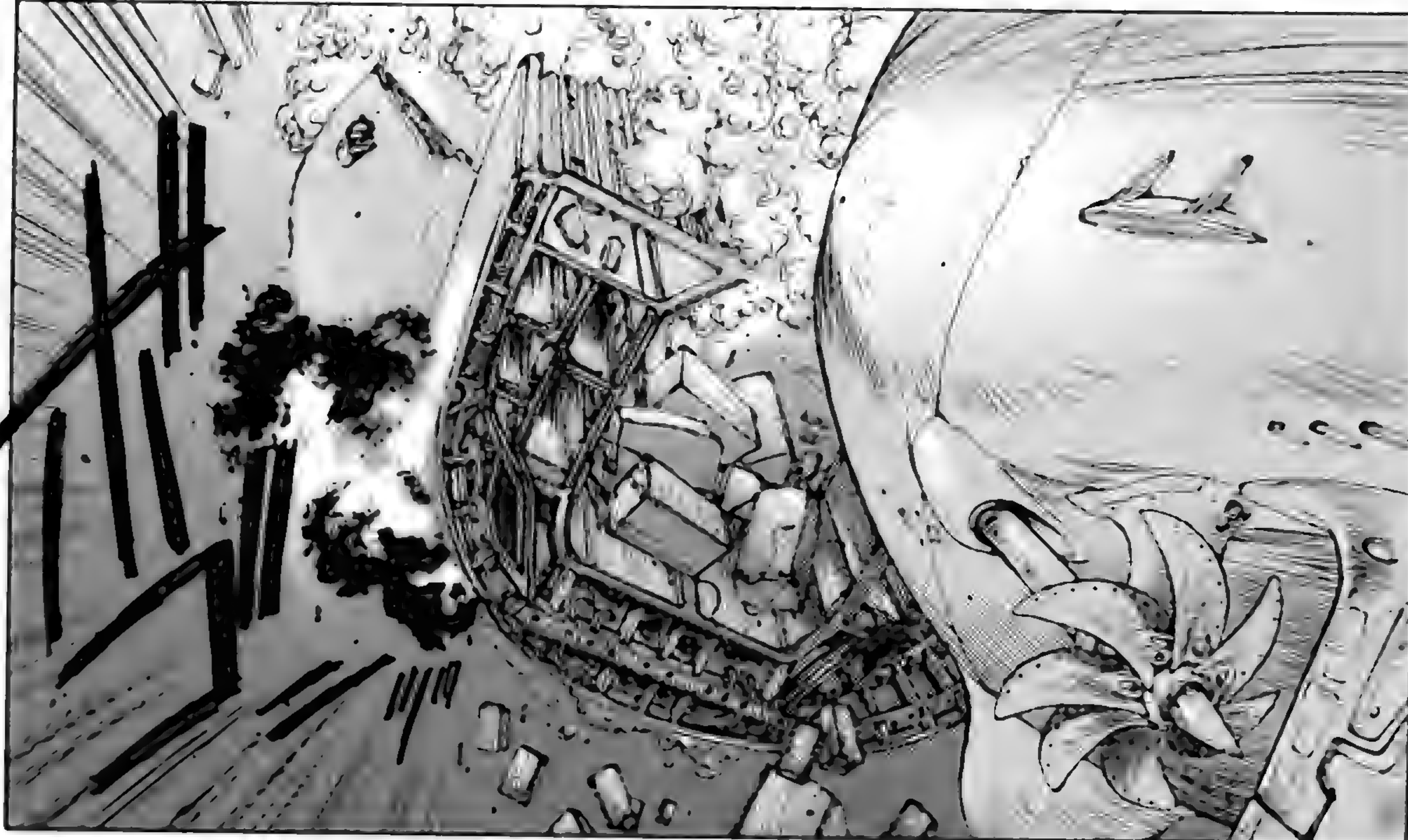
I'M PLACING PE  
BASED ON SIGNAL  
TRIANGULATION.  
COULD BE CLOSE...

CHIK

\*ADM—Atmospheric Diving Mode. Her suit's shock resistant material is responding to the water pressure. At the maximum design depth of 400FSW the body is exposed to pressures equivalent to those about 20FSW—but there's no need to surface immediately, which is truly convenient. However, the difficulty in breathing could cause oxygen deprivation.

Implants: Standard ESWAT issue micromachines. They reside in the blood stream to produce antidotes, viral protection, and emergency medical intervention.



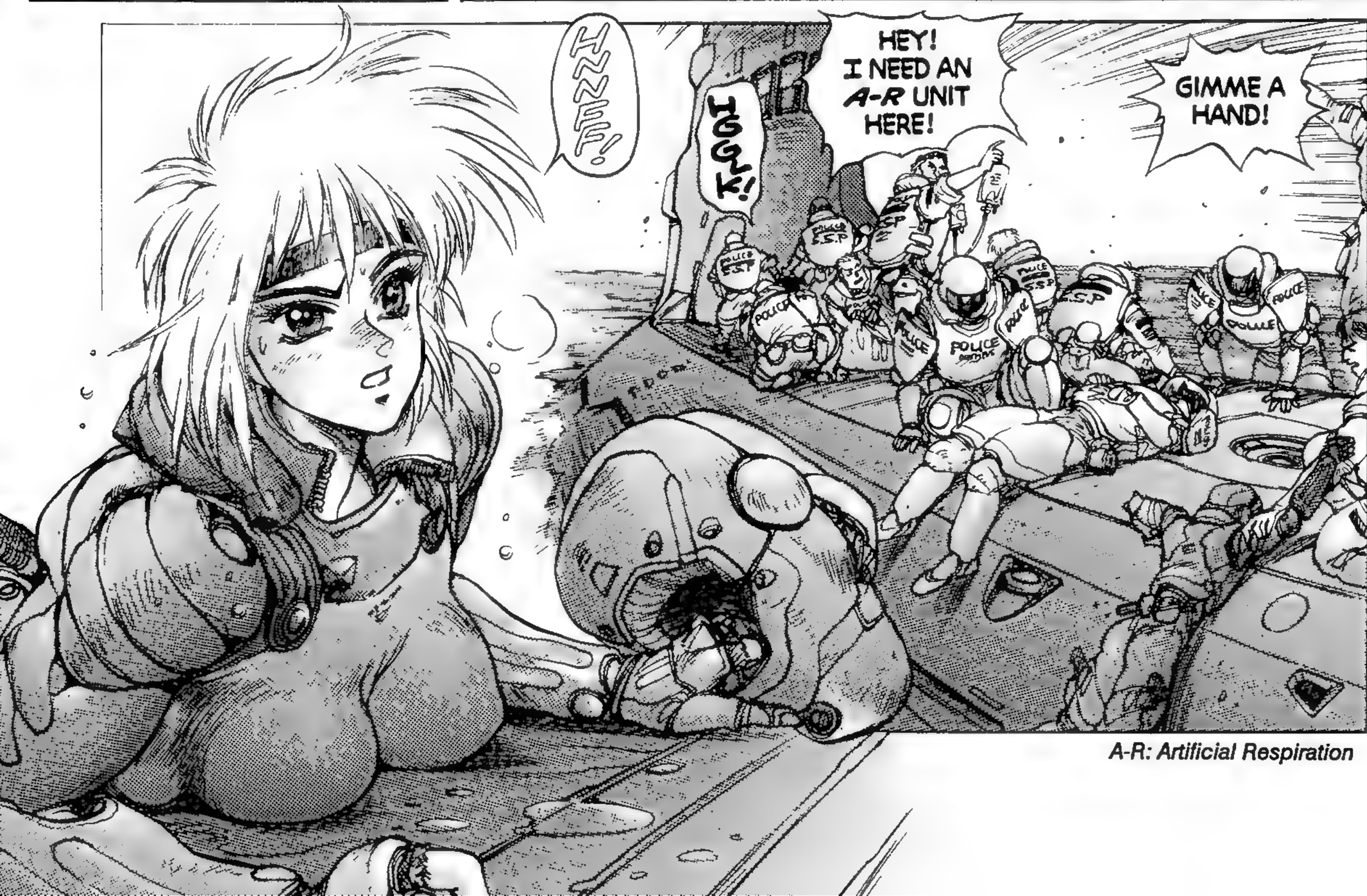
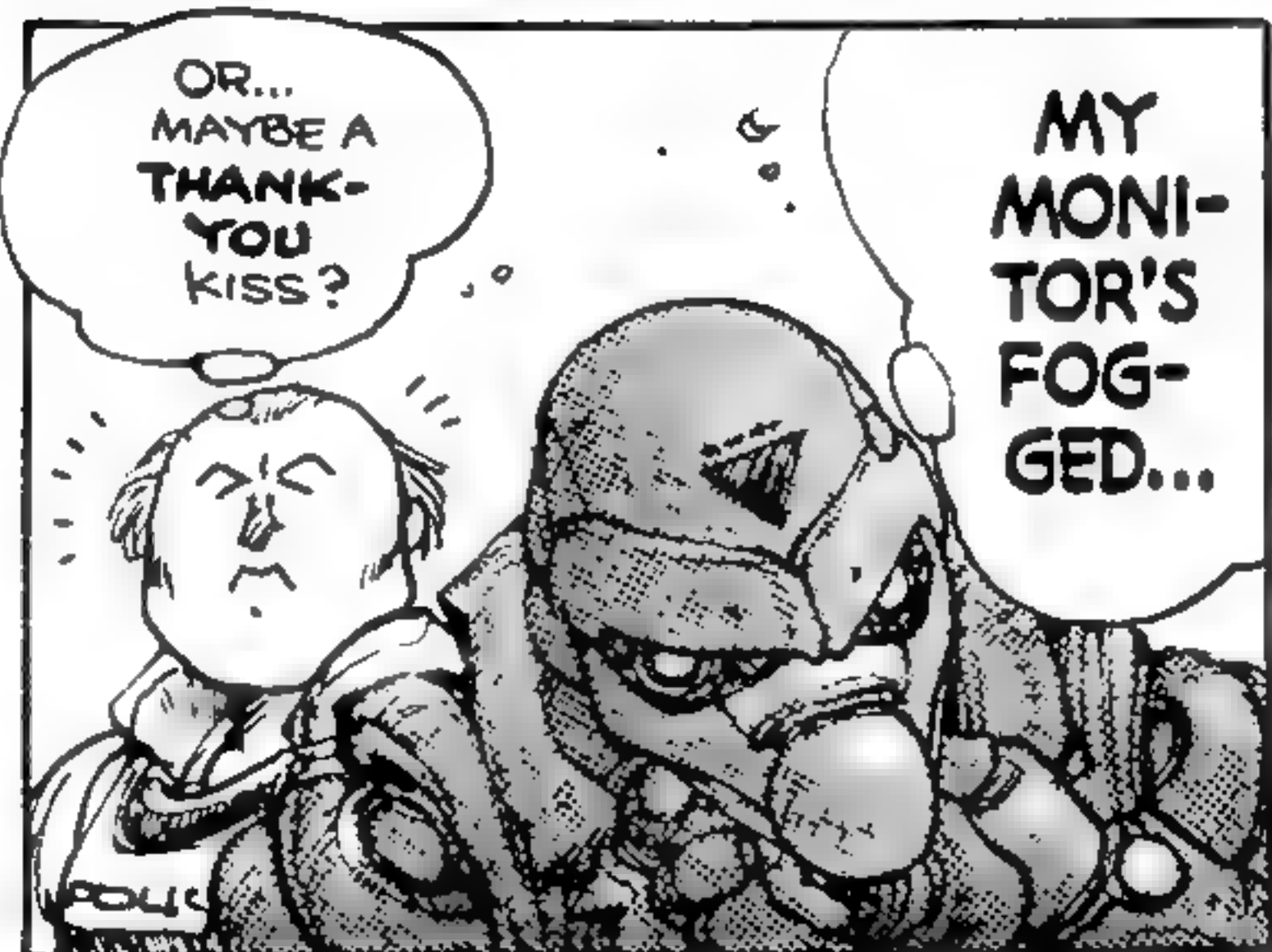






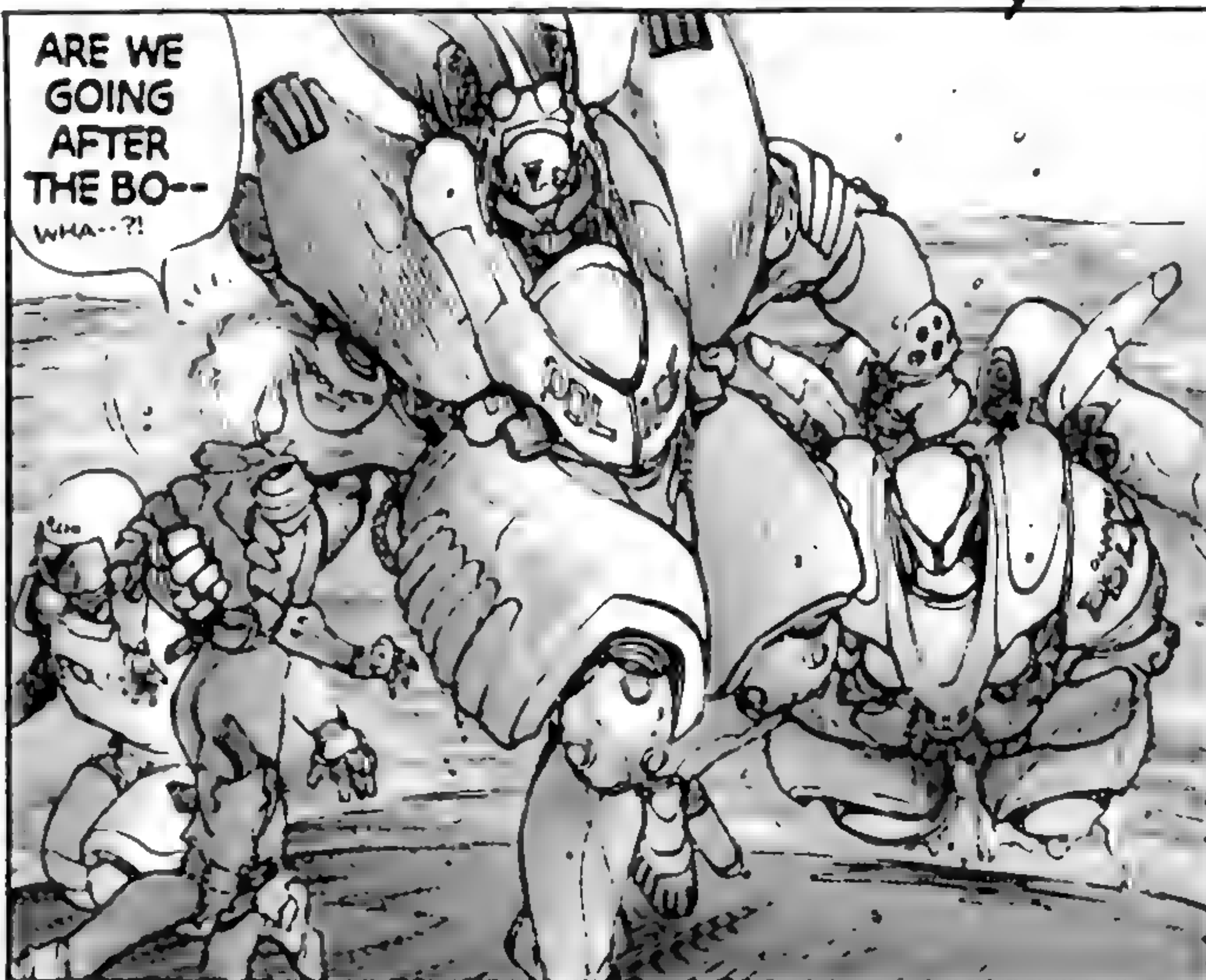
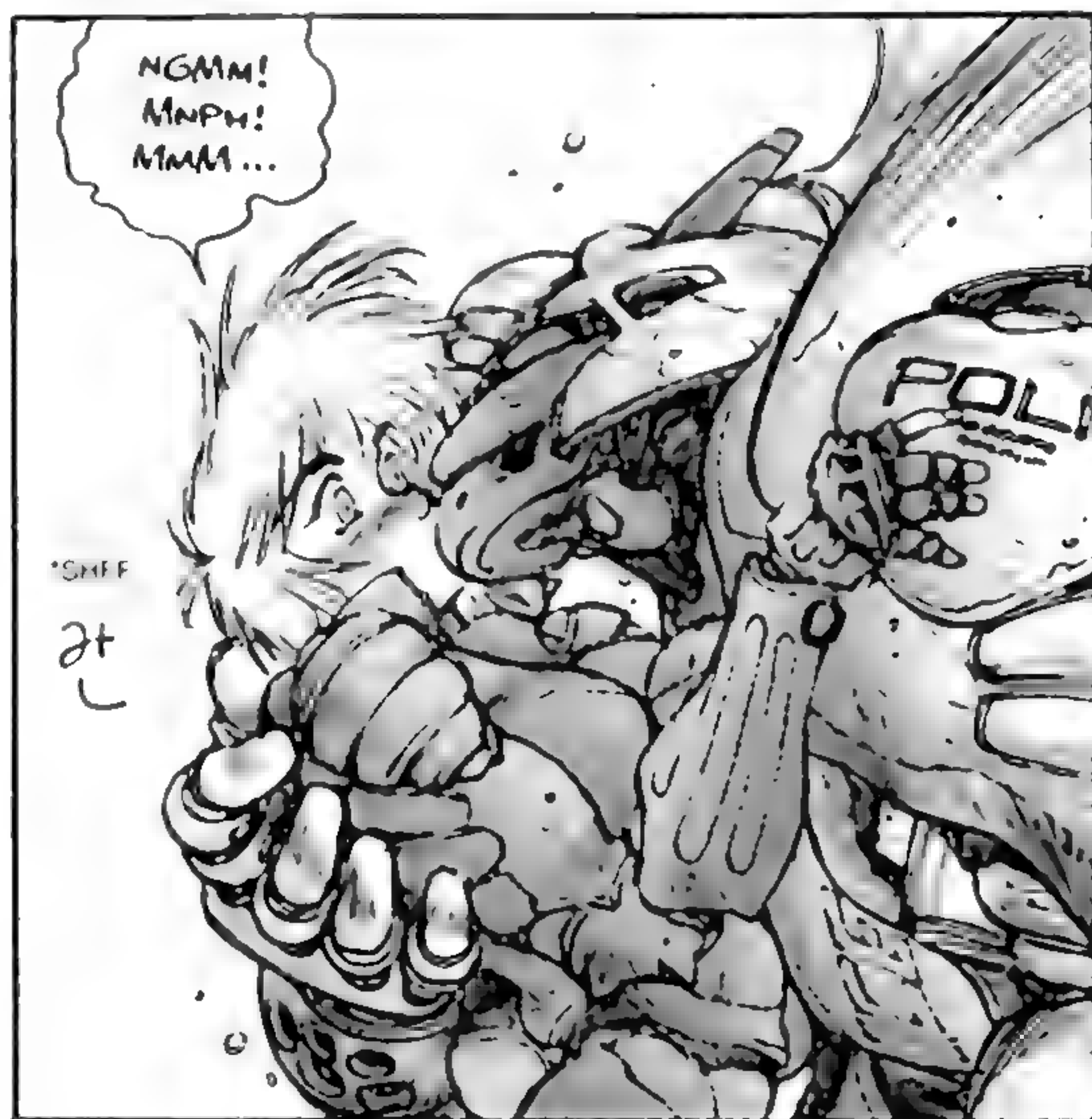
The present JSDF Steinke Hood submarine escape device surfaces at 400FPM, so...it would take about 30 seconds from a depth of 165FSW. Actually, she should extend one arm over her head and rotate to check for obstacles as she ascends.





A-R: Artificial Respiration





\*FX KOFF KOFF KOFF



\*FX BTHUMP BTHUMP

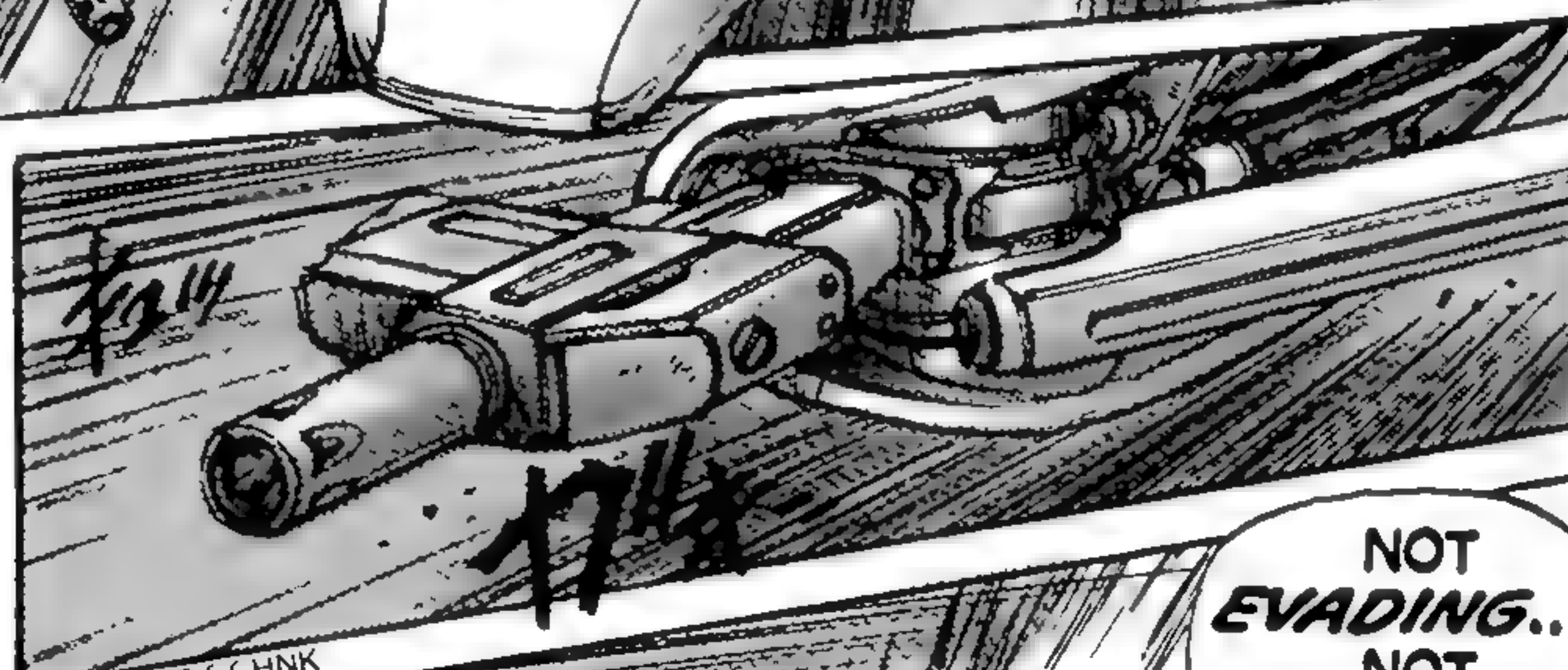
\*FX BUSH



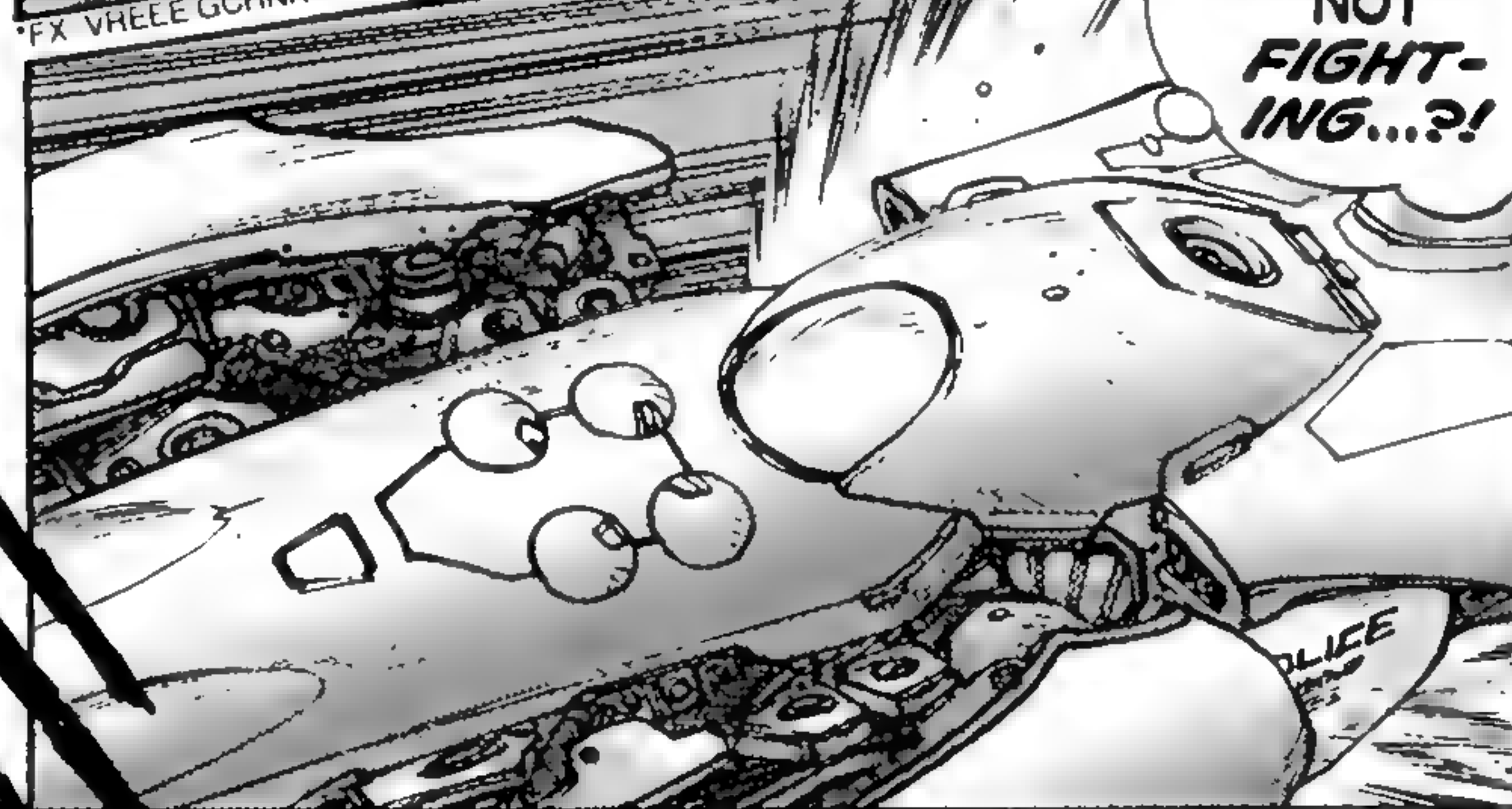


\*FX: BRRRR

\*FX FSSHAK



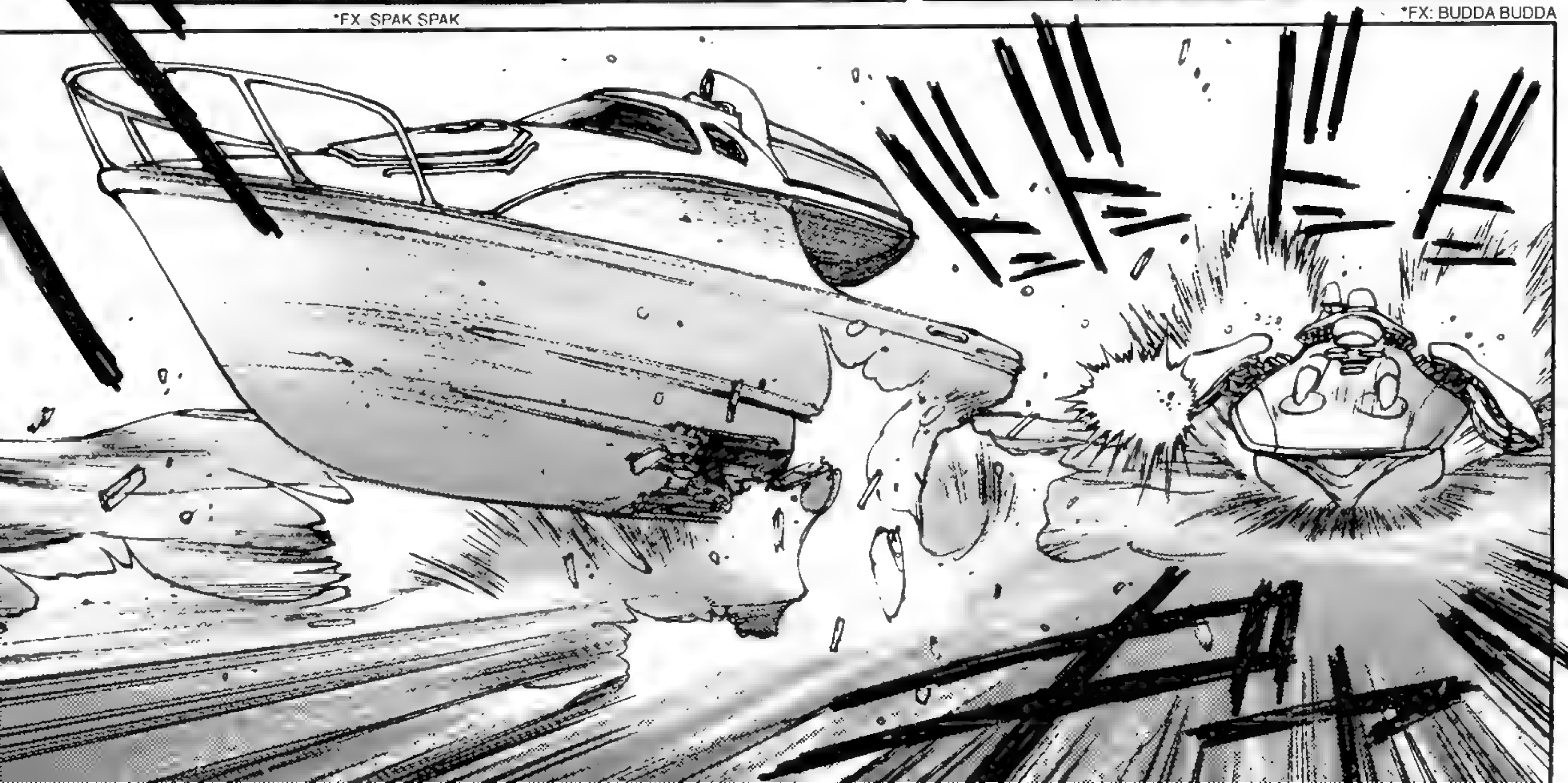
\*FX VREEE GCHNK



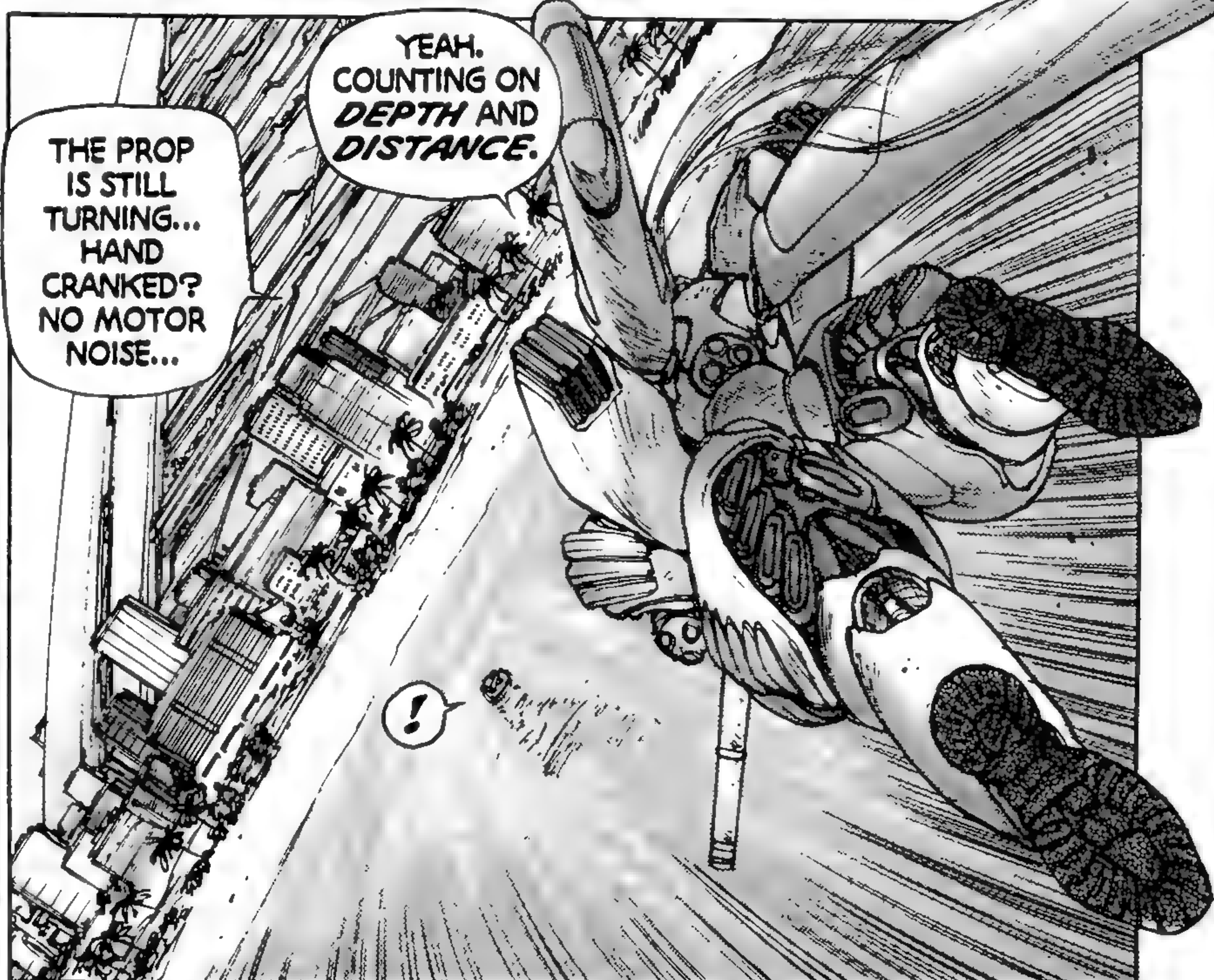
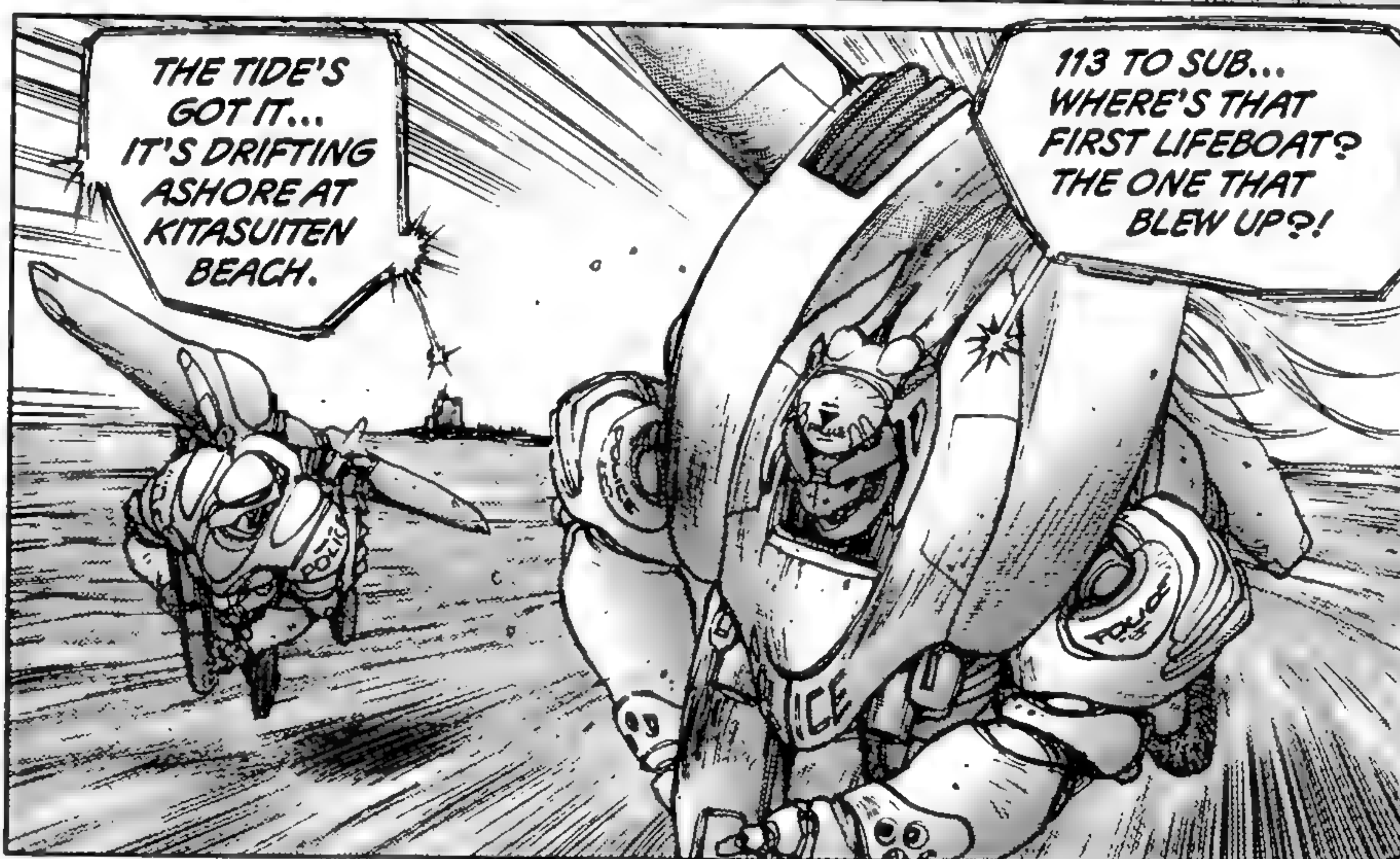
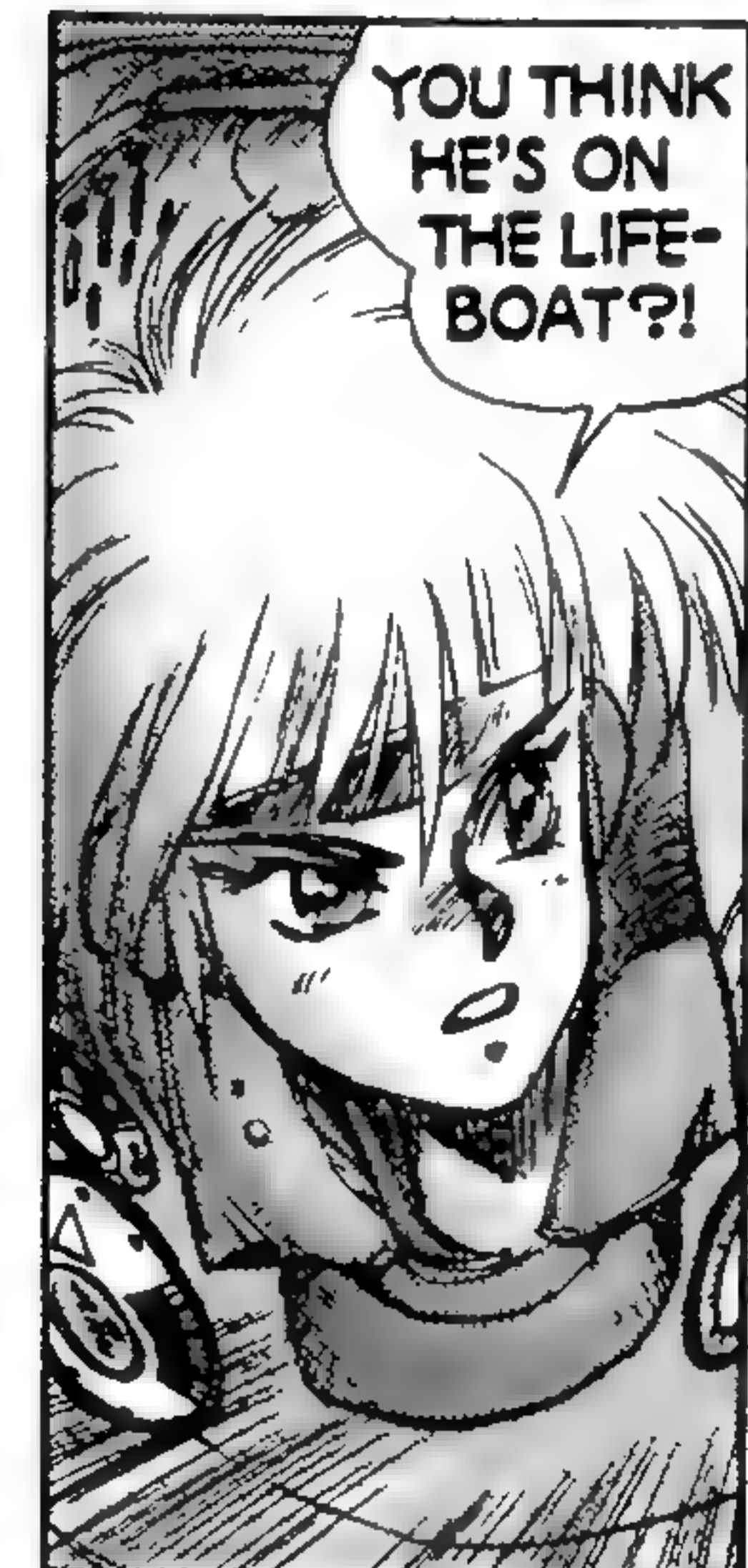
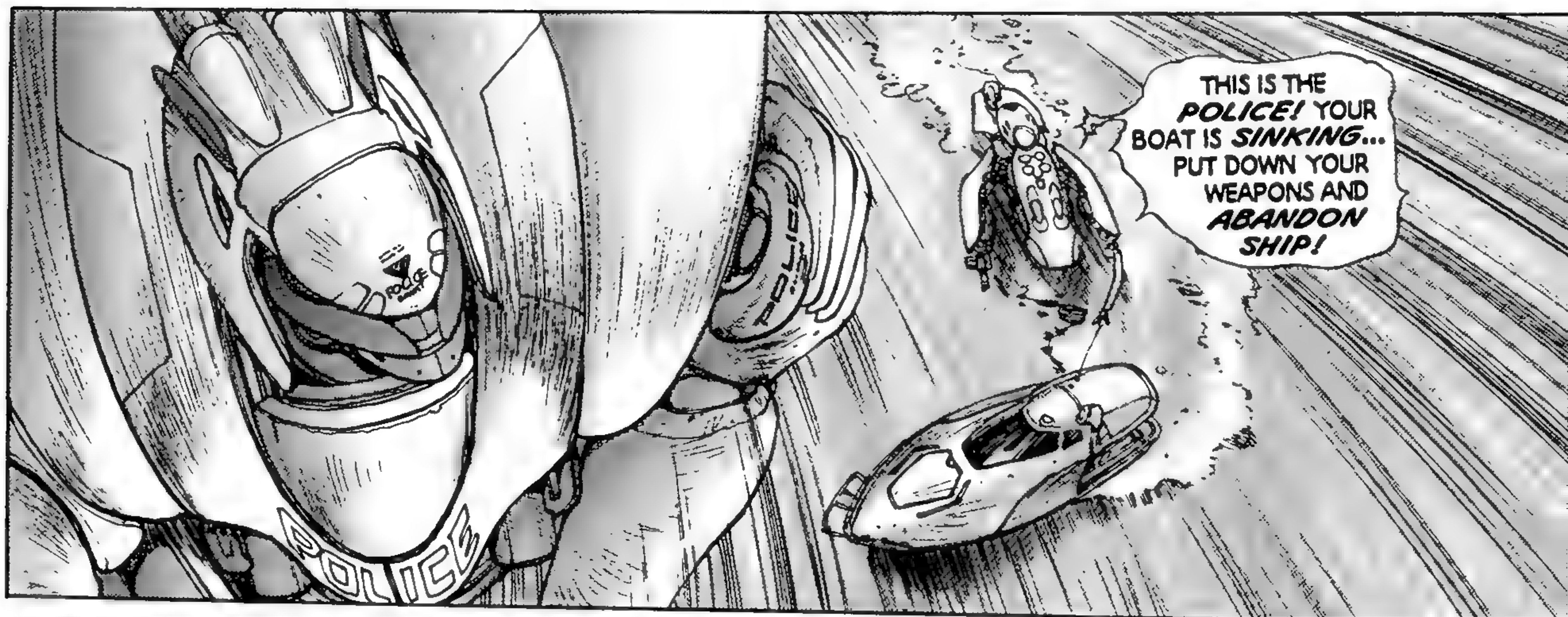
\*FX SPAK SPAK



\*FX: BUDDA BUDDA



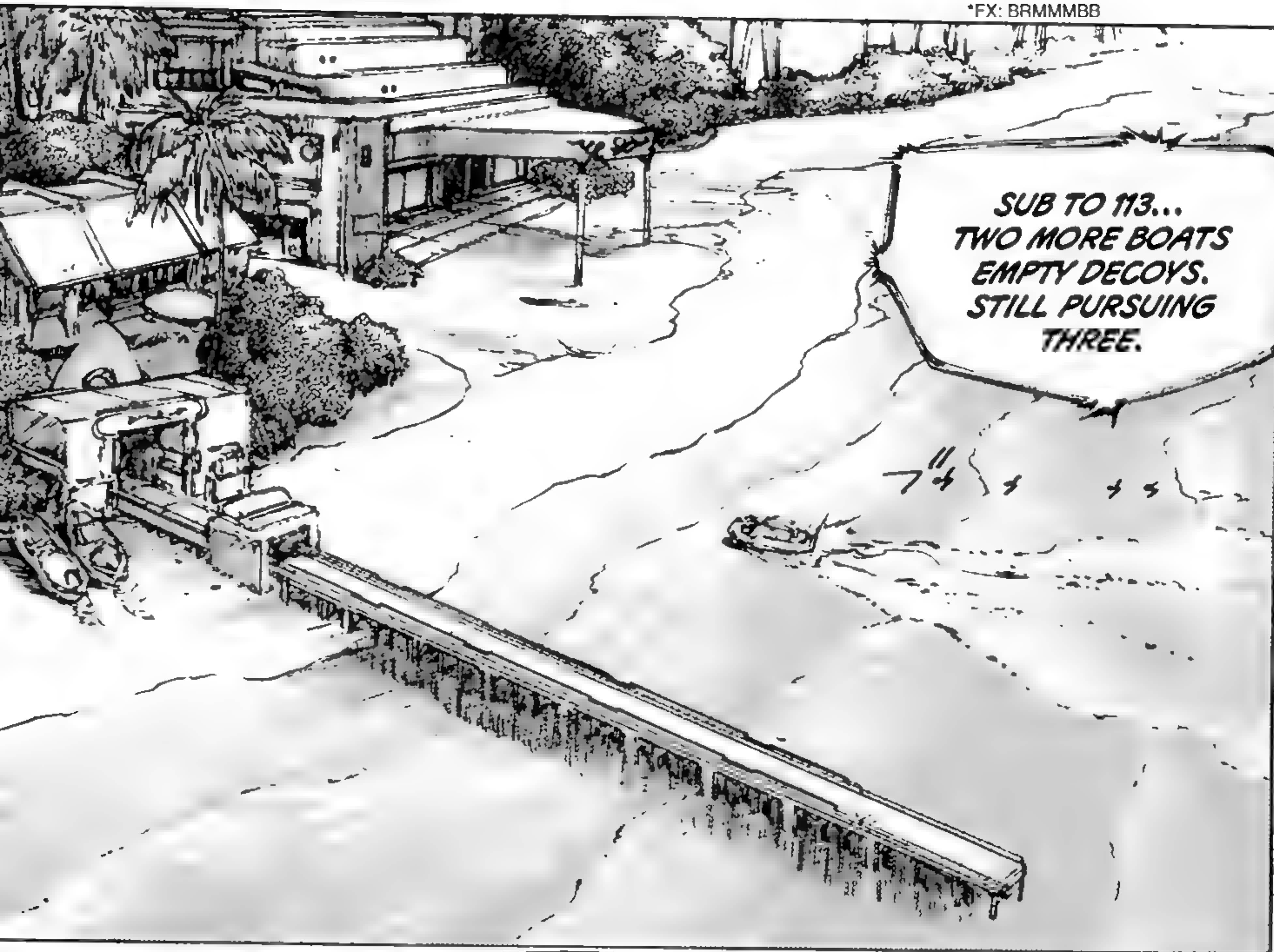




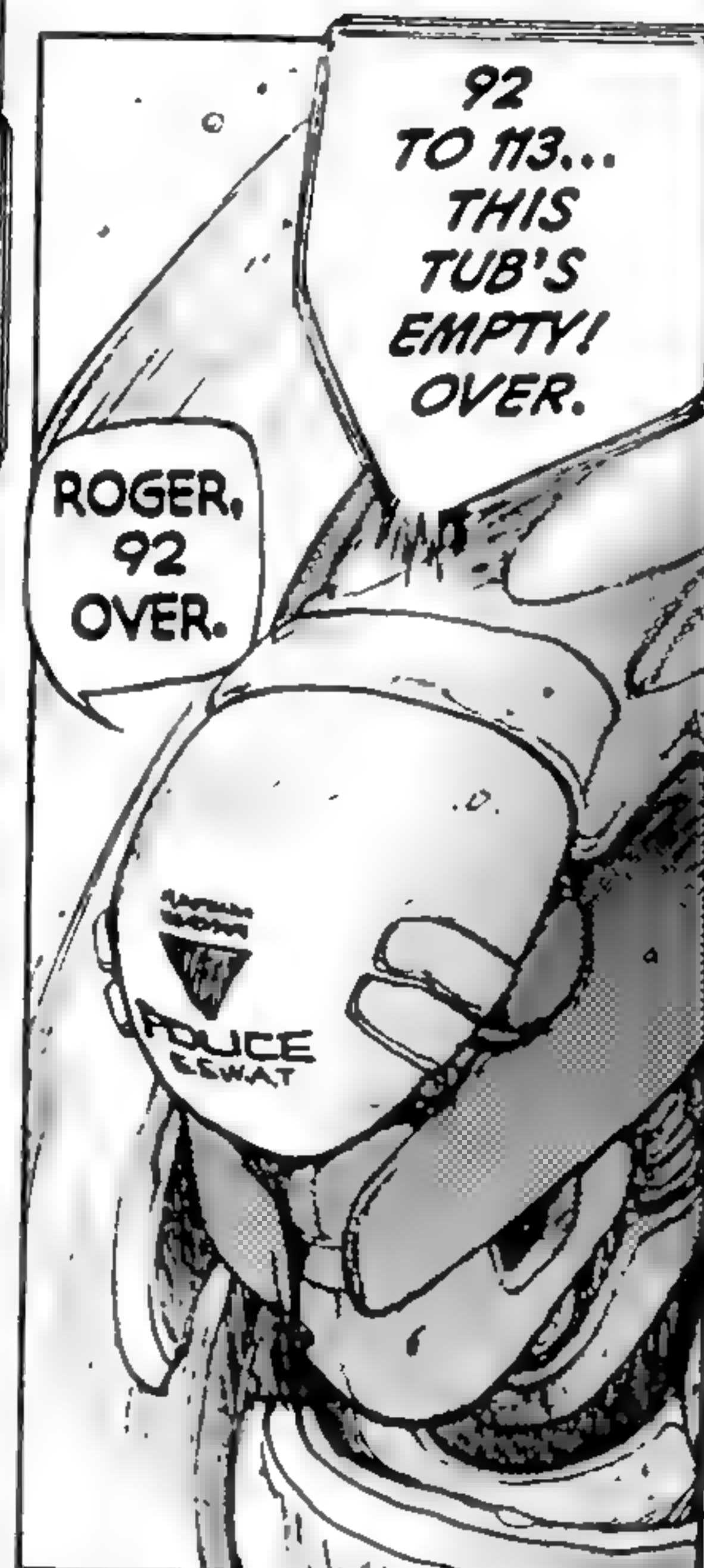
By "depth and distance," Bri means that it's too shallow to approach the boat from underwater, while the threat of more anti-aircraft weaponry would keep pursuers at a distance. Moreover, the suspect knows that they want an arrest, and won't shoot to kill. So it all seems too deliberate to be pure chance.



\*FX: BRMMBB

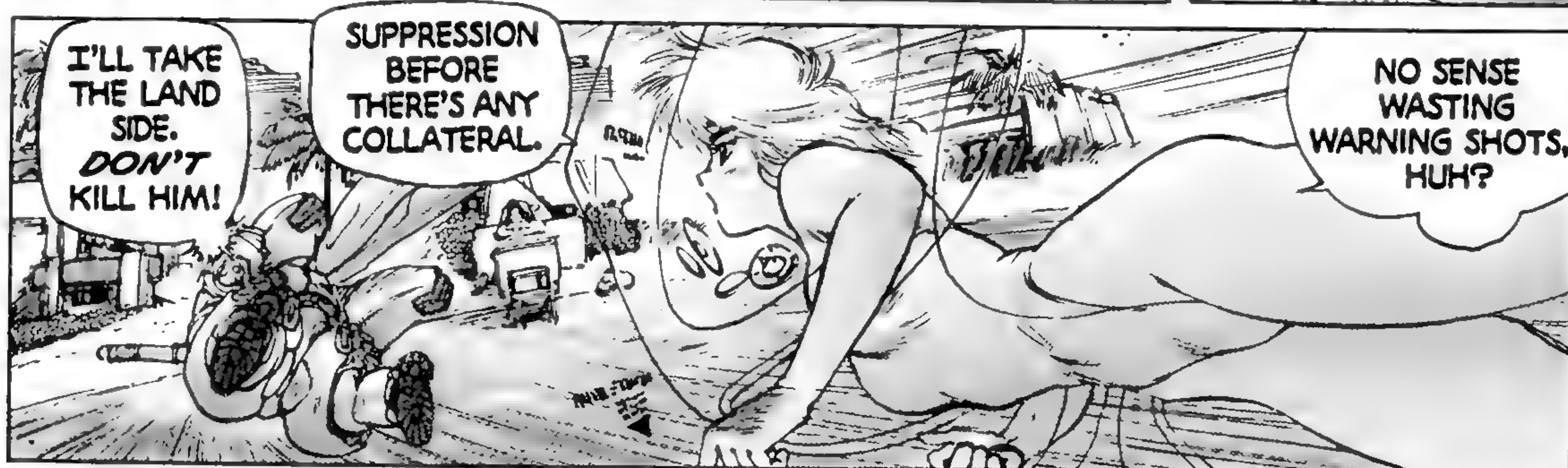


SUB TO 113...  
TWO MORE BOATS  
EMPTY DECOYS.  
STILL PURSUING  
THREE.



92  
TO 113...  
THIS  
TUB'S  
EMPTY!  
OVER.

ROGER,  
92  
OVER.



I'LL TAKE  
THE LAND  
SIDE.  
**DON'T  
KILL HIM!**

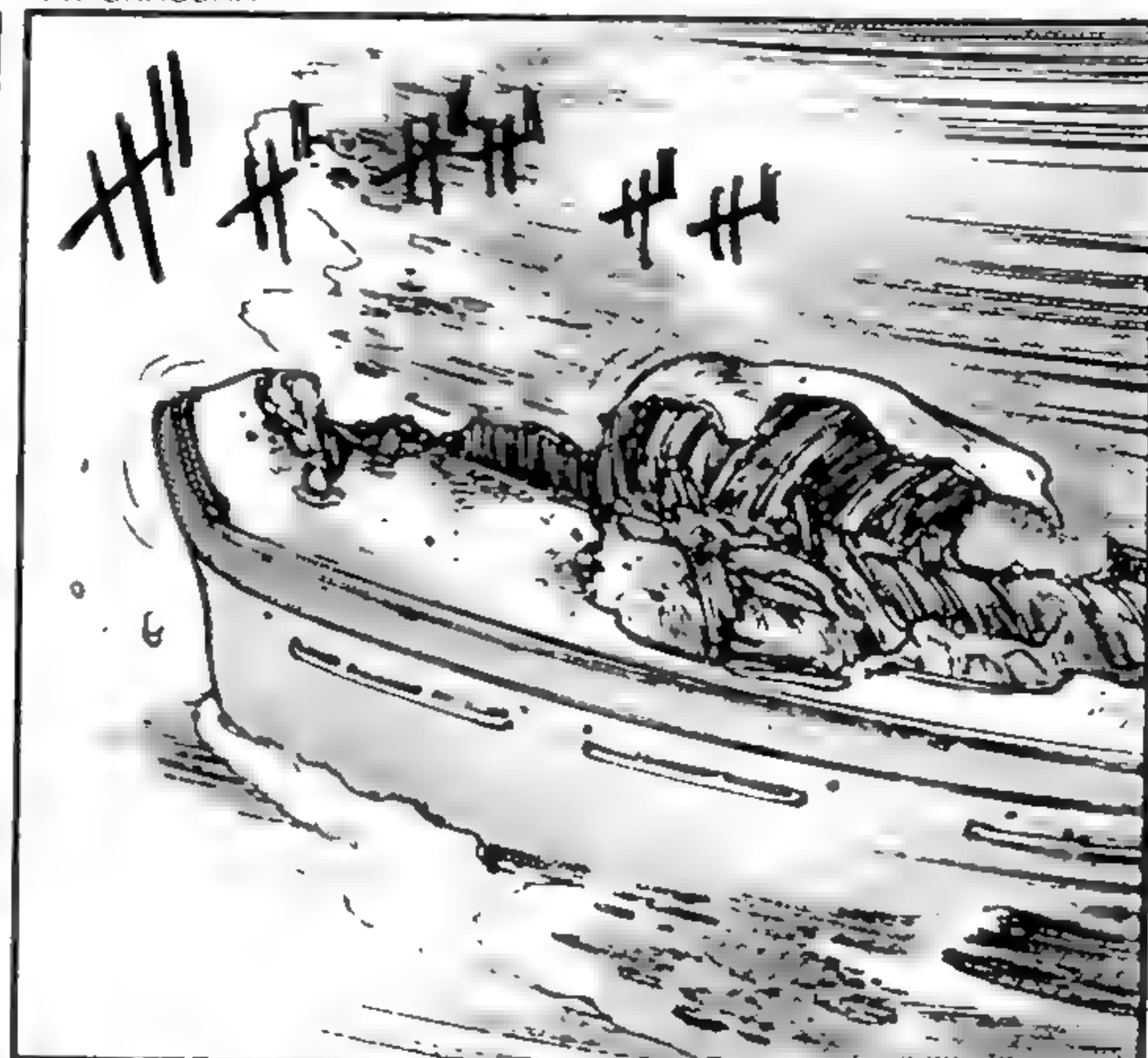
SUPPRESSION  
BEFORE  
THERE'S ANY  
COLLATERAL.

NO SENSE  
WASTING  
WARNING SHOTS.  
HUH?

\*FX SKRSSHH



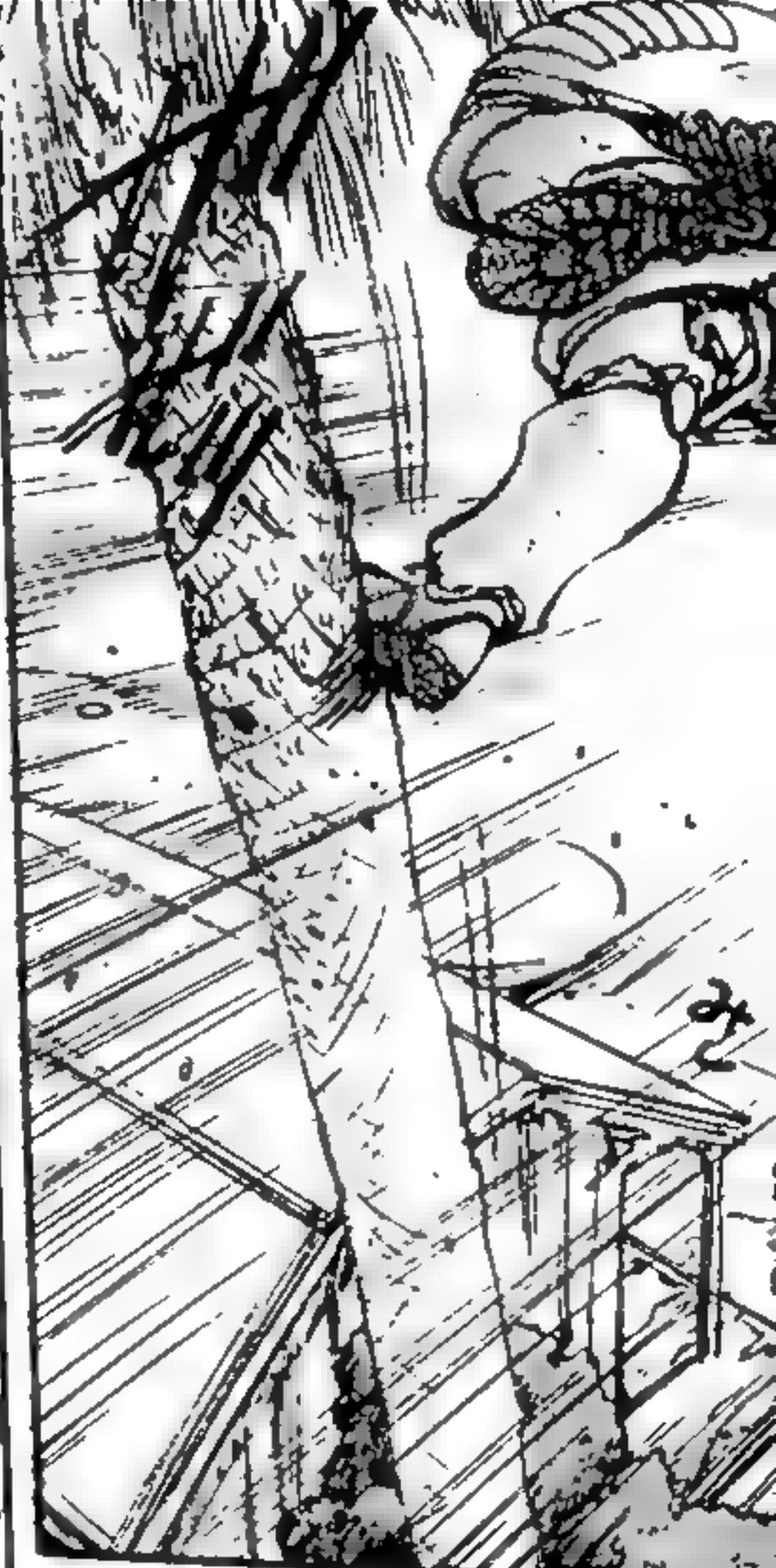
\*FX GRSSH GRSSH GRSSH



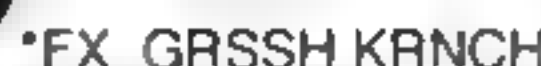
\*FX GRSSH GRSSH

The props rotate 90 degrees to work as wheels. ↻

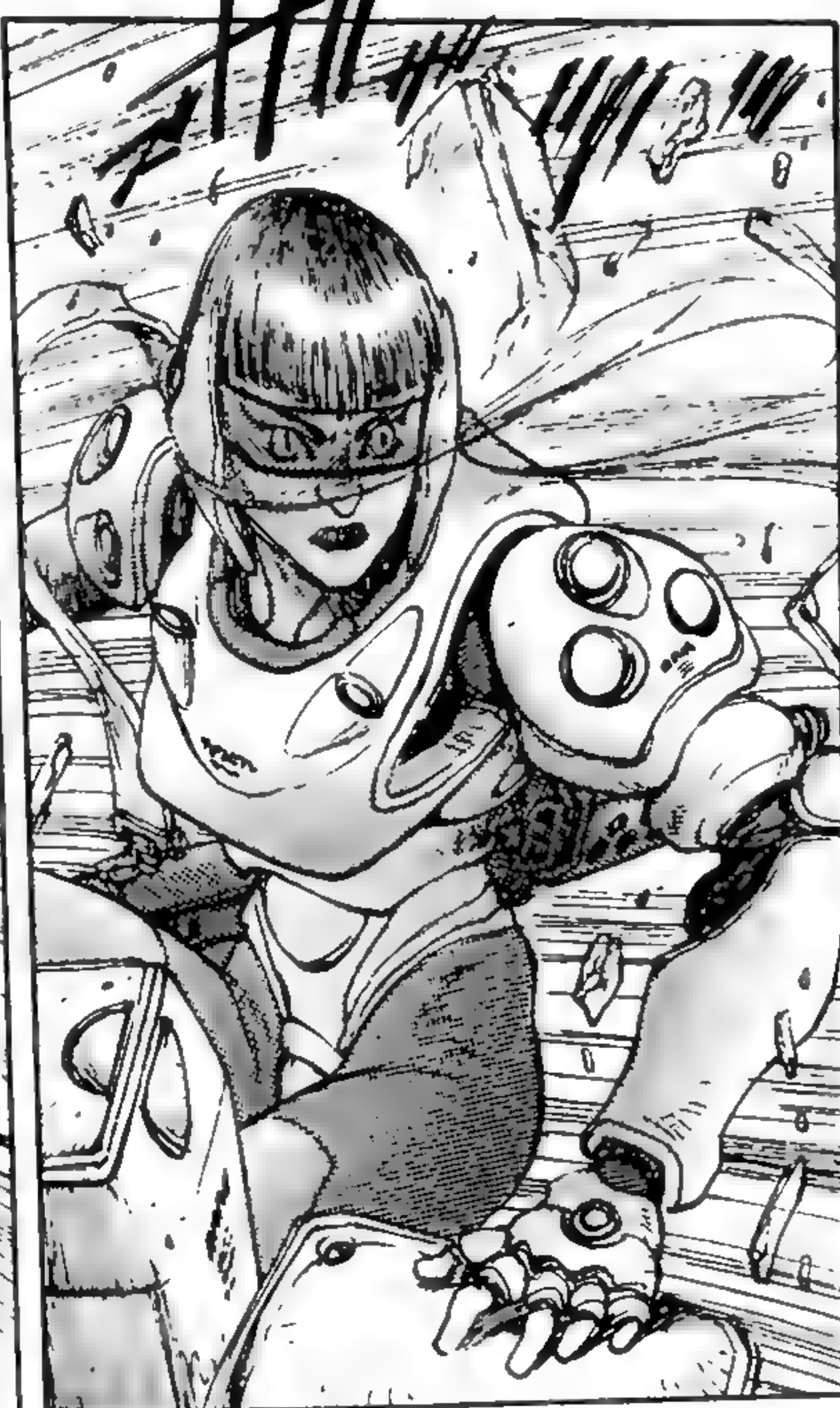




•FX SHEF



\*FX FWHTT



\*FX: SKRUSSHH



\*FX: FWHAMM



HUH?  
IT DIDN'T  
TRANSLATE  
INTO FRENCH!  
IS MY  
TRANSHIP  
ON THE  
FRITZ...?

**HALT WHERE  
YOU ARE!!  
ONE MOVE  
AND IT'S THE  
SCRAPYARD!**

Bri's assumed French would be the appropriate lingua franca since the quarry's come up from West Africa.

AND TOO BAD  
IF YOU HIT A  
LIMB OR  
TWO...  
RIGHT?

WELL,  
I'LL TRY A  
"WARNING  
SHOT."

...THE  
**QUARRY**  
SEEMS TO  
WANT ONE.

WE  
DON'T  
WANT A  
FIGHT,  
BUT...

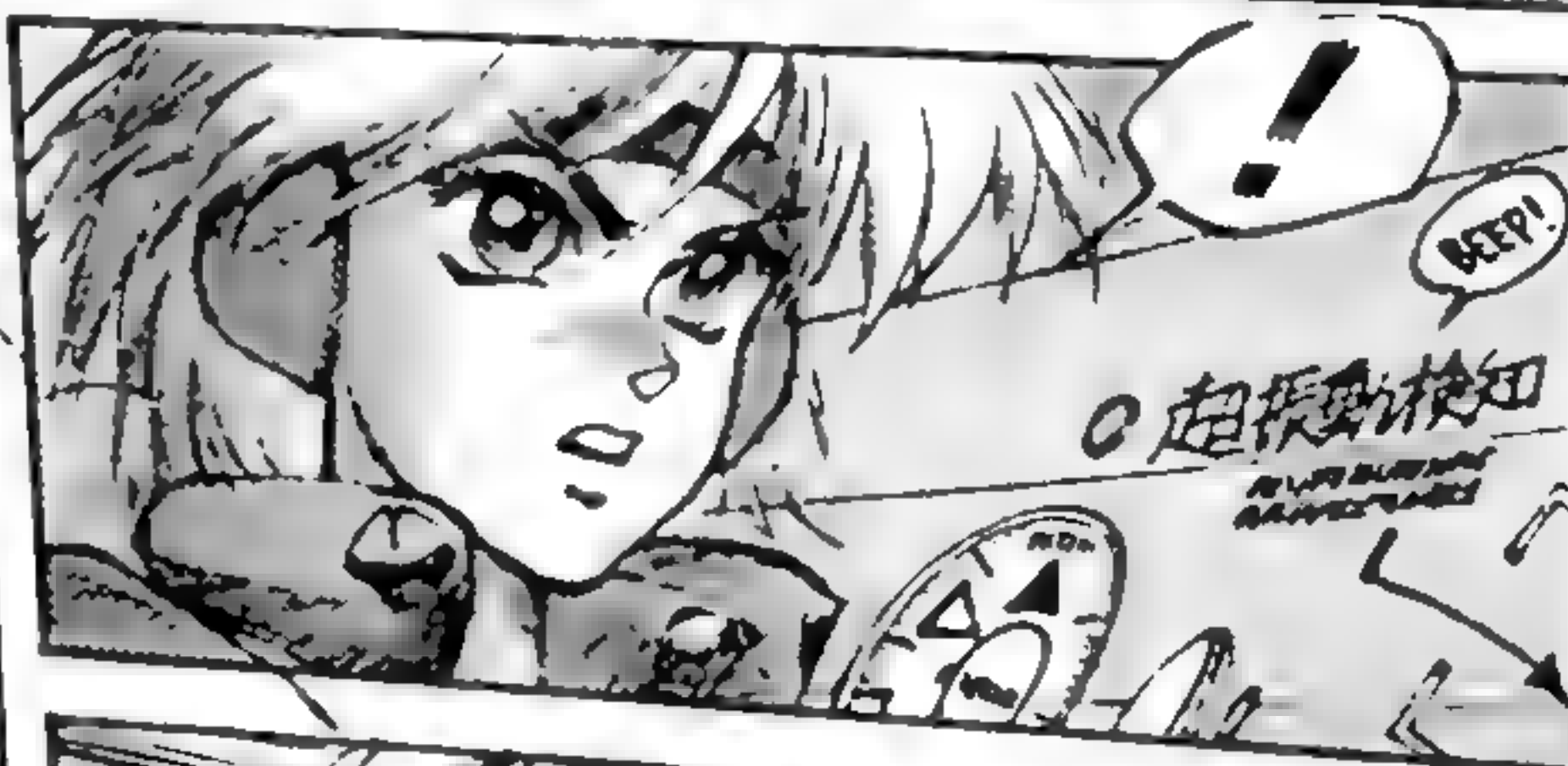
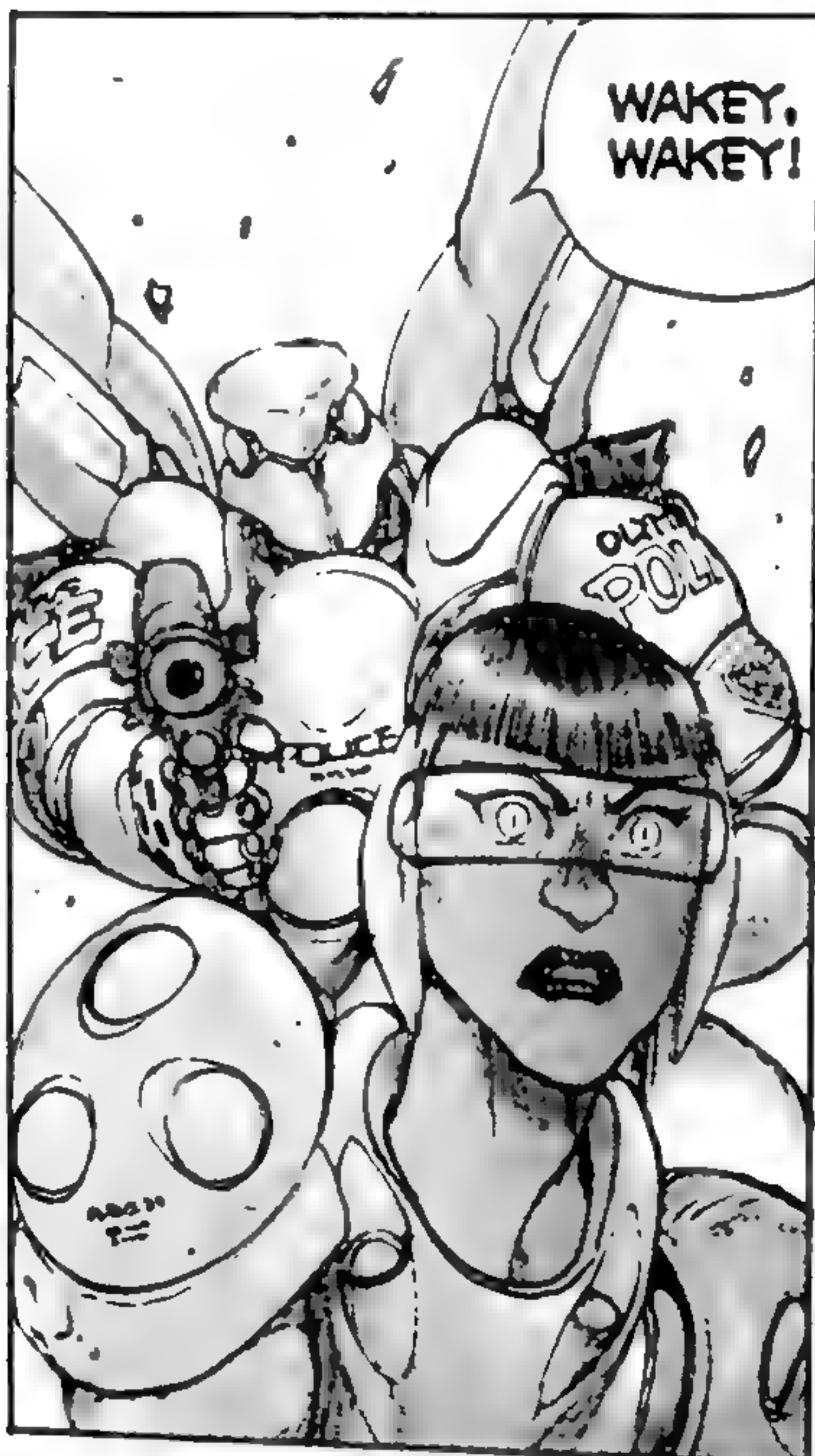
\*FX SPAP SPRAP

\*KCHOOM

RIGHT.  
I'LL BE  
**EVER** SO  
CAREFUL.

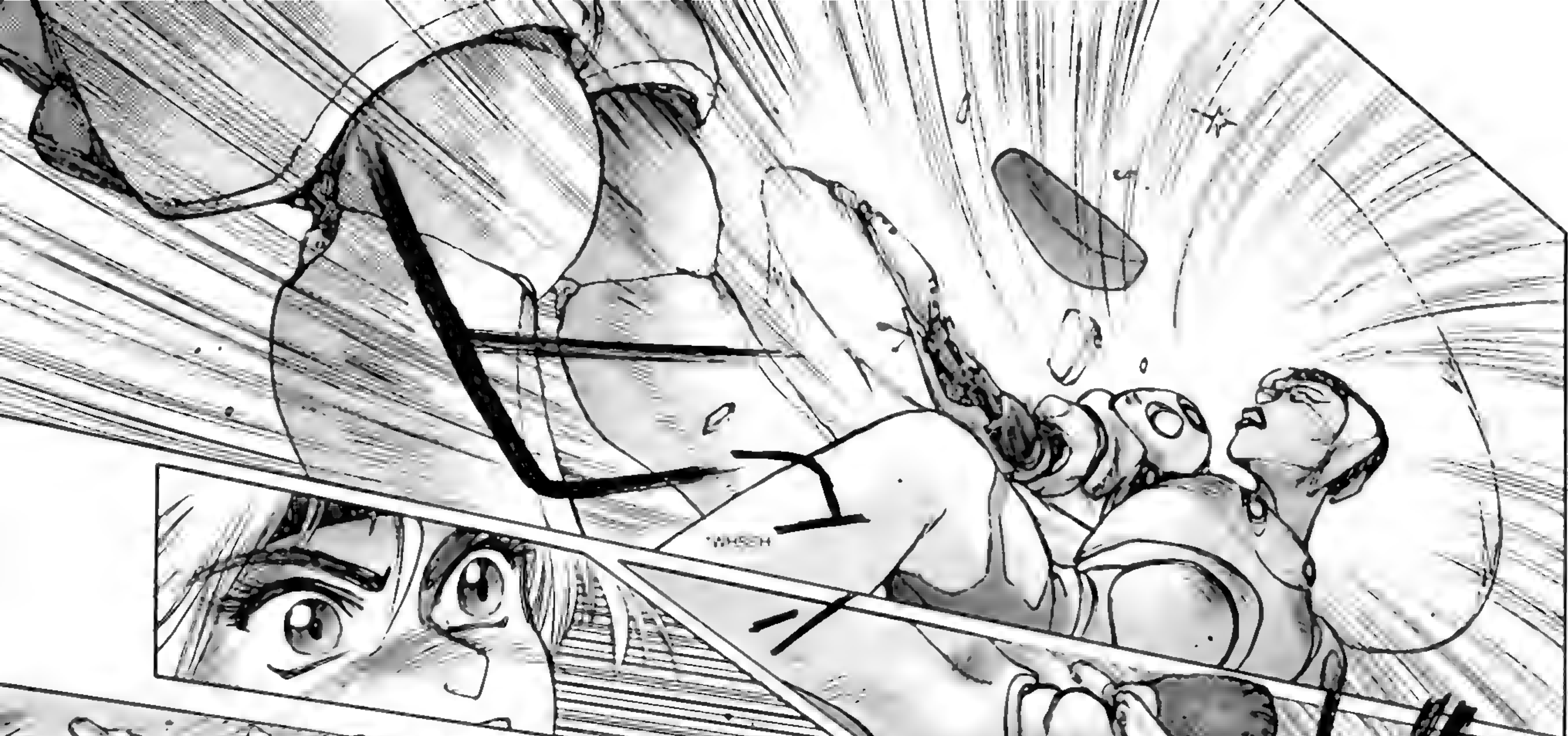


\*FX: WHKOOM

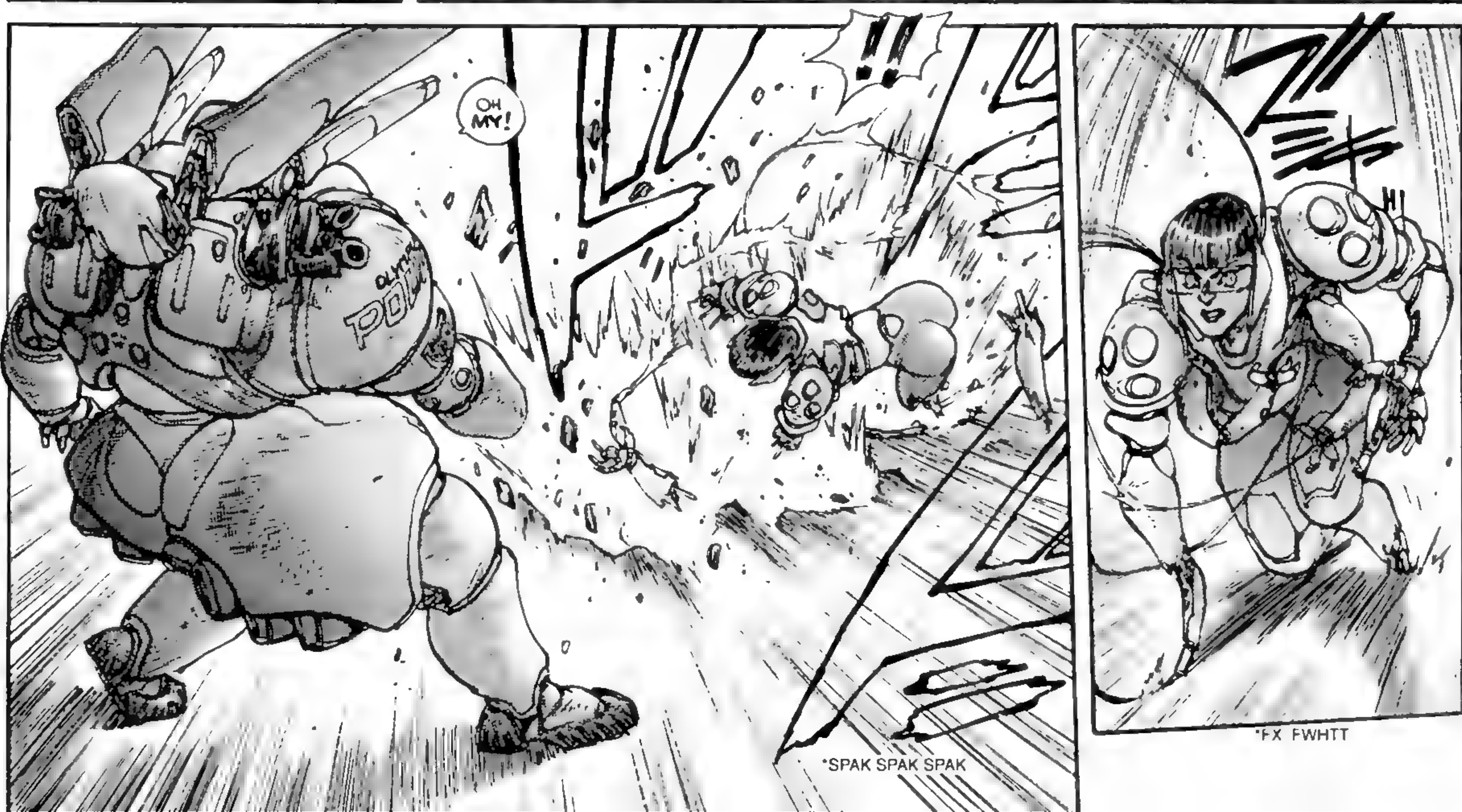


Hyper vibration detector



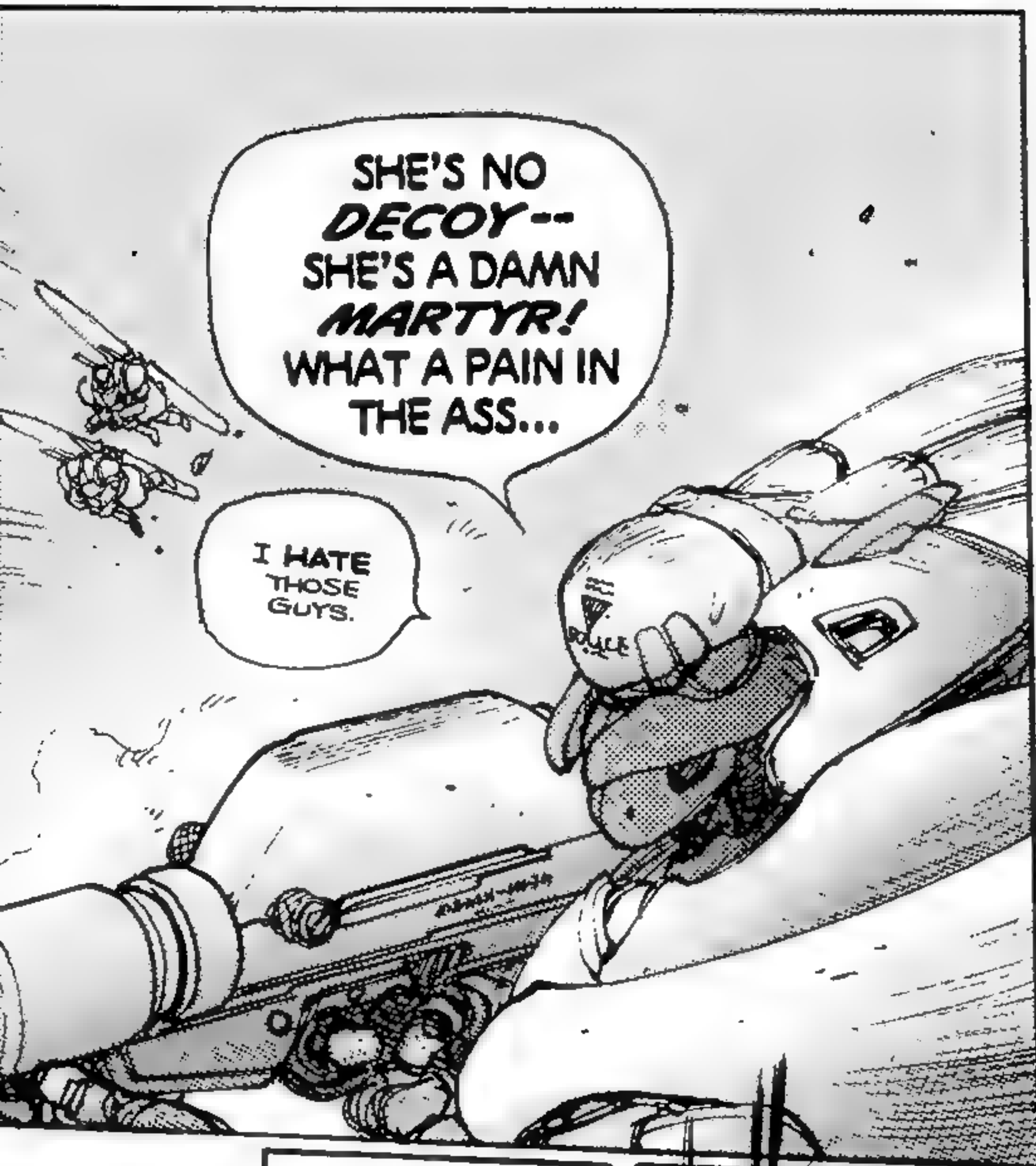




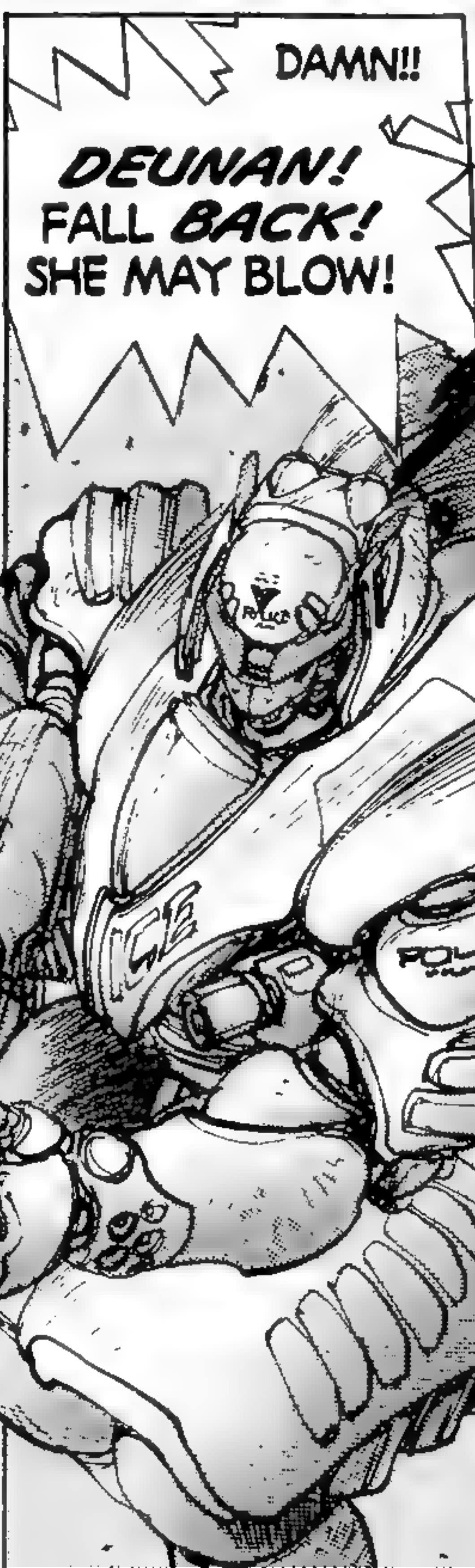
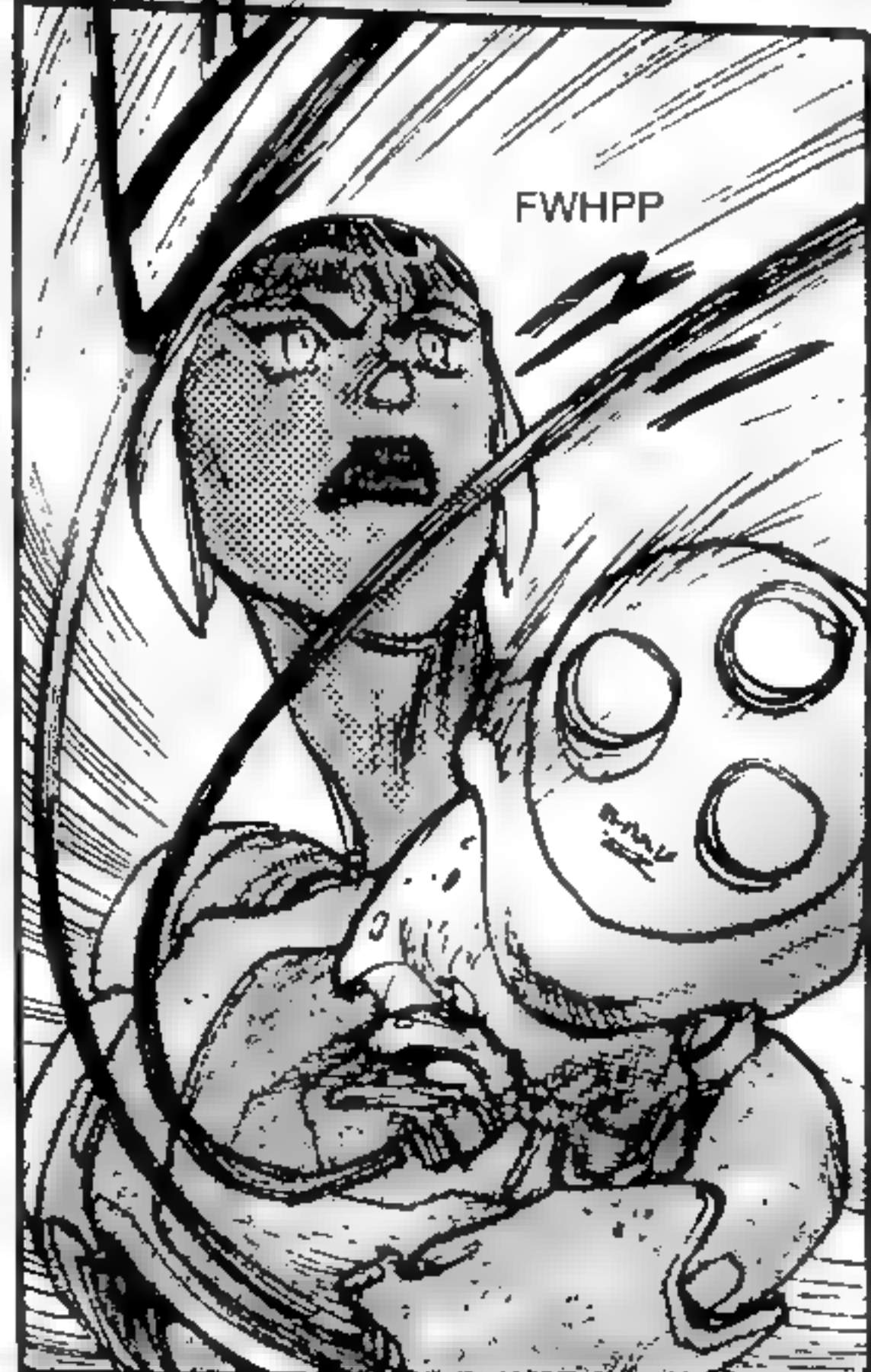
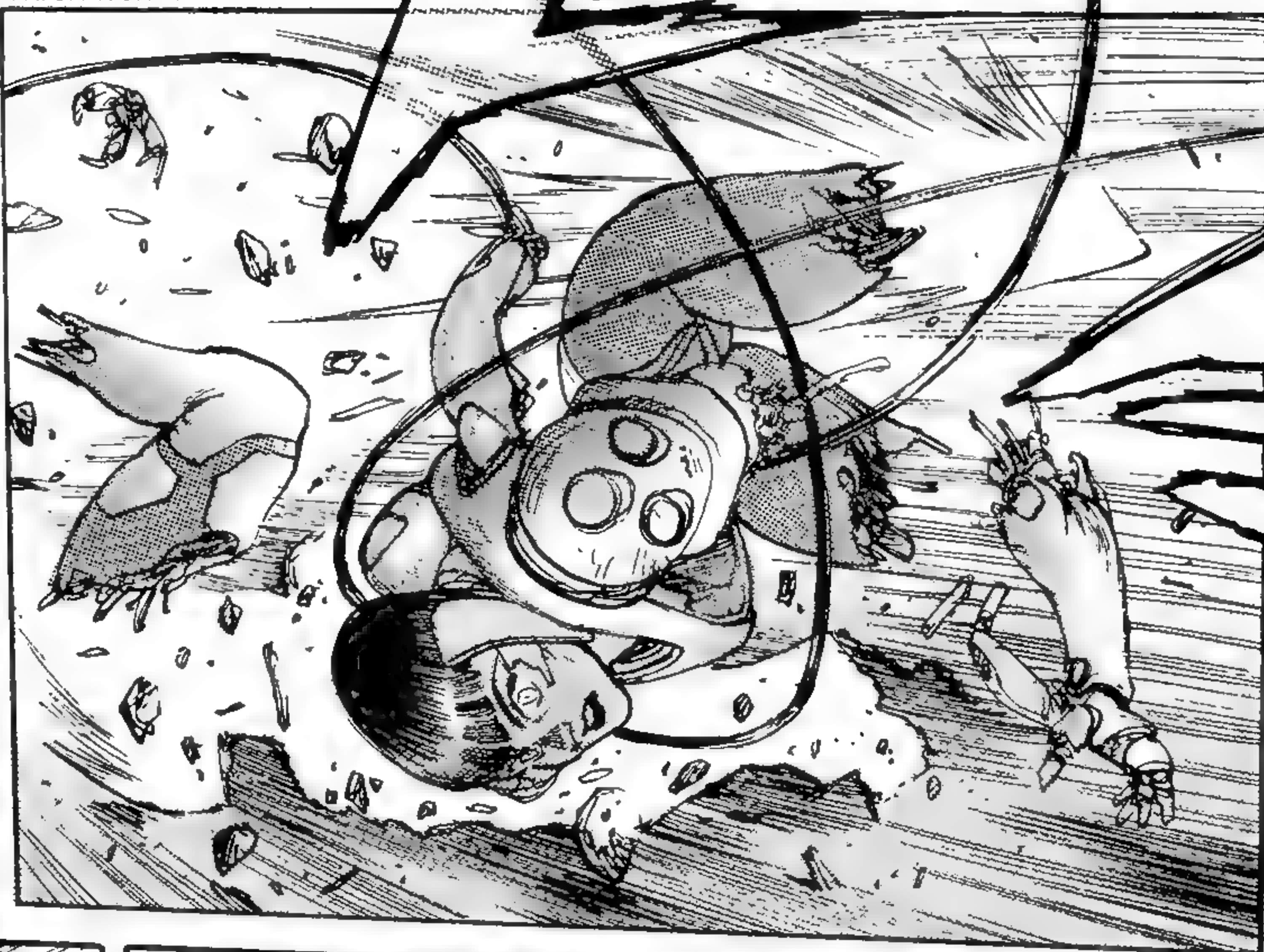


It's hard to tell in the central panels, but the first whip stroke and the second attack (the backlash from the first stroke), don't move across the same plane of attack. The tip traces a tight curve, like drop of water.





\*FX: SPAK SPAK





\*FX WHSSH

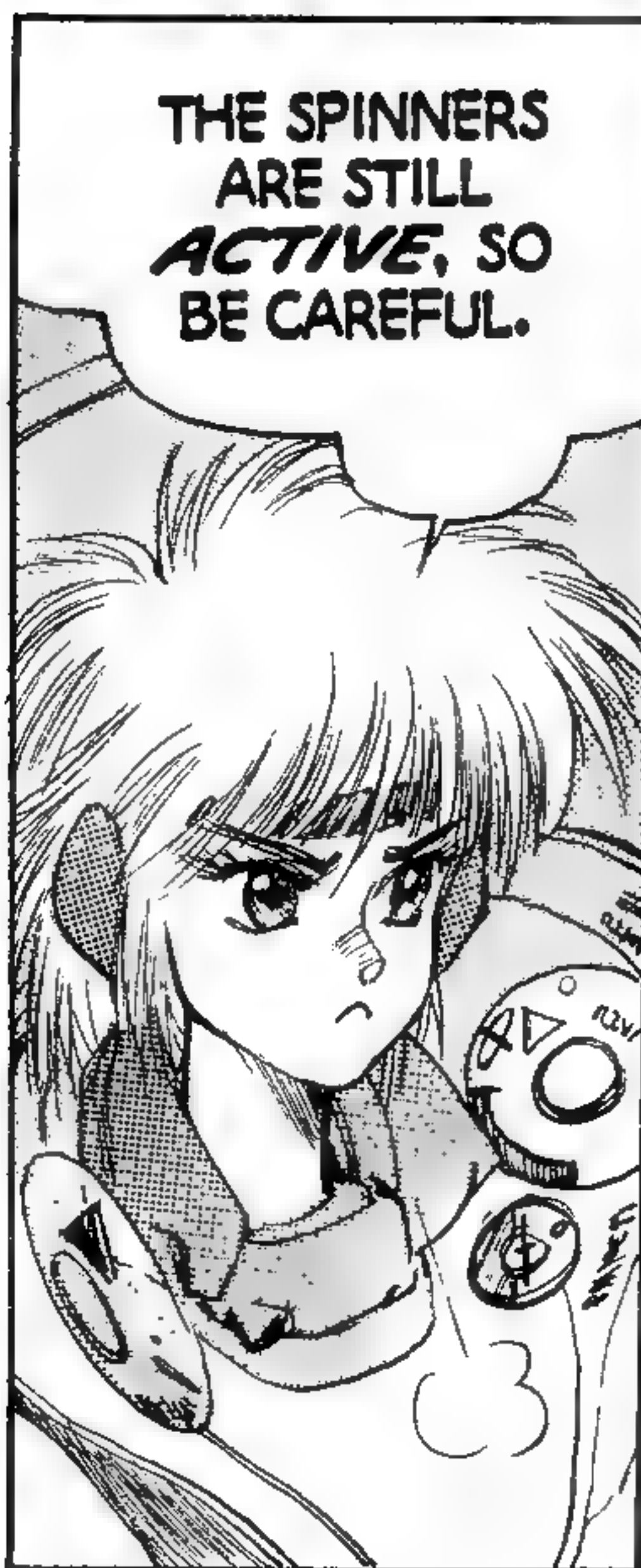
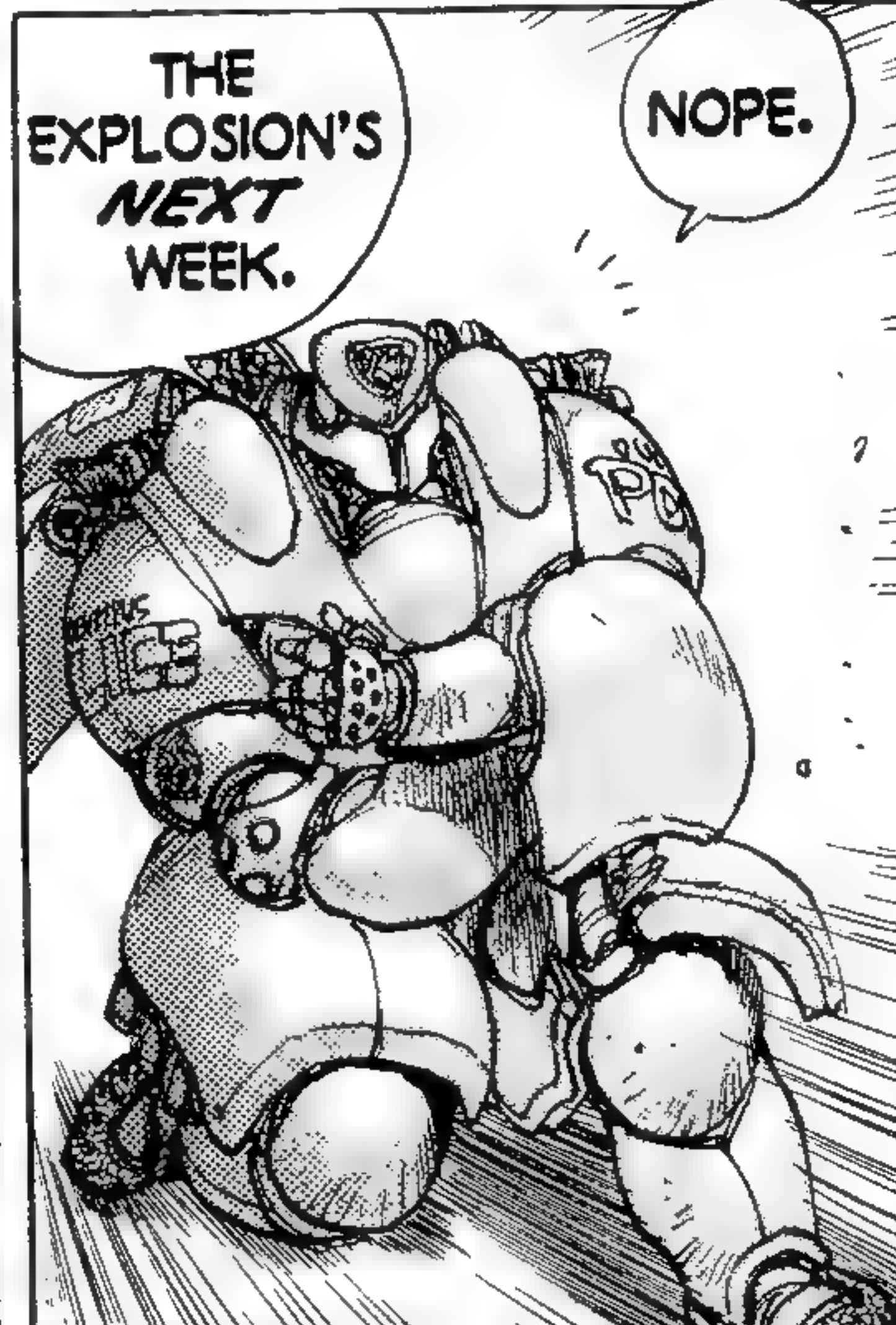
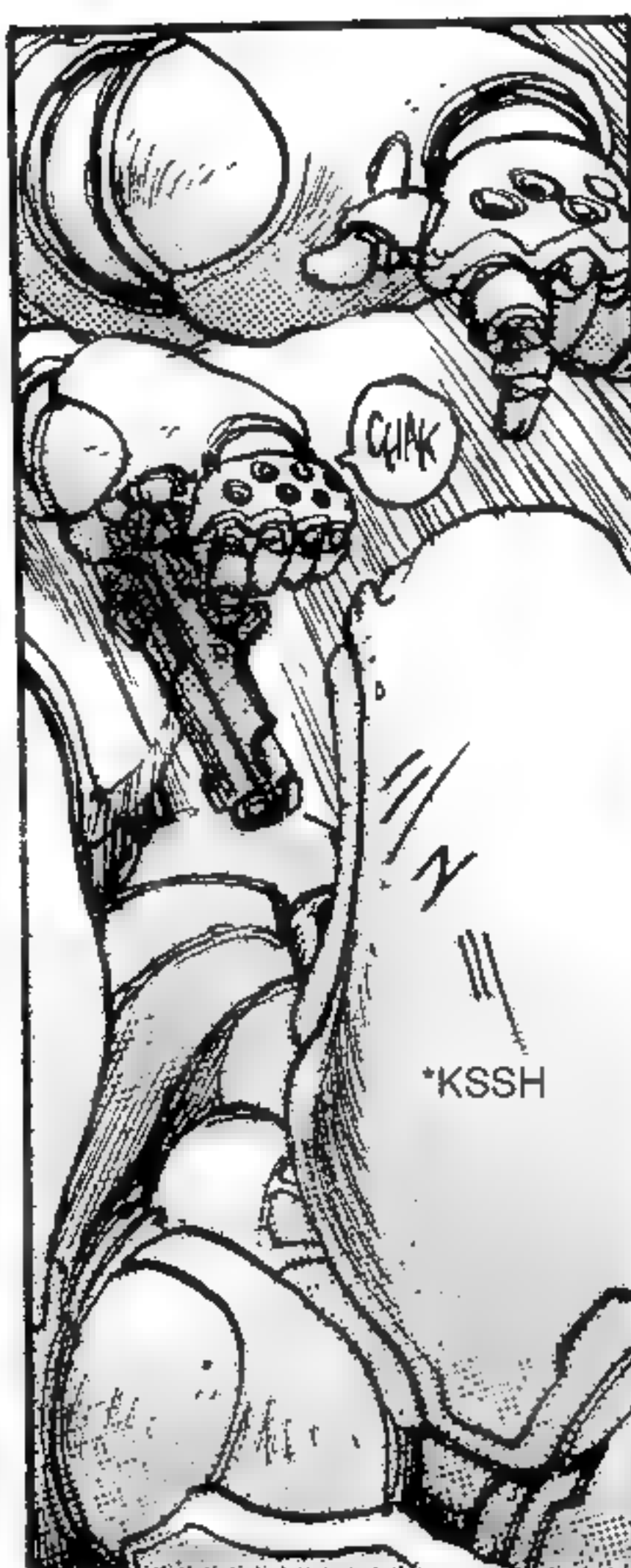
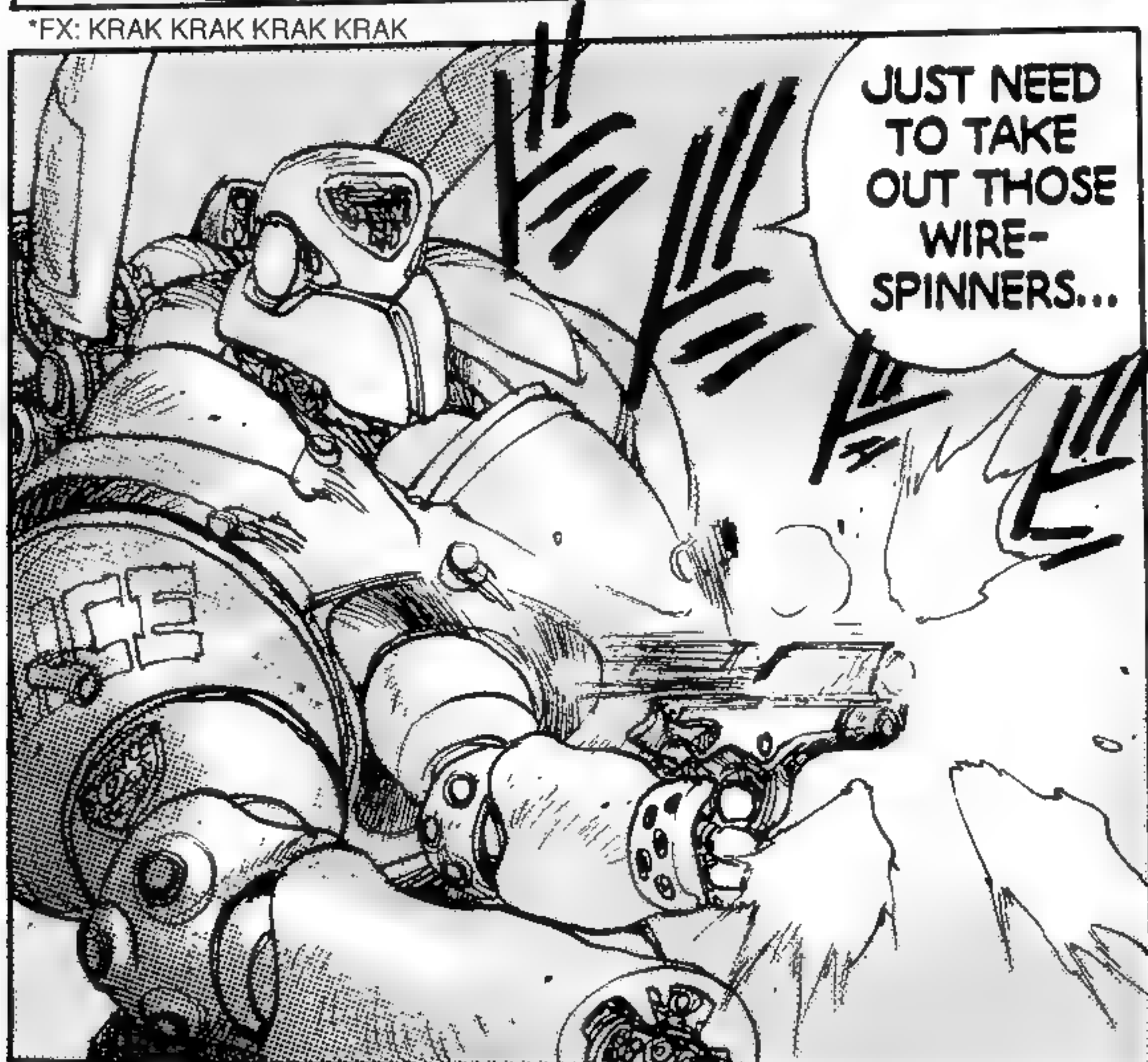
\*FX KANG

\*FX: FWAP FWOP



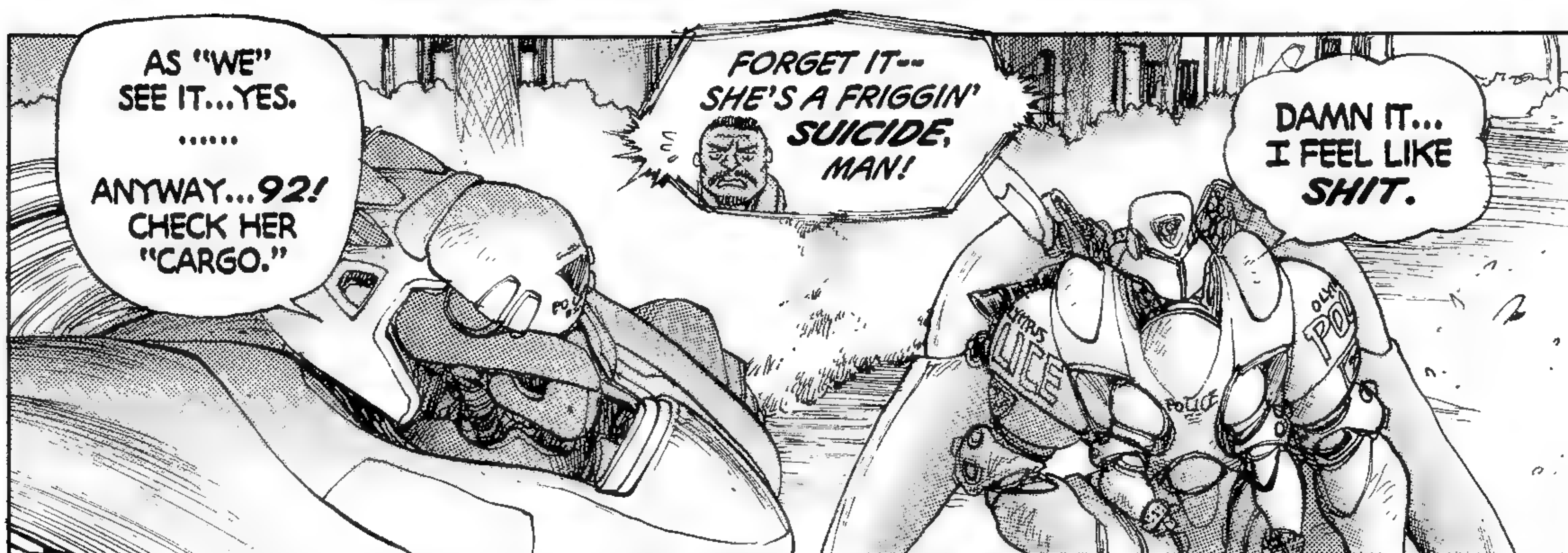
\*FX: THUD

\*FX: KRAK KRAK KRAK KRAK

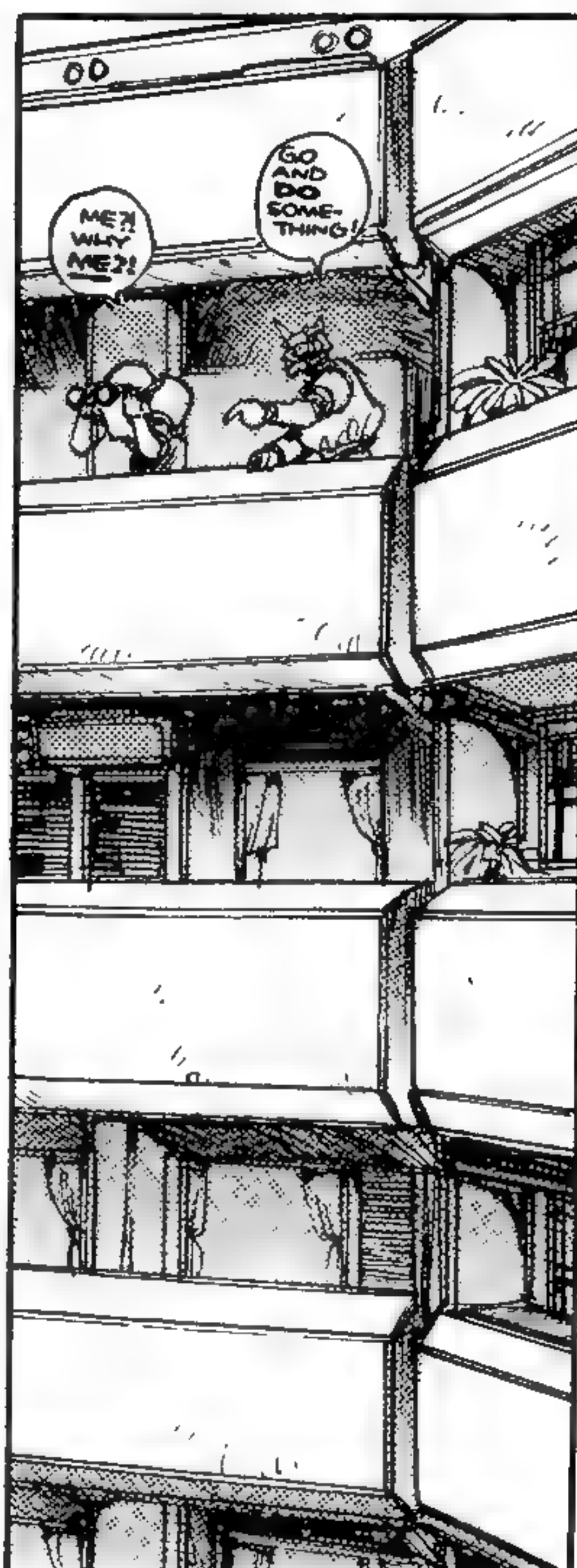
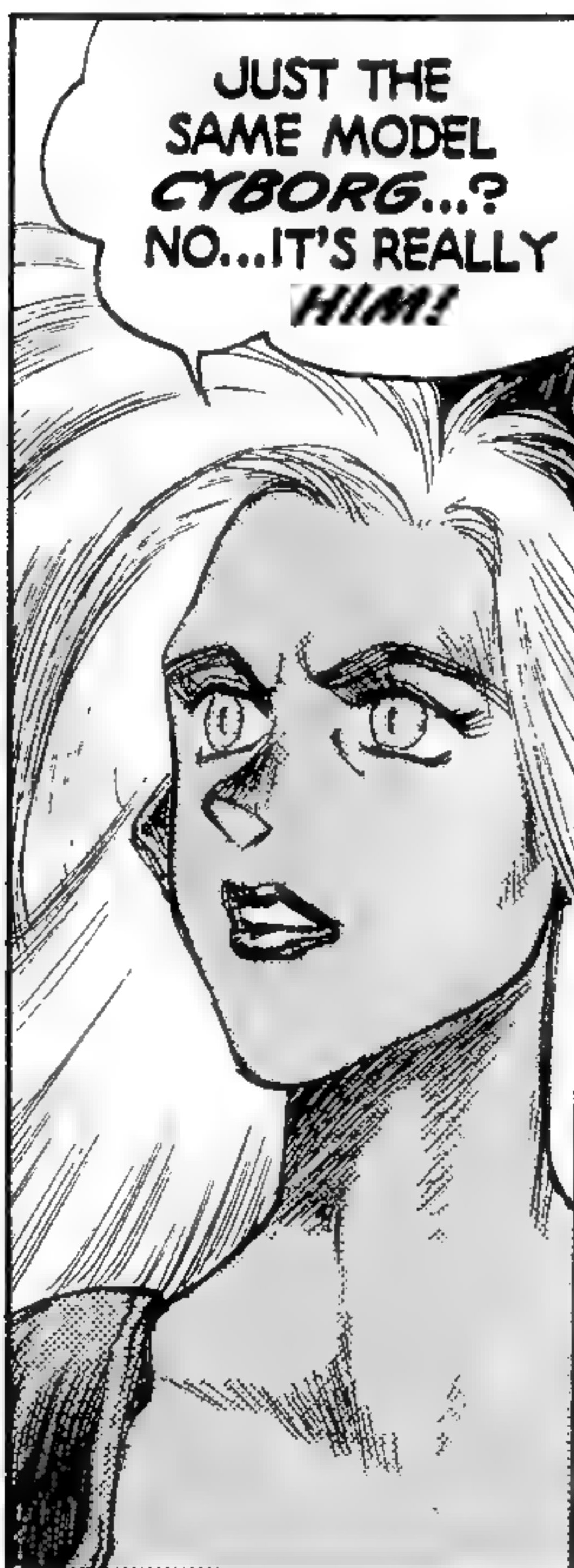
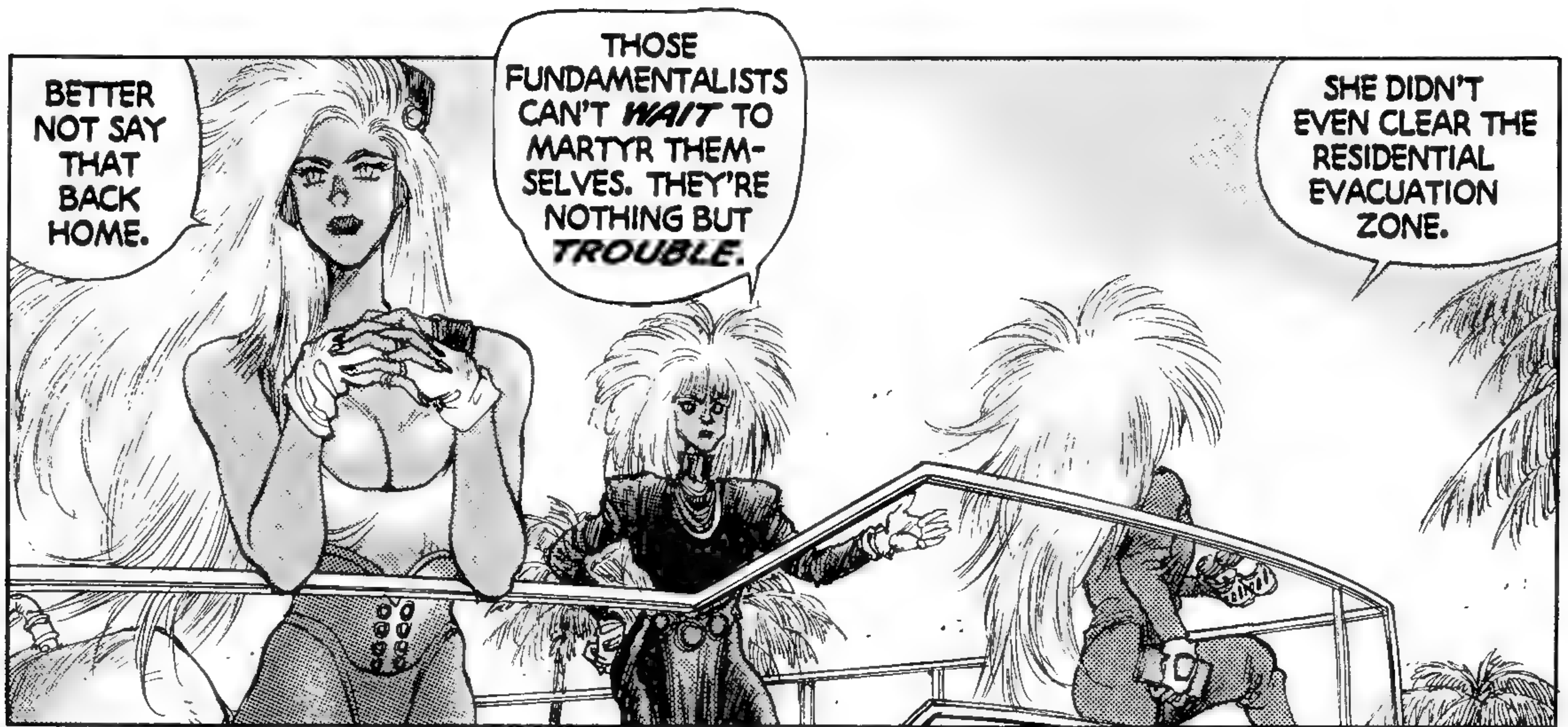




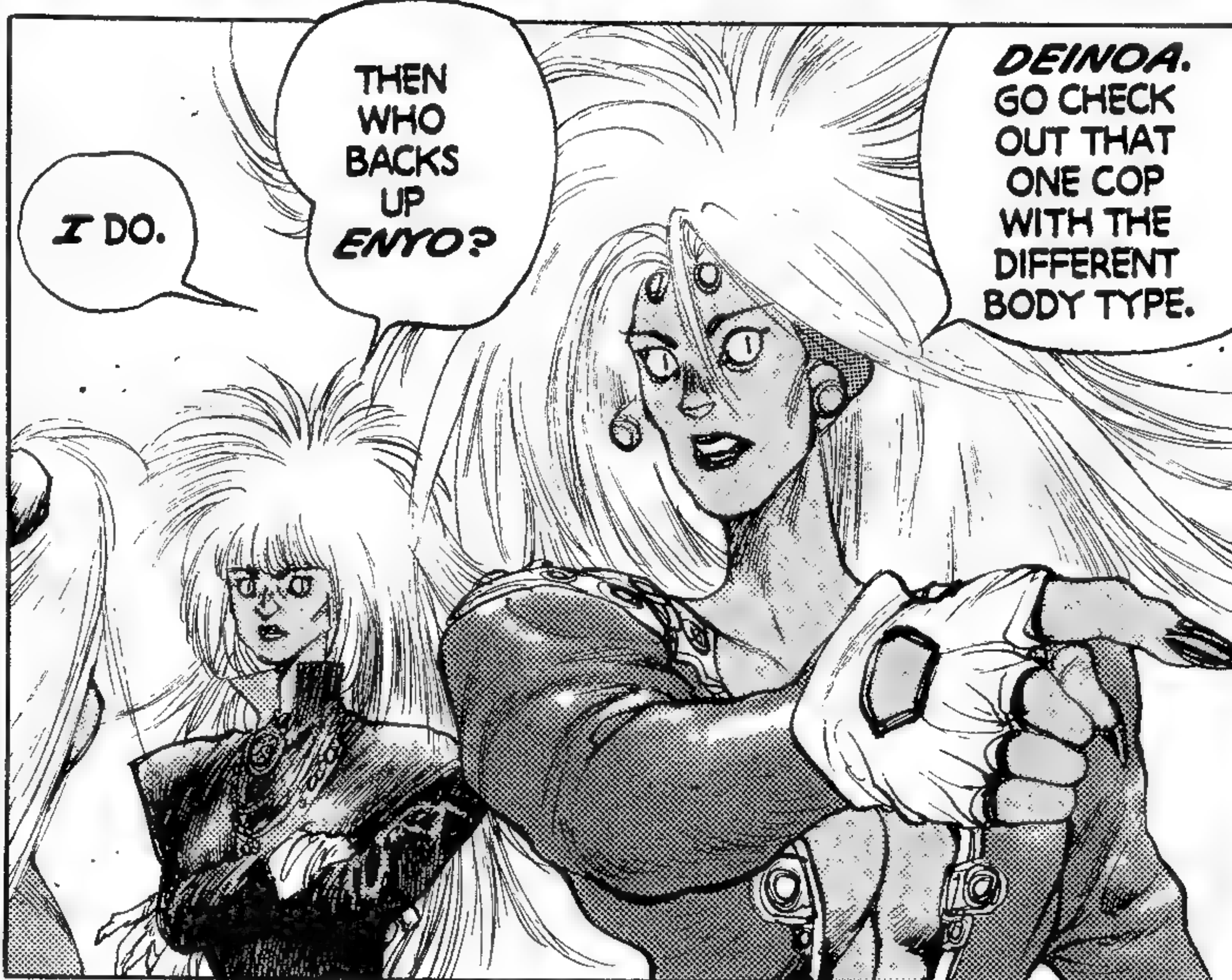
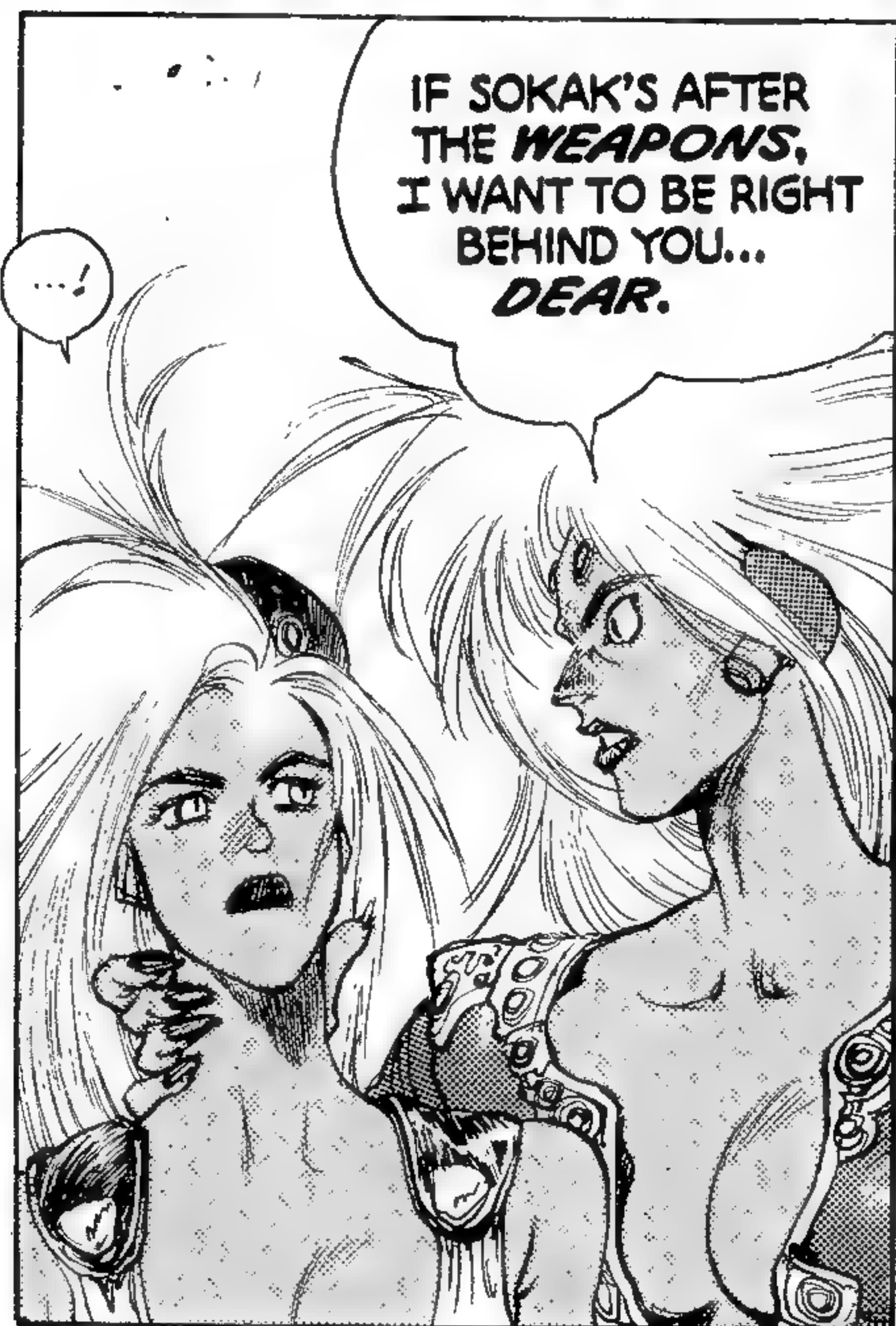
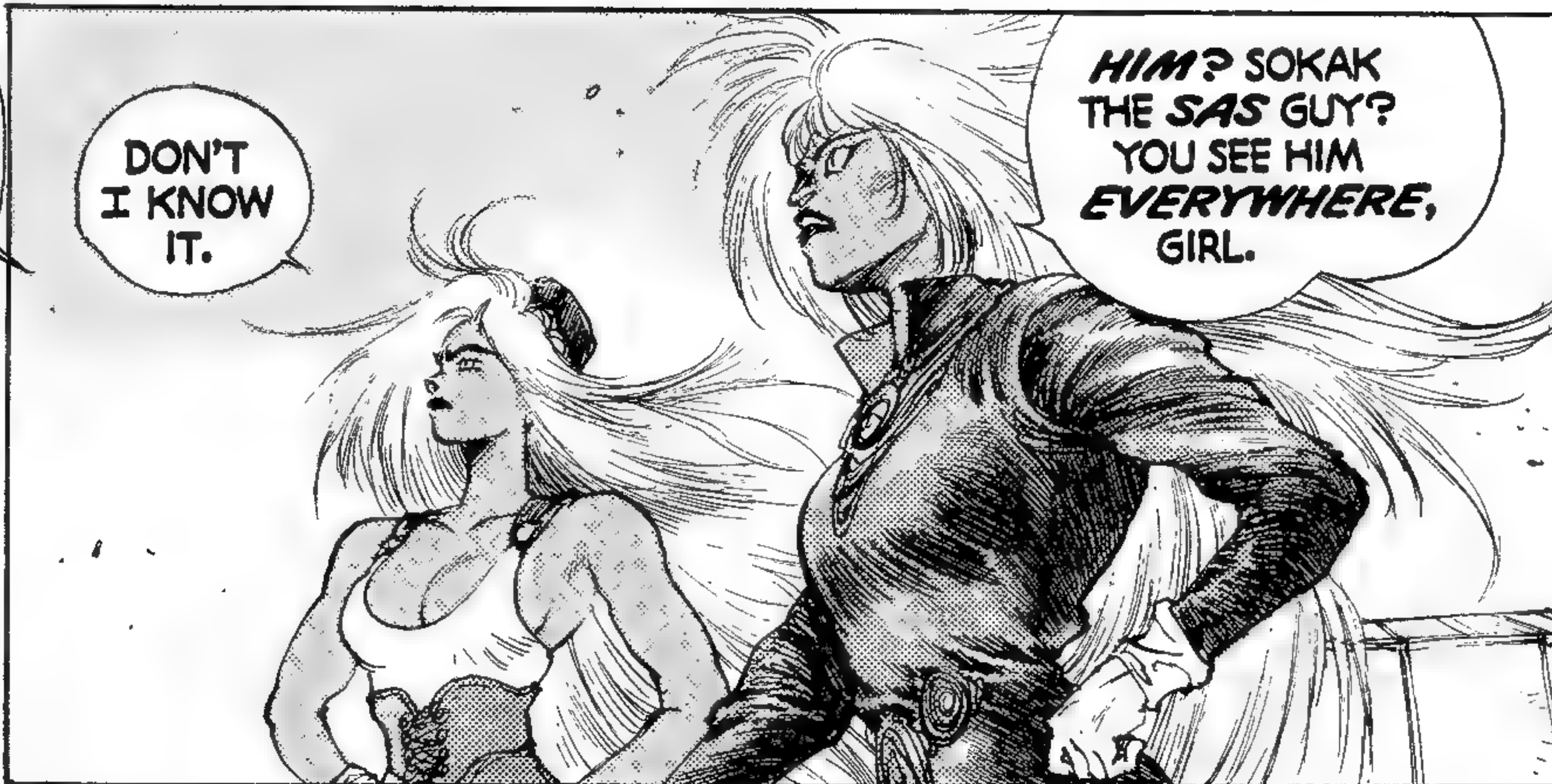
Bri means "as seen by the  
Olympus value system."



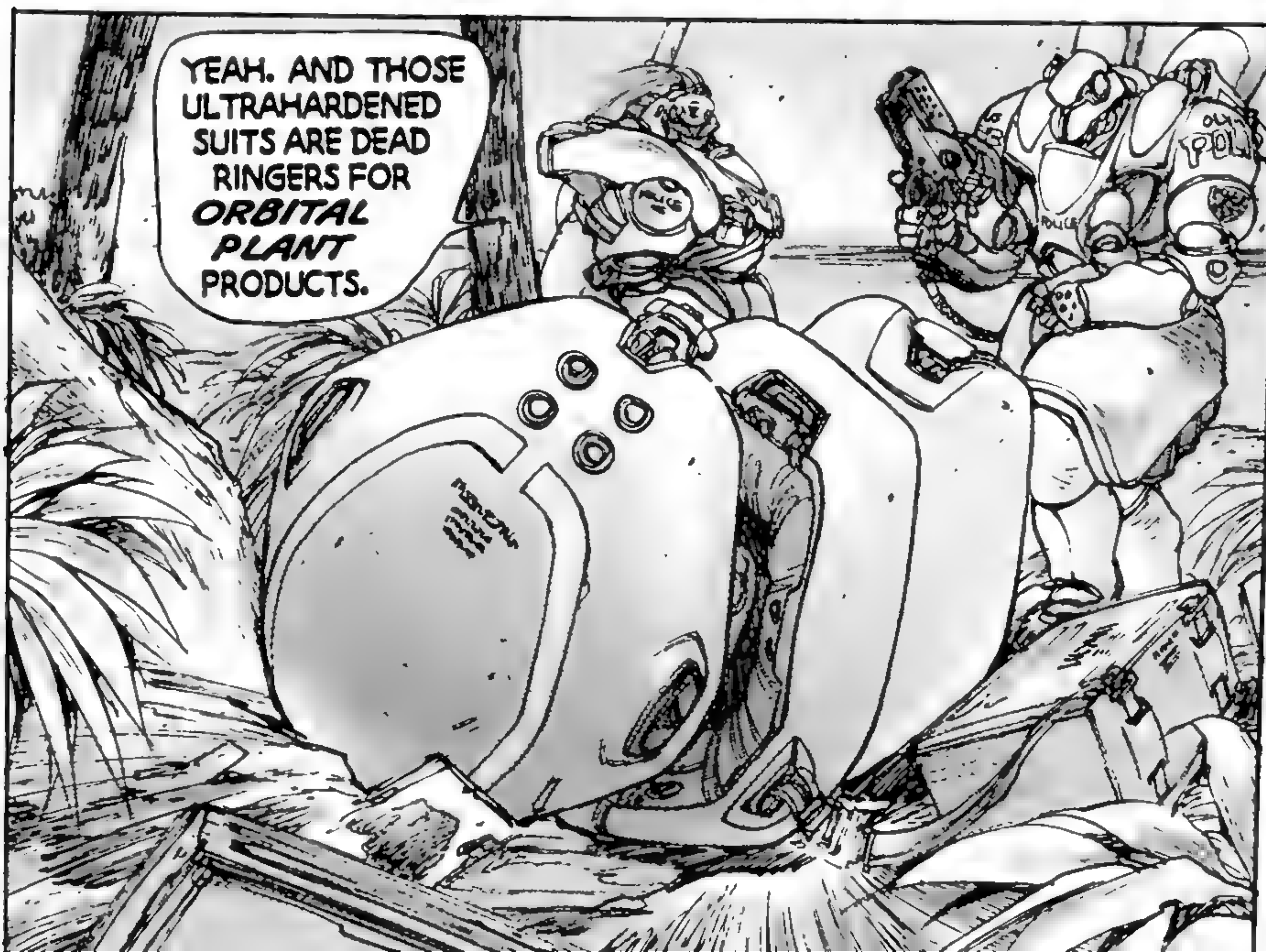






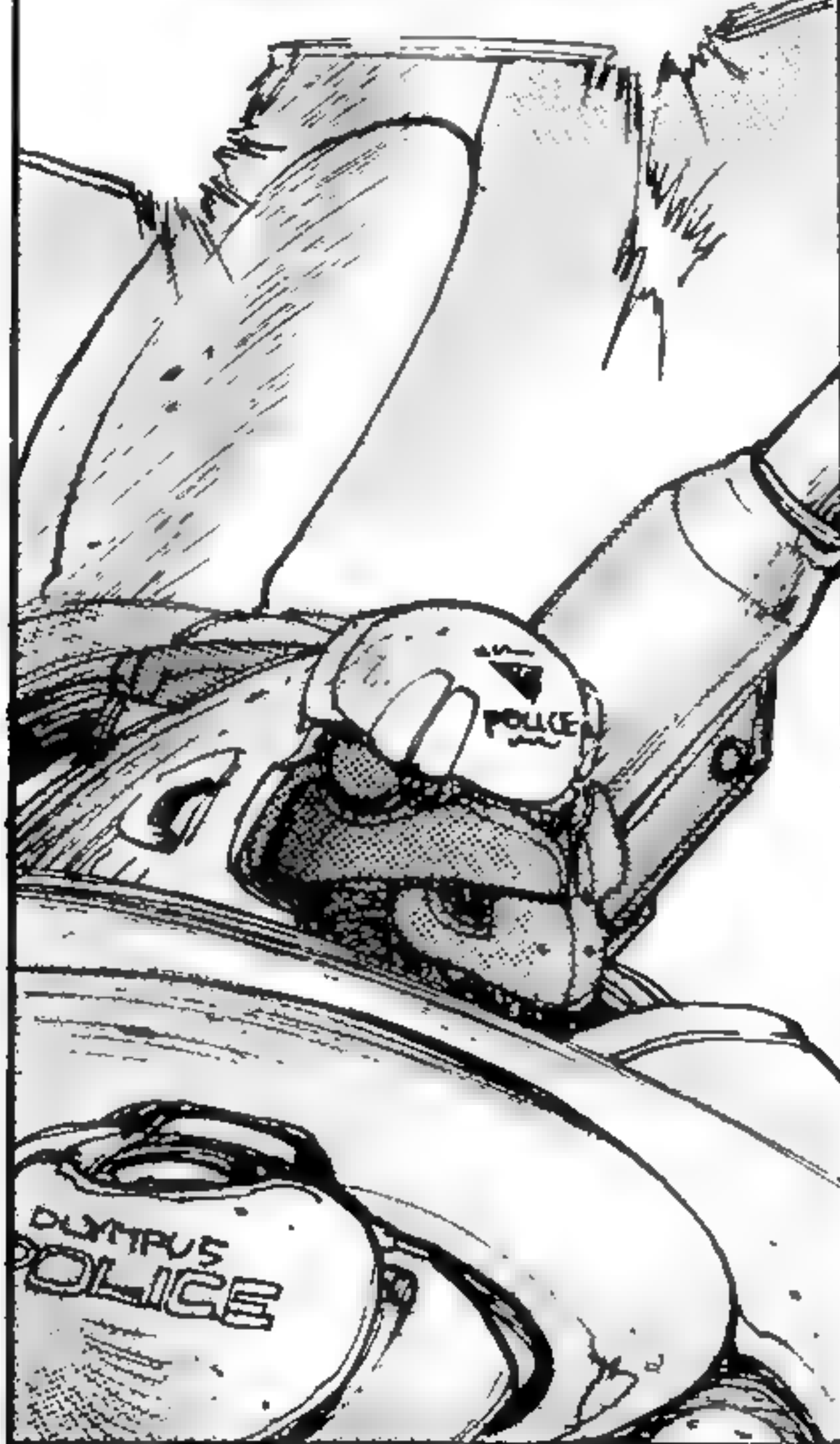








113 TO AEROTANK--  
CHECK ALL PEOPLE  
AND LARGE VEHICLES  
IN THE AREA. USE THE  
SATELLITE DOWNLINKS  
AND THE PUBLIC  
SECURITY NET.



OR SHE WAS A PAWN.  
THEY MAY BE  
WAITING FOR THE  
TRANSPORT CHOPPER.  
LET'S MOVE THIS  
STUFF BY SUB.

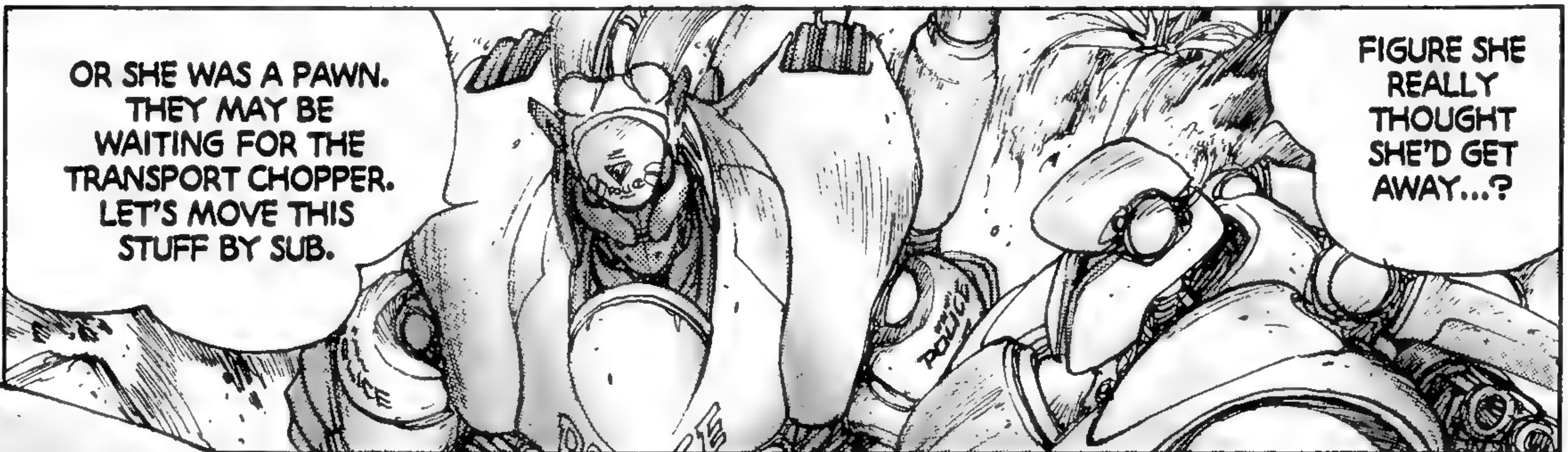
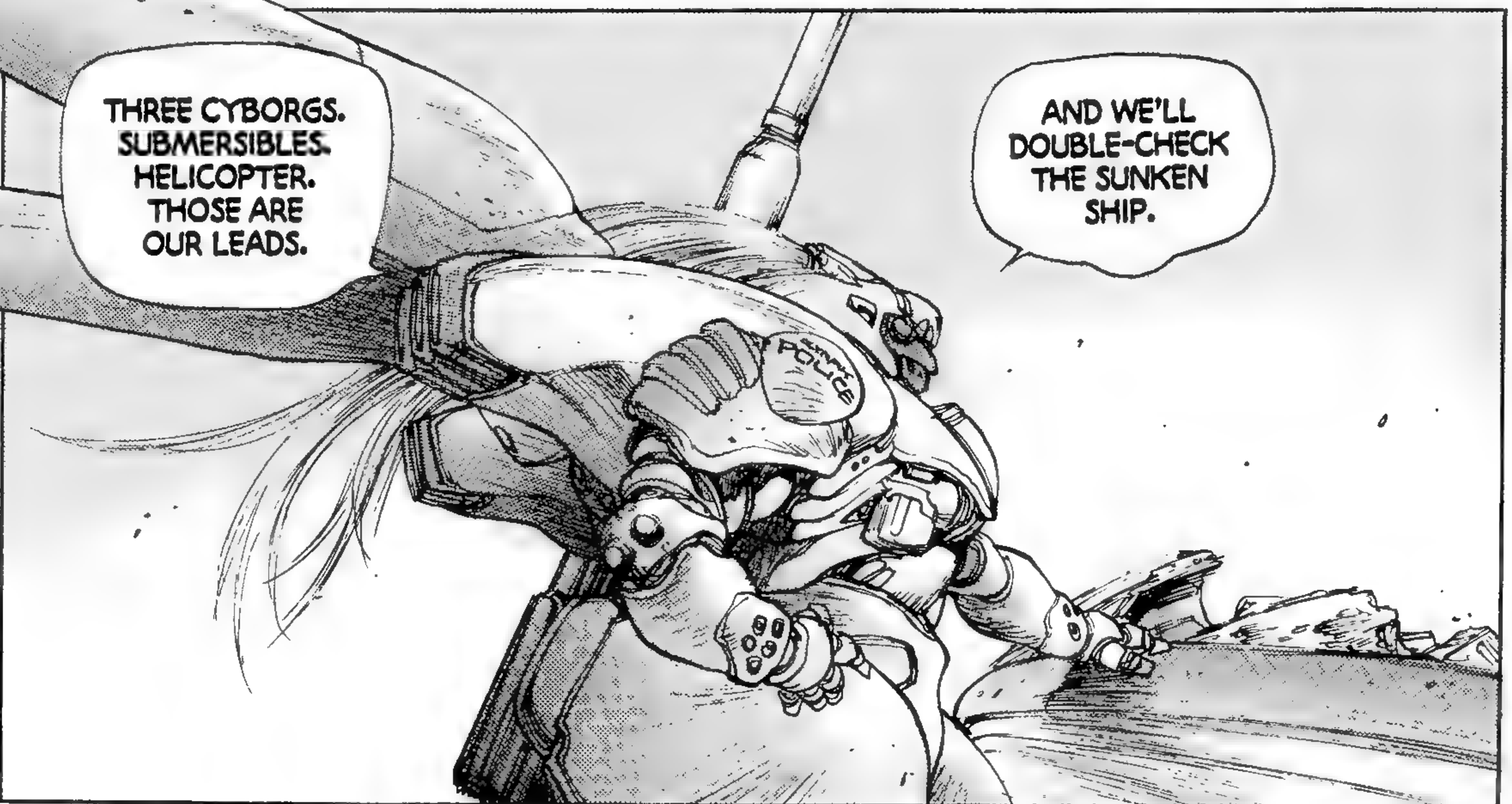


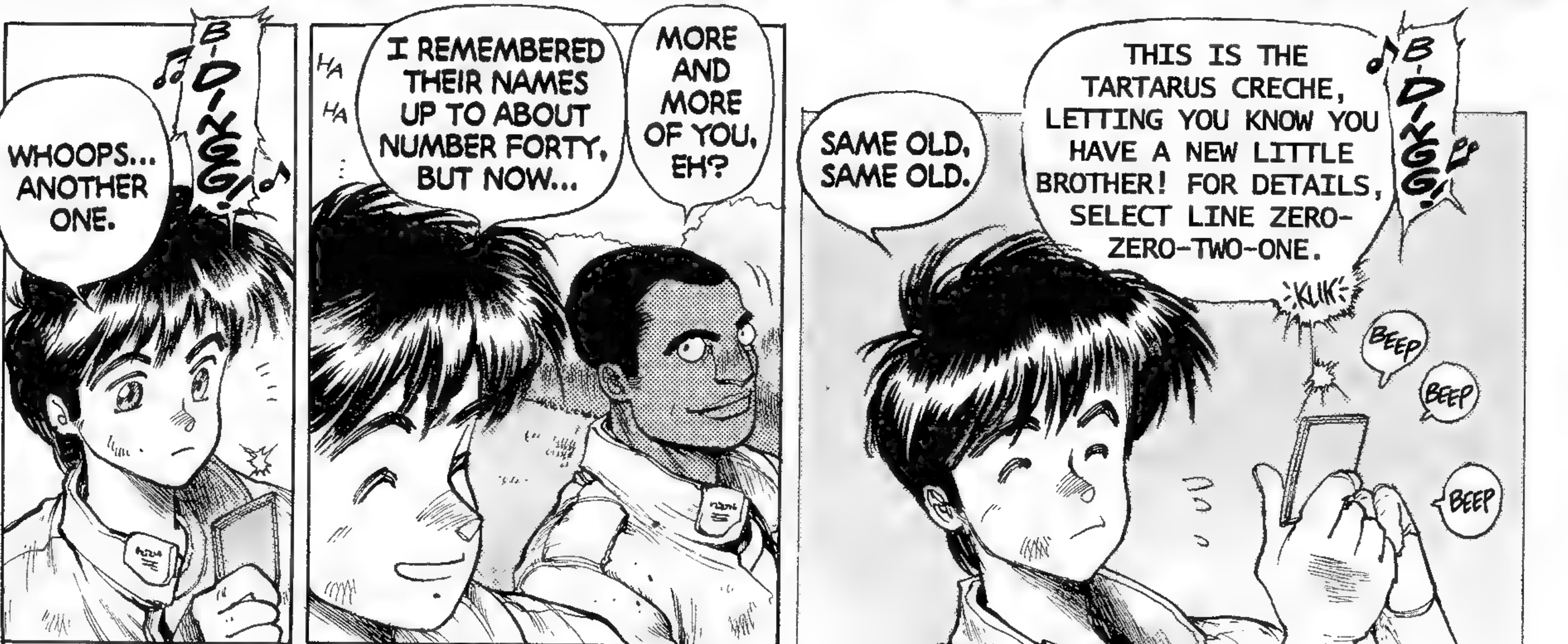
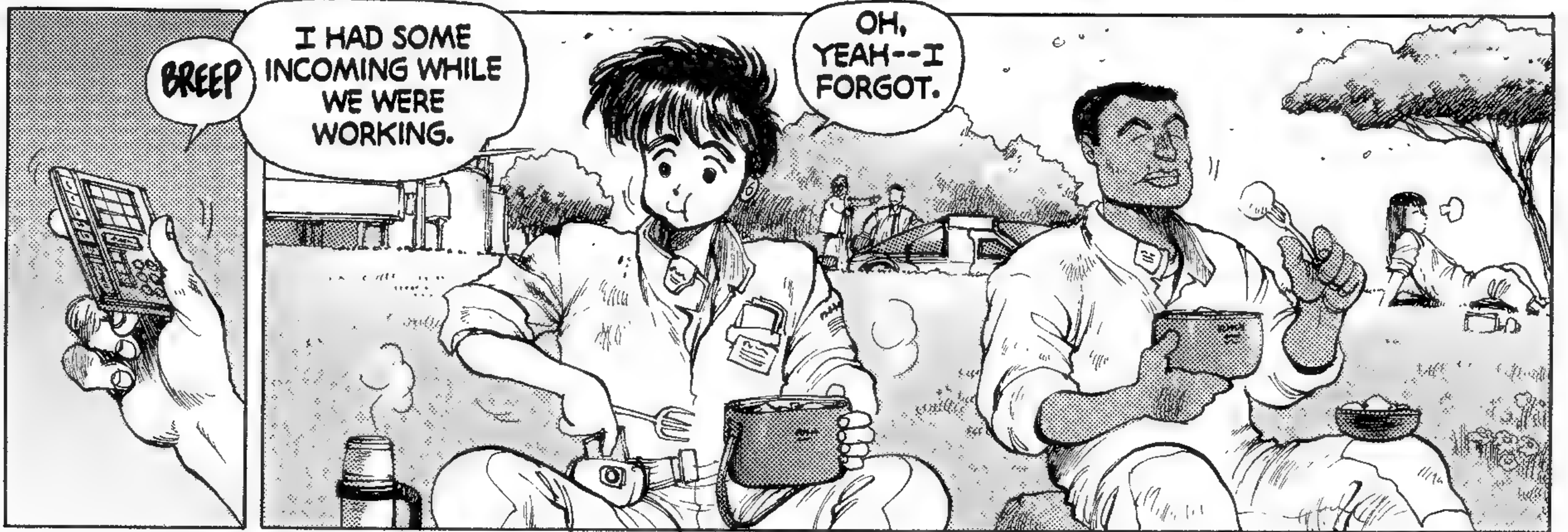
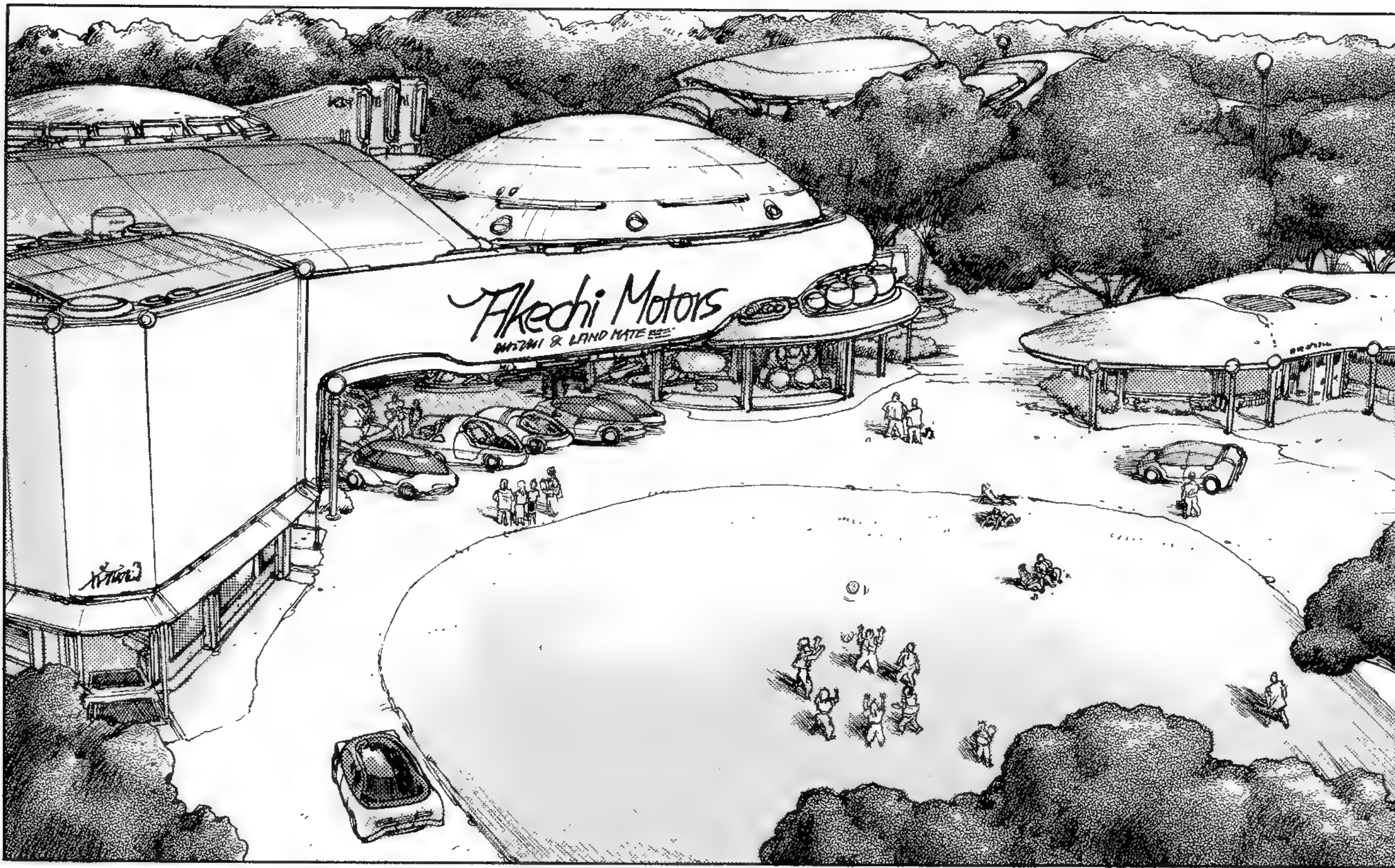
FIGURE SHE  
REALLY  
THOUGHT  
SHE'D GET  
AWAY...?

THREE CYBORGS.  
SUBMERSIBLES.  
HELICOPTER.  
THOSE ARE  
OUR LEADS.

AND WE'LL  
DOUBLE-CHECK  
THE SUNKEN  
SHIP.

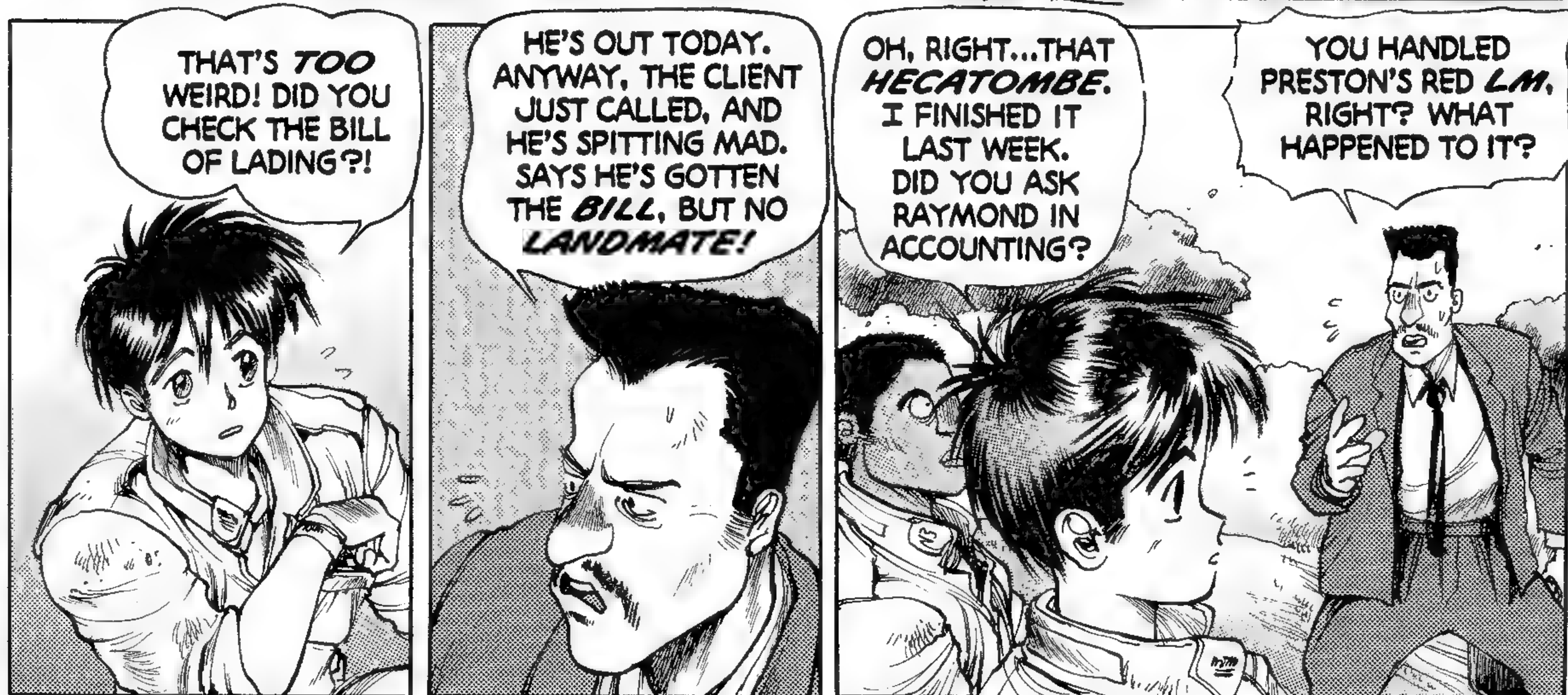
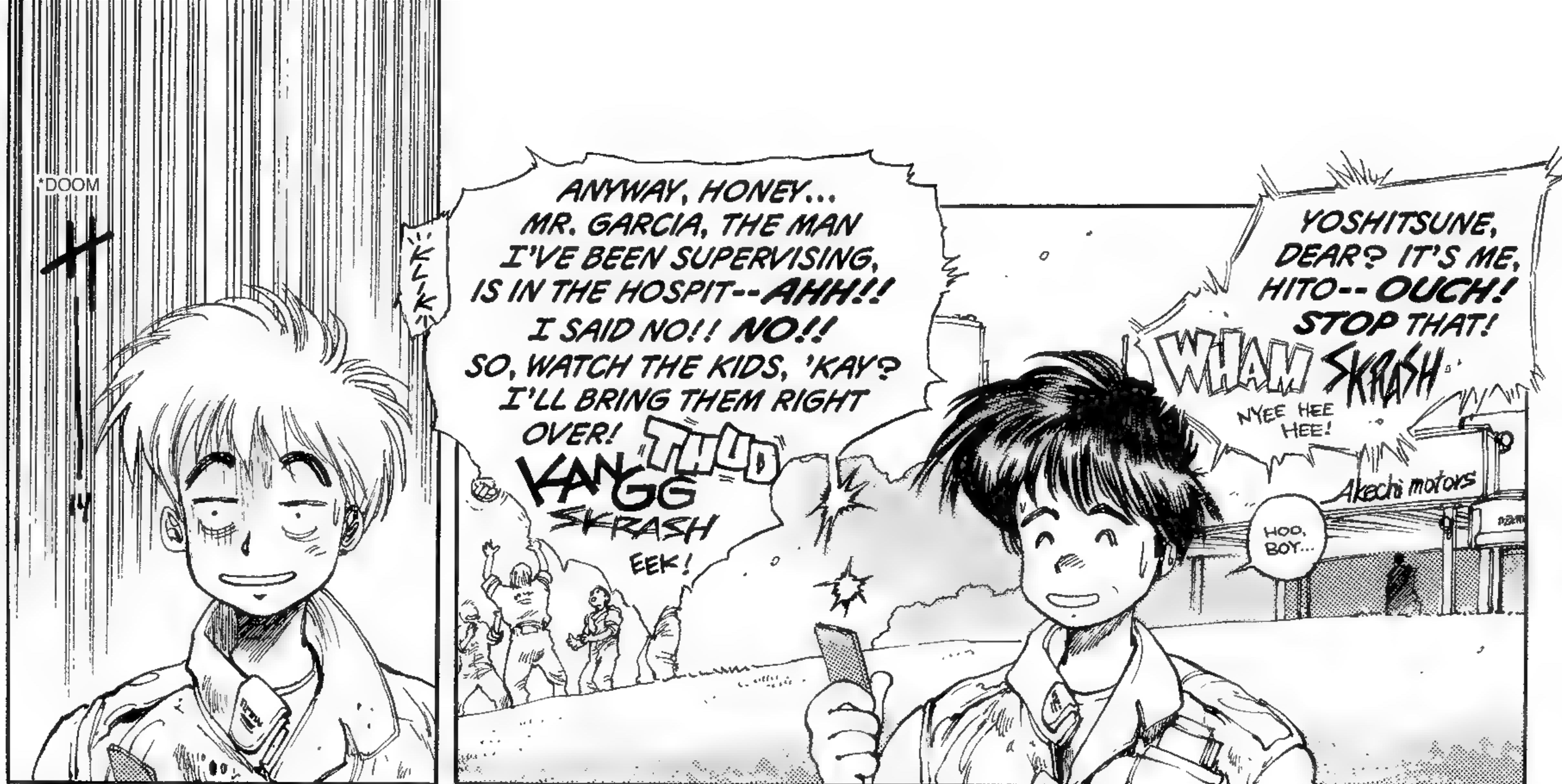






The three sounds in panel four are "MEMORY ONE," "ERASE," and "RUN." Also, note that Akechi Motors has expanded, with a shot in the arm from auto sales.







North Suiten City Police HQ

I APPRECIATE  
THE THOUGHT,  
BUT TRUST ME...  
YOU *CAN'T* HELP.  
THANKS ANYWAY...



NOW  
GO!  
**SCAT!**

I'M *FINE!*  
THAT'S WHY  
I CAME TO  
A GOOD  
FACILITY!



YEAH. BUT YOU  
CAN CHECK OUT  
DEEP-DIVING *LM*'S  
AND SUBMERSIBLES.

REALLY...?

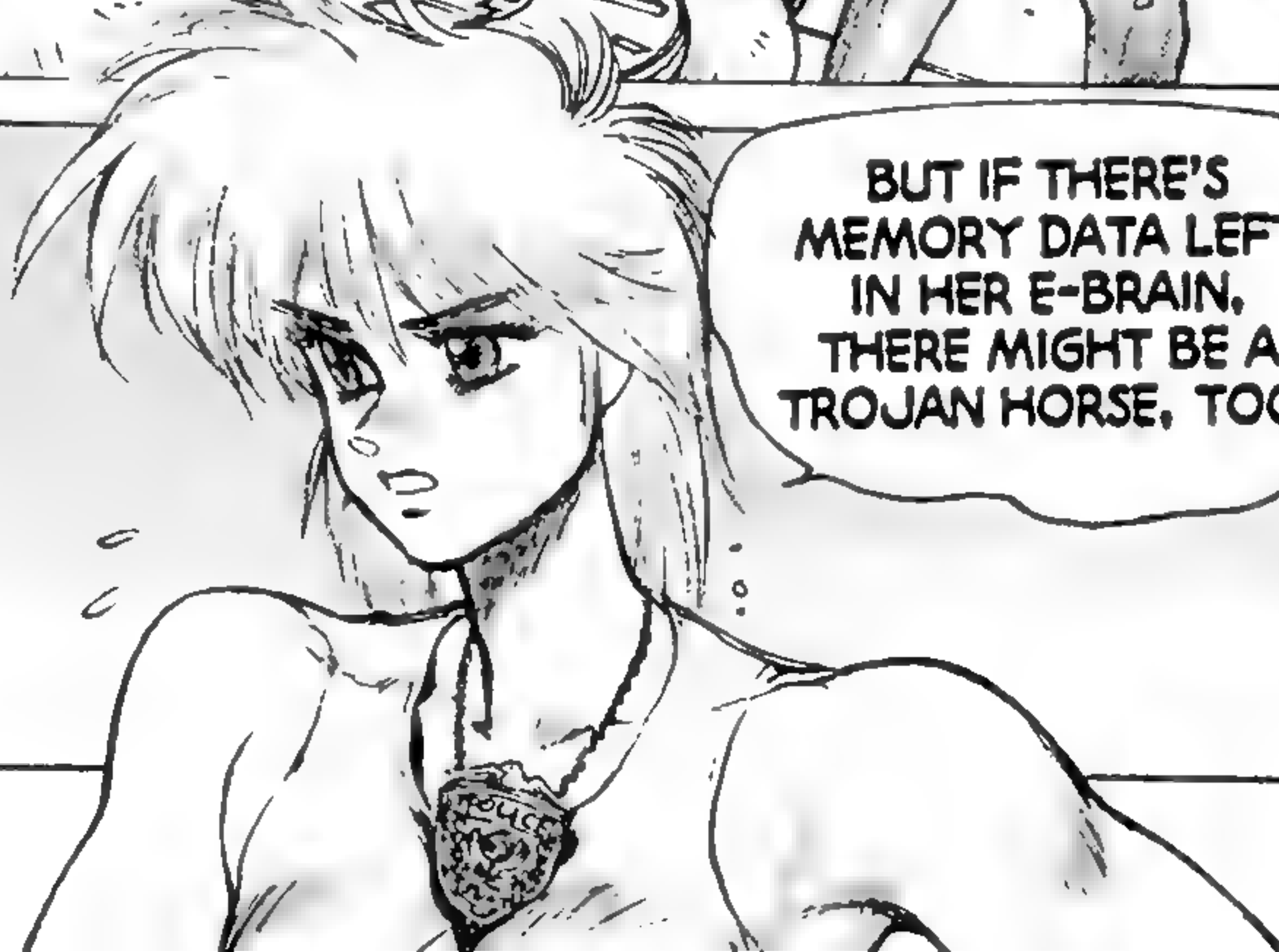


MAYBE  
IT'S  
BETTER IF  
I'M WITH  
YOU...?

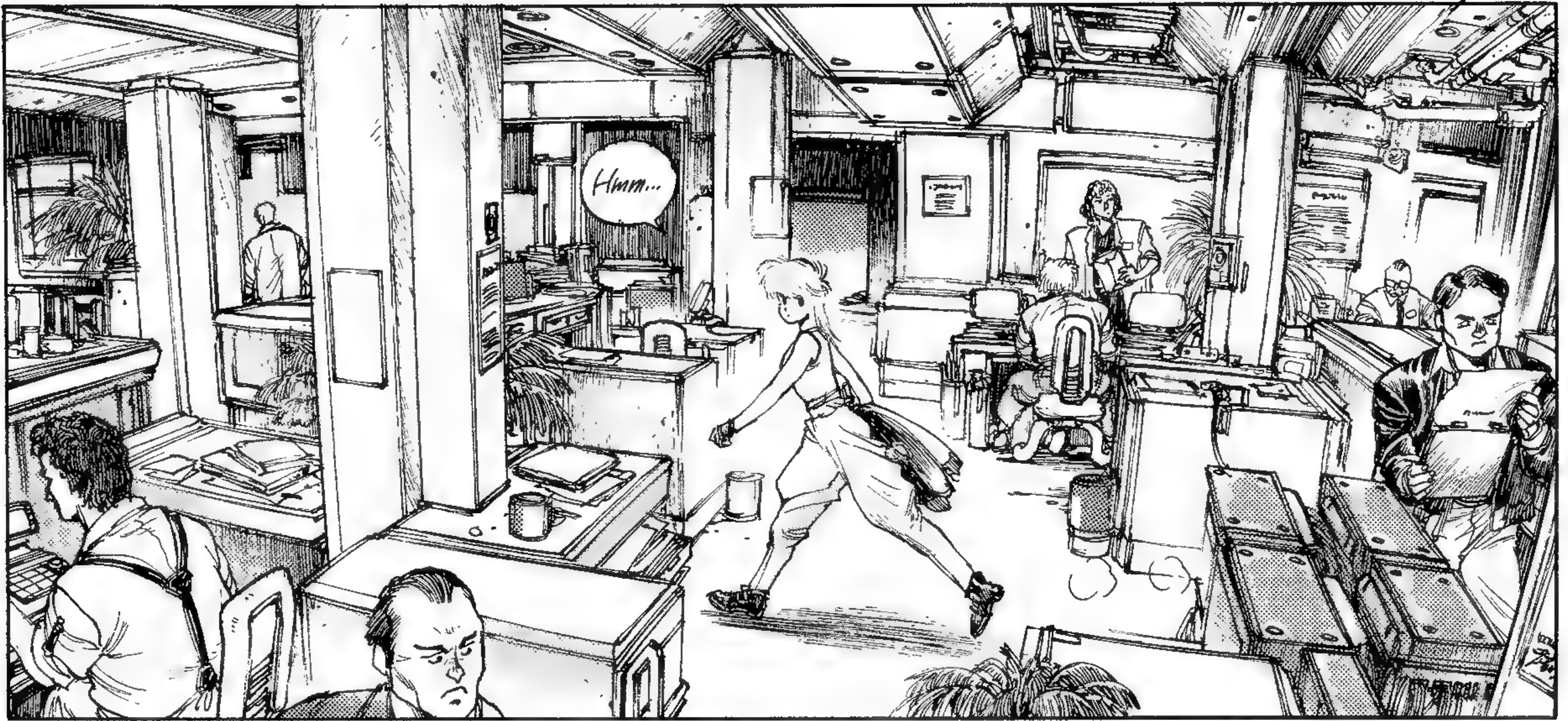
BUT IF THERE'S  
MEMORY DATA LEFT  
IN HER E-BRAIN,  
THERE MIGHT BE A  
TROJAN HORSE, TOO.



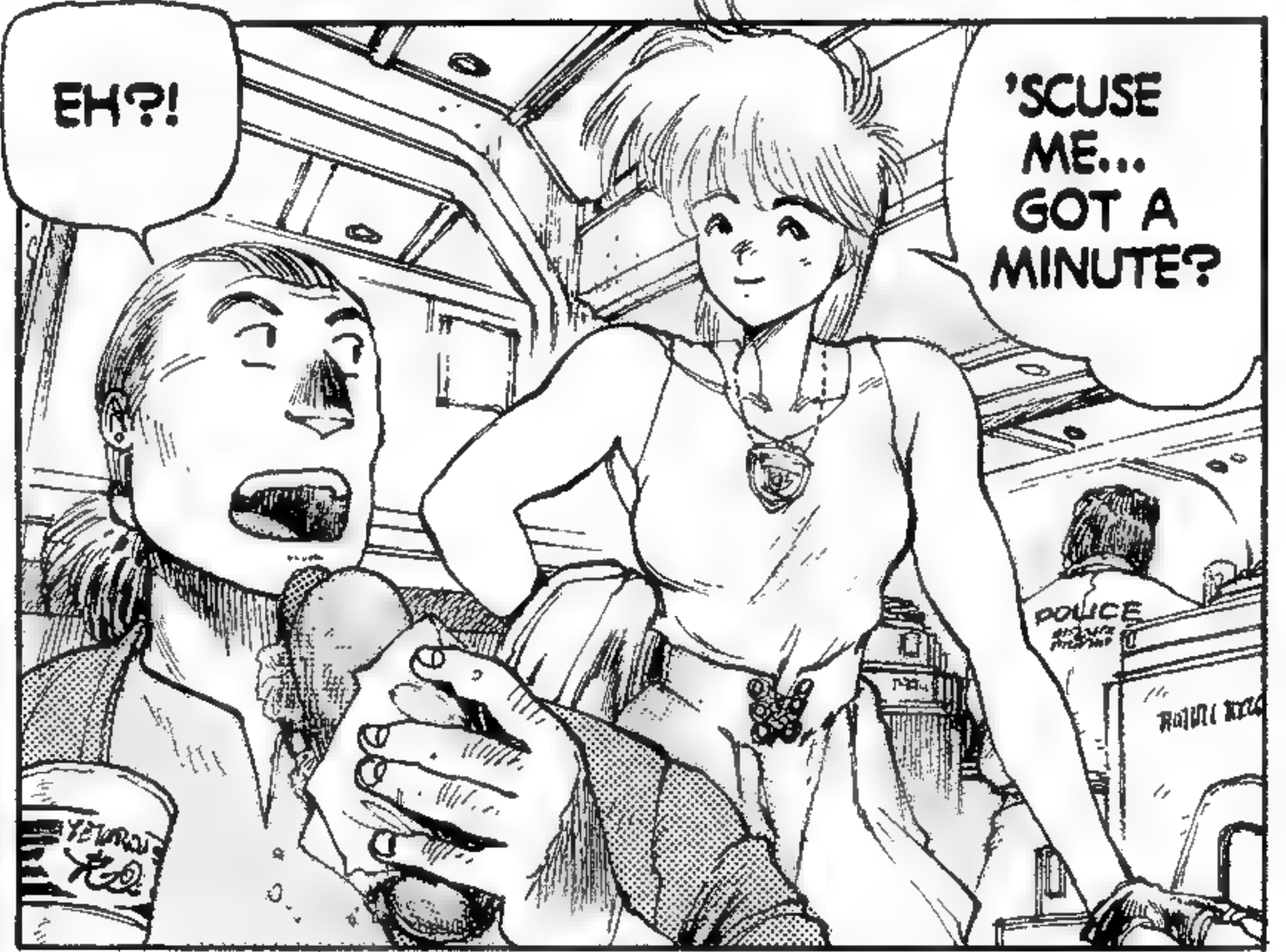
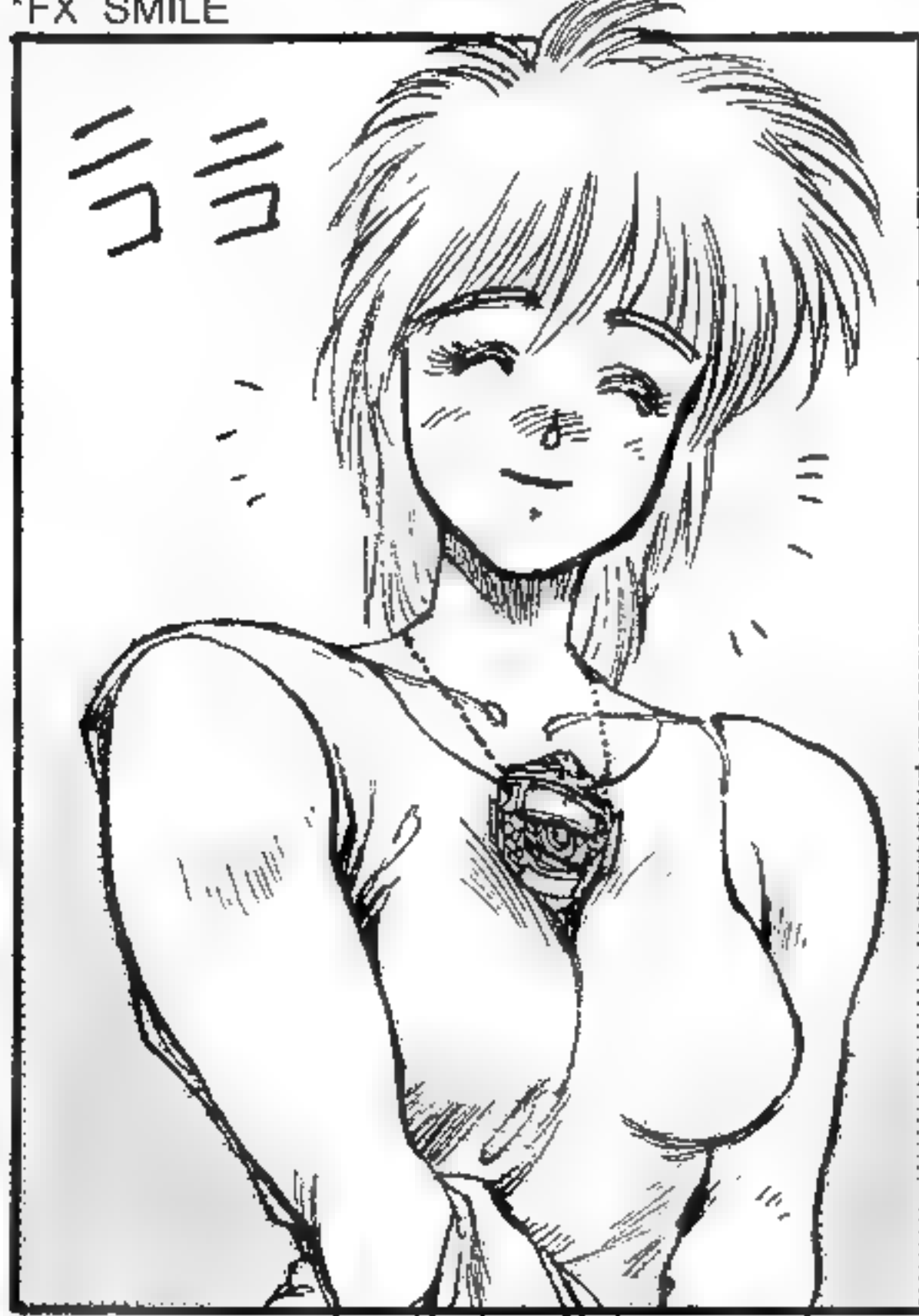
In panel two, Deunan's wiping  
off saltwater deposits that  
Bri missed in the shower.





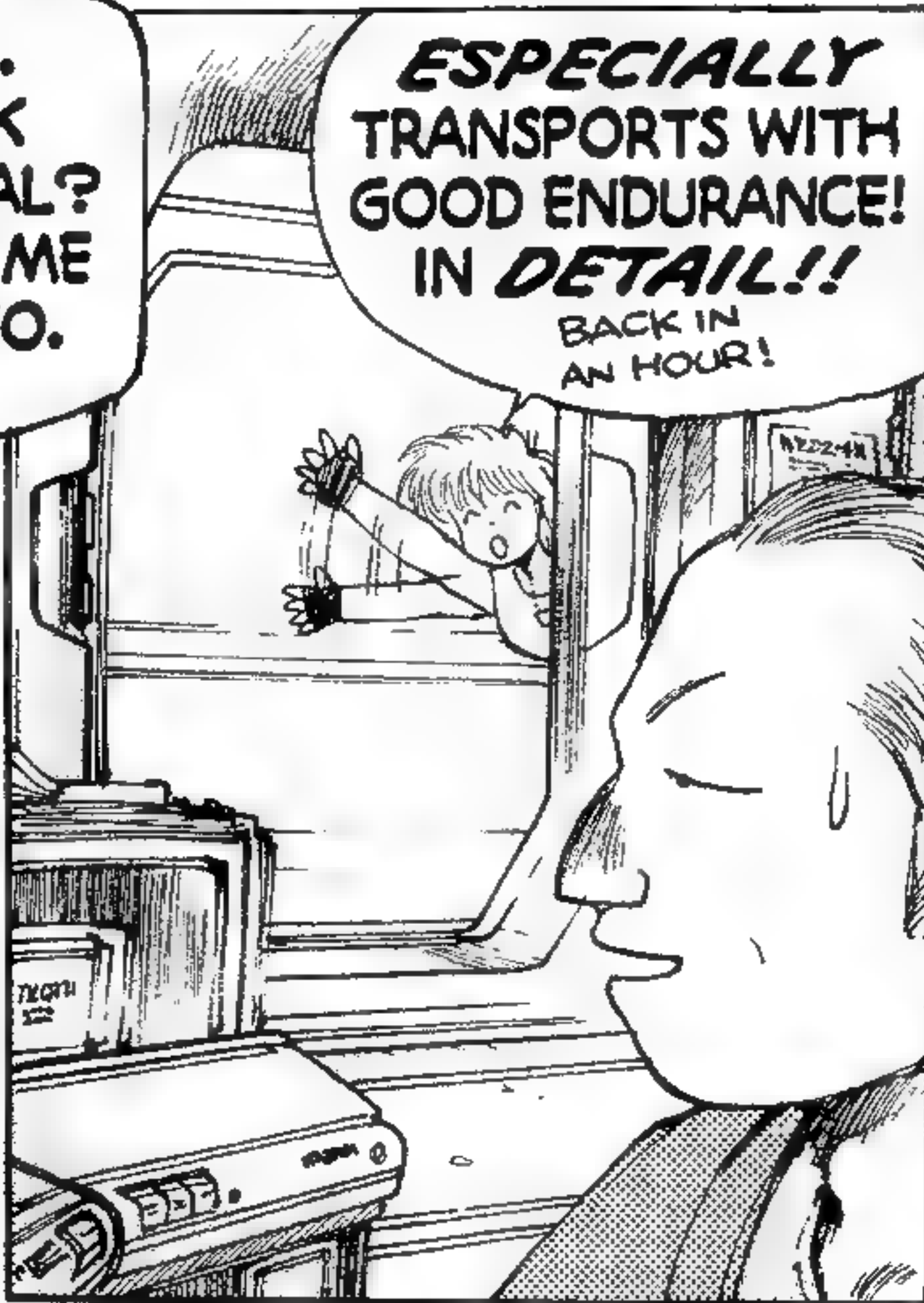


\*FX SMILE

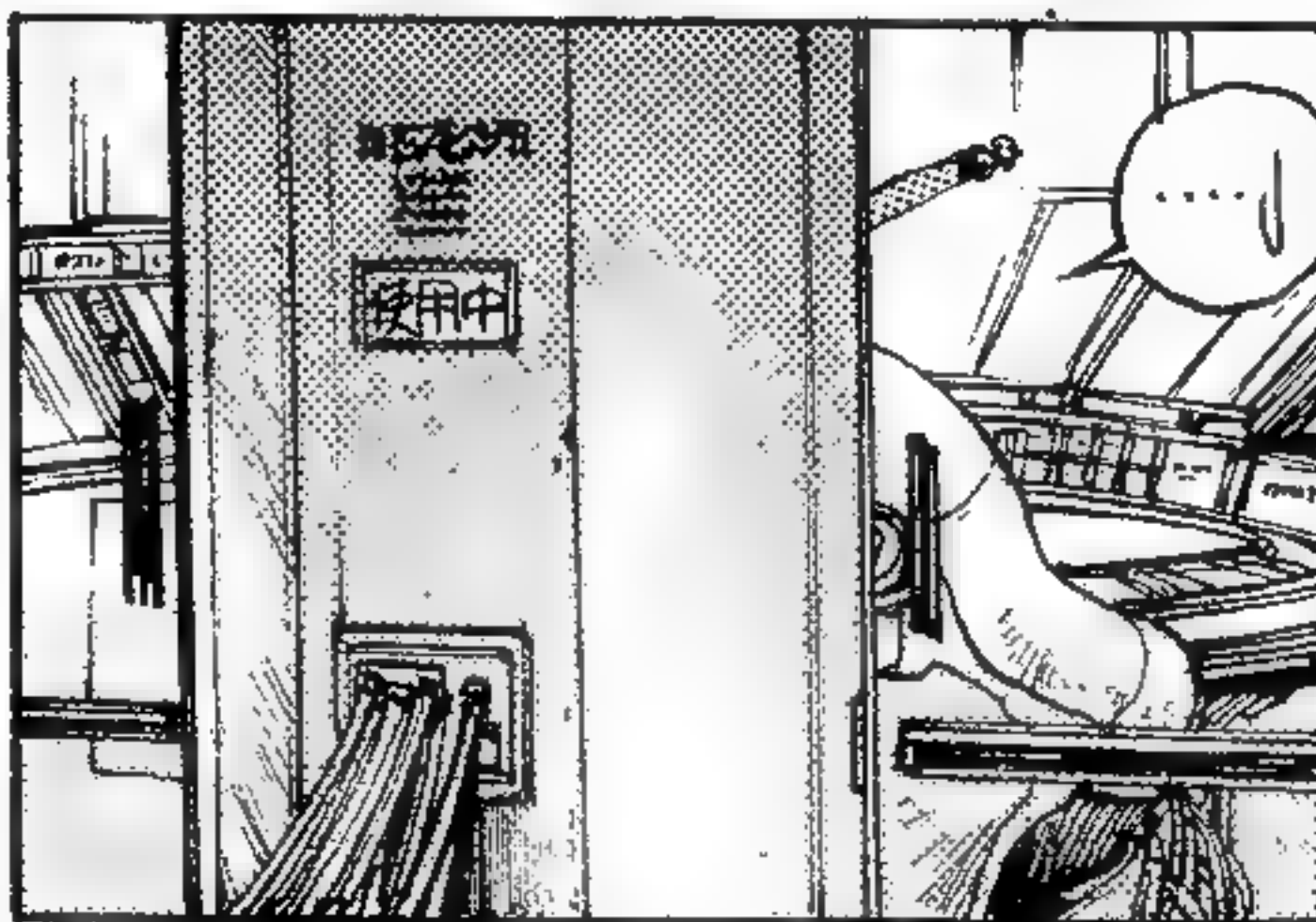


109 TO HQ.  
IS THIS RICK  
IN TECHNICAL?  
CONNECT ME  
TO OSAKO.

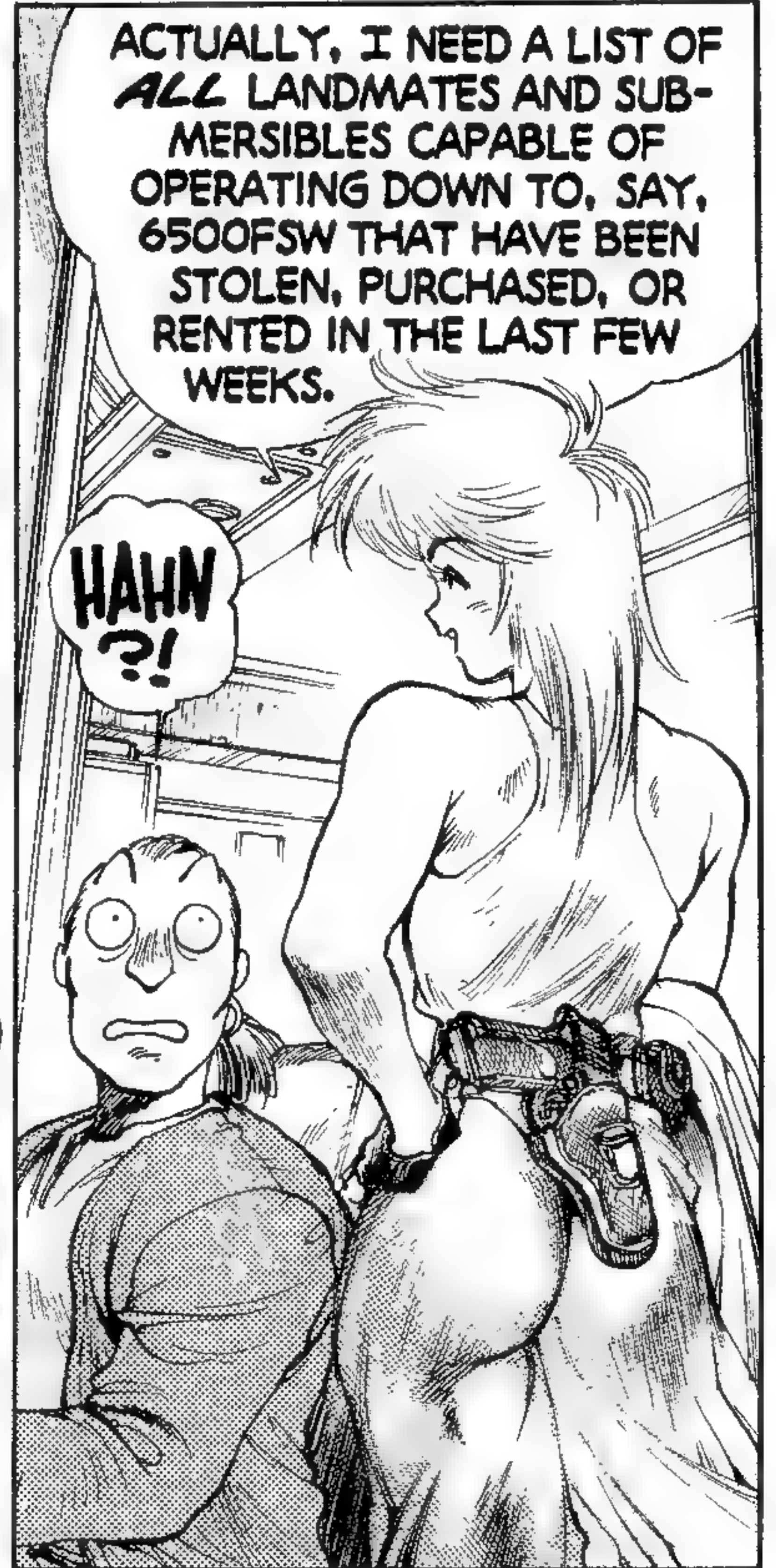
ROGER,  
109.



ESPECIALLY  
TRANSPORTS WITH  
GOOD ENDURANCE!  
IN **DETAIL!!**  
BACK IN  
AN HOUR!



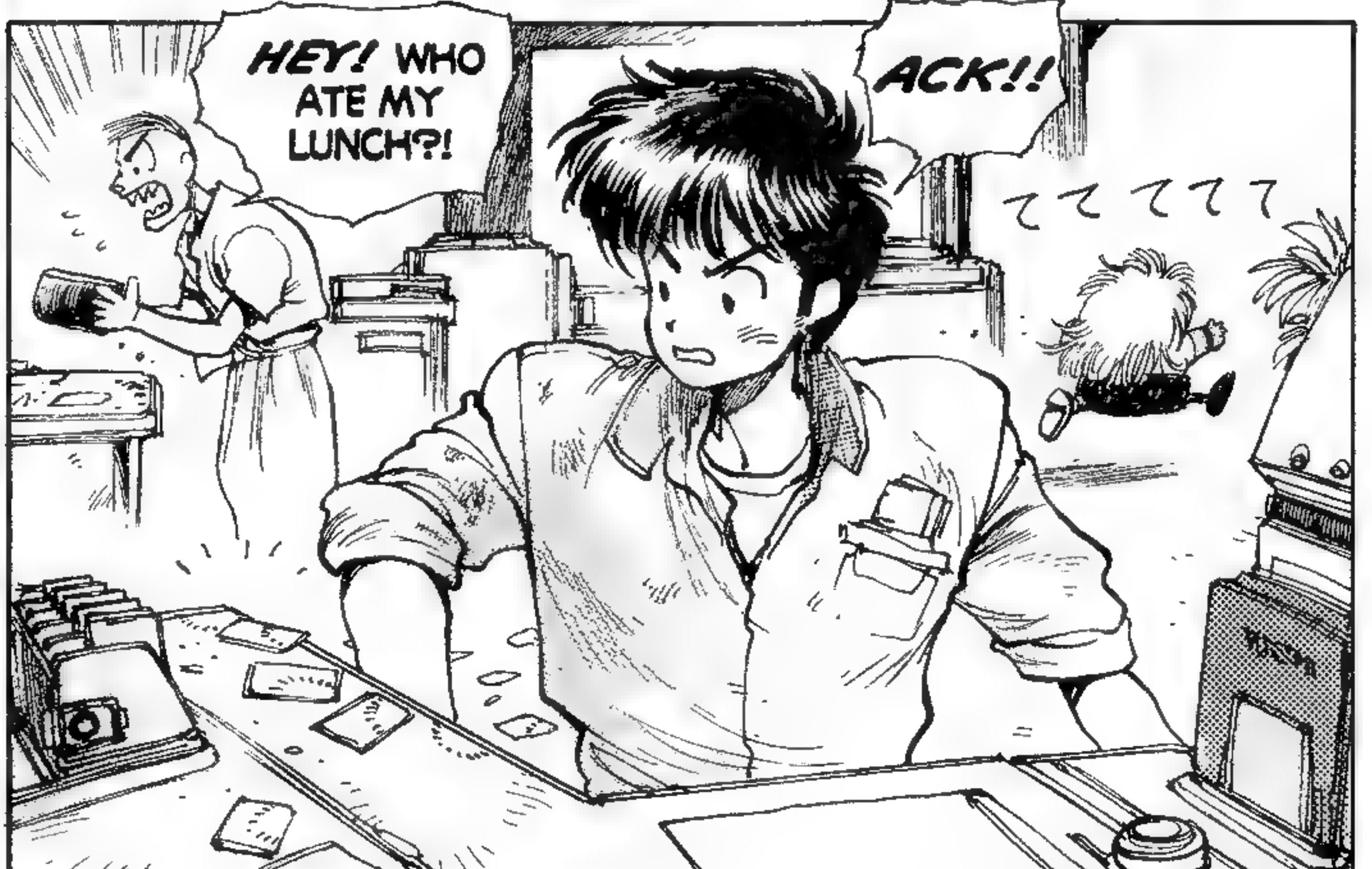
ESWAT has only one headquarters,  
so she won't say she's calling  
from Suiten Police HQ.



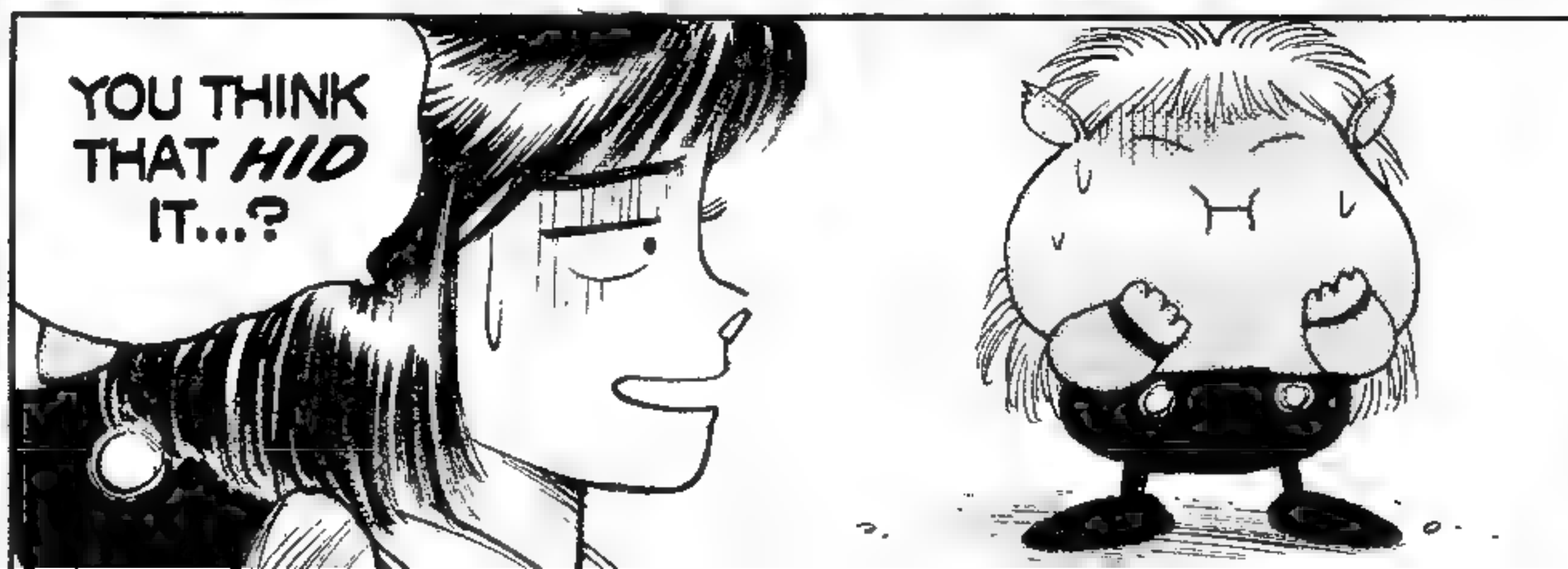
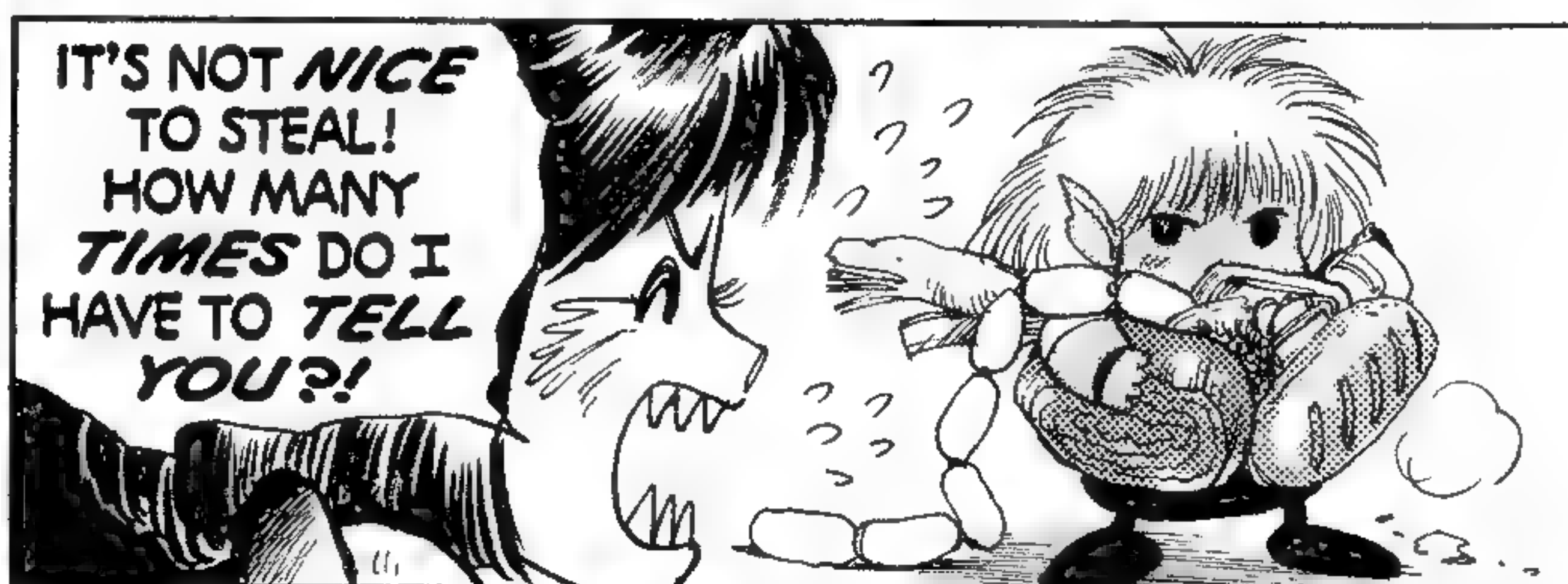
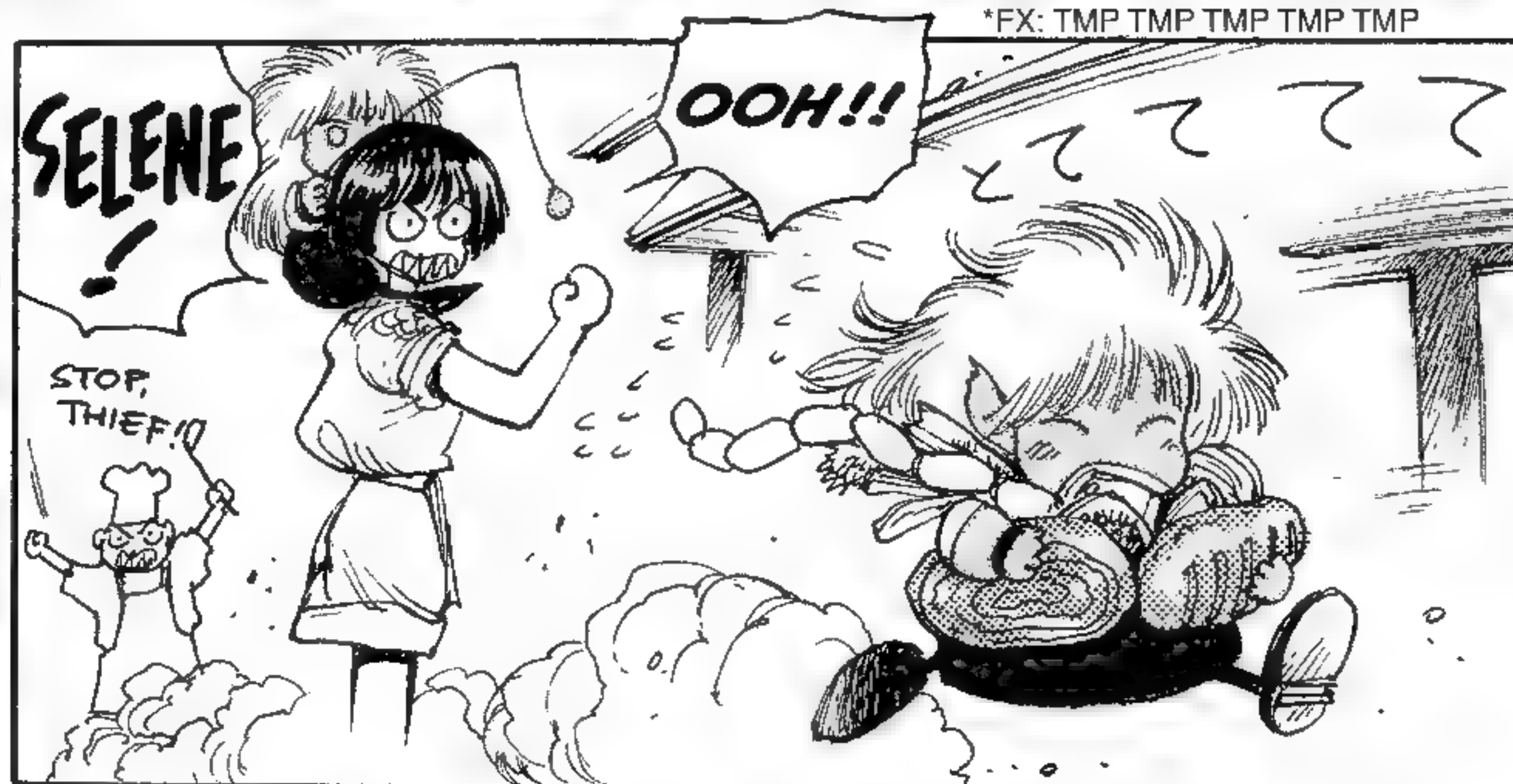
ACTUALLY, I NEED A LIST OF  
**ALL** LANDMATES AND SUB-  
MERSIBLES CAPABLE OF  
OPERATING DOWN TO, SAY,  
6500FSW THAT HAVE BEEN  
STOLEN, PURCHASED, OR  
RENTED IN THE LAST FEW  
WEEKS.

HAHN  
?!











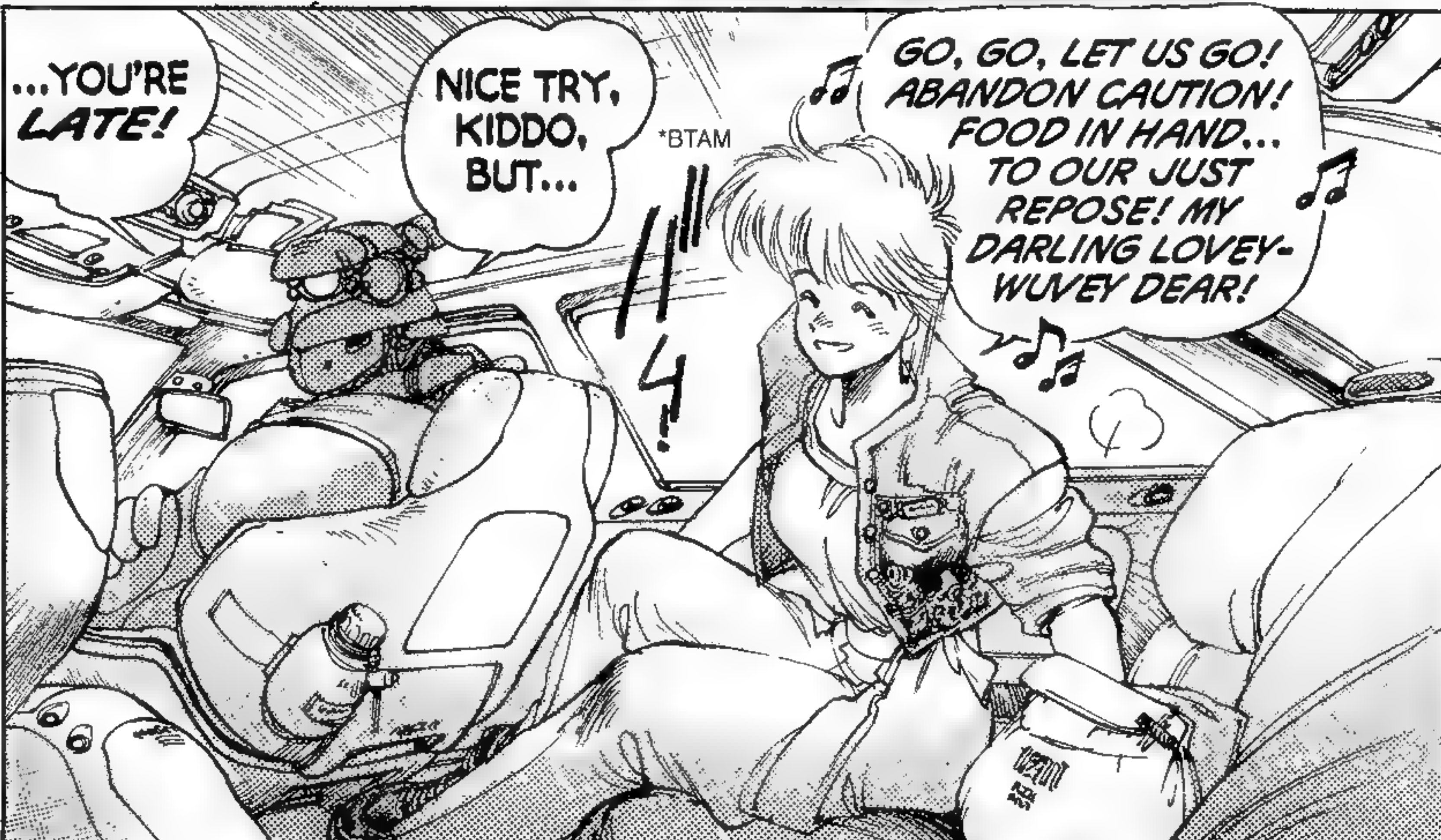


HEY, THIS IS WHEN THE LINES ARE **SHORT--THAT BAKERY IS FAMOUS!**

JUST JOKING.

A TALL, DARK STRANGER HIT ON ME. ♡

\*RUSTLE RUSTLE



...YOU'RE **LATE!**

NICE TRY, KIDDO, BUT...

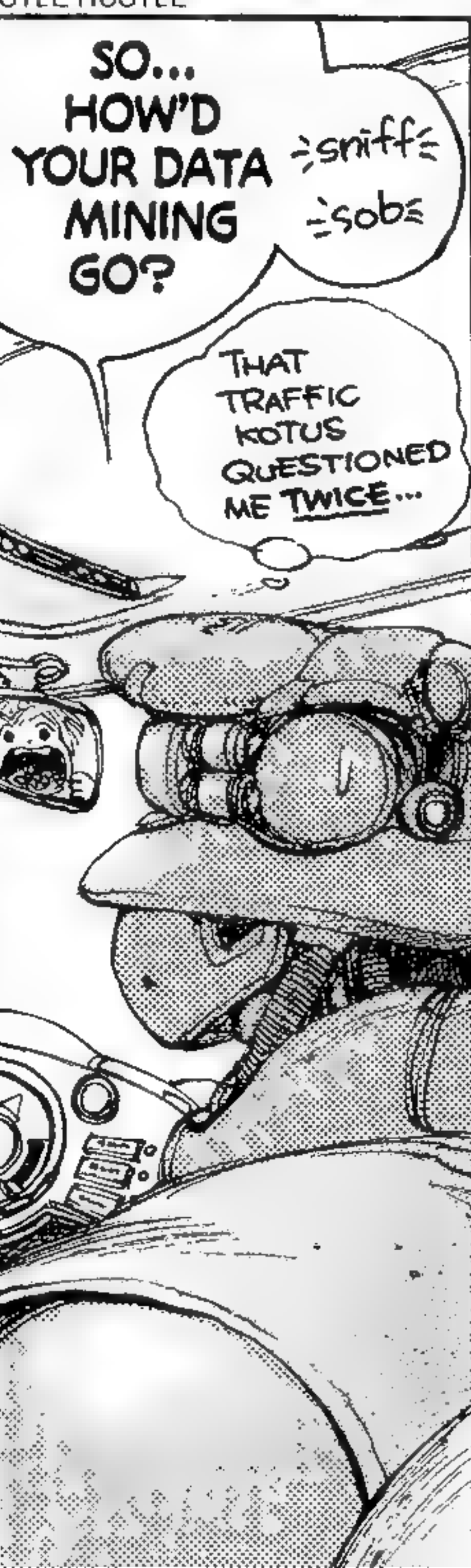
\*BTAM

GO, GO, LET US GO! ABANDON CAUTION! FOOD IN HAND... TO OUR JUST REPOSE! MY DARLING LOVEY-WUVEY DEAR!



AND I THOUGHT I ASKED HIM SO **NICELY.** **HMPH!** ANYWAY, TWENTY-TWO HITS.

OH, I DID IT MYSELF, FINALLY.

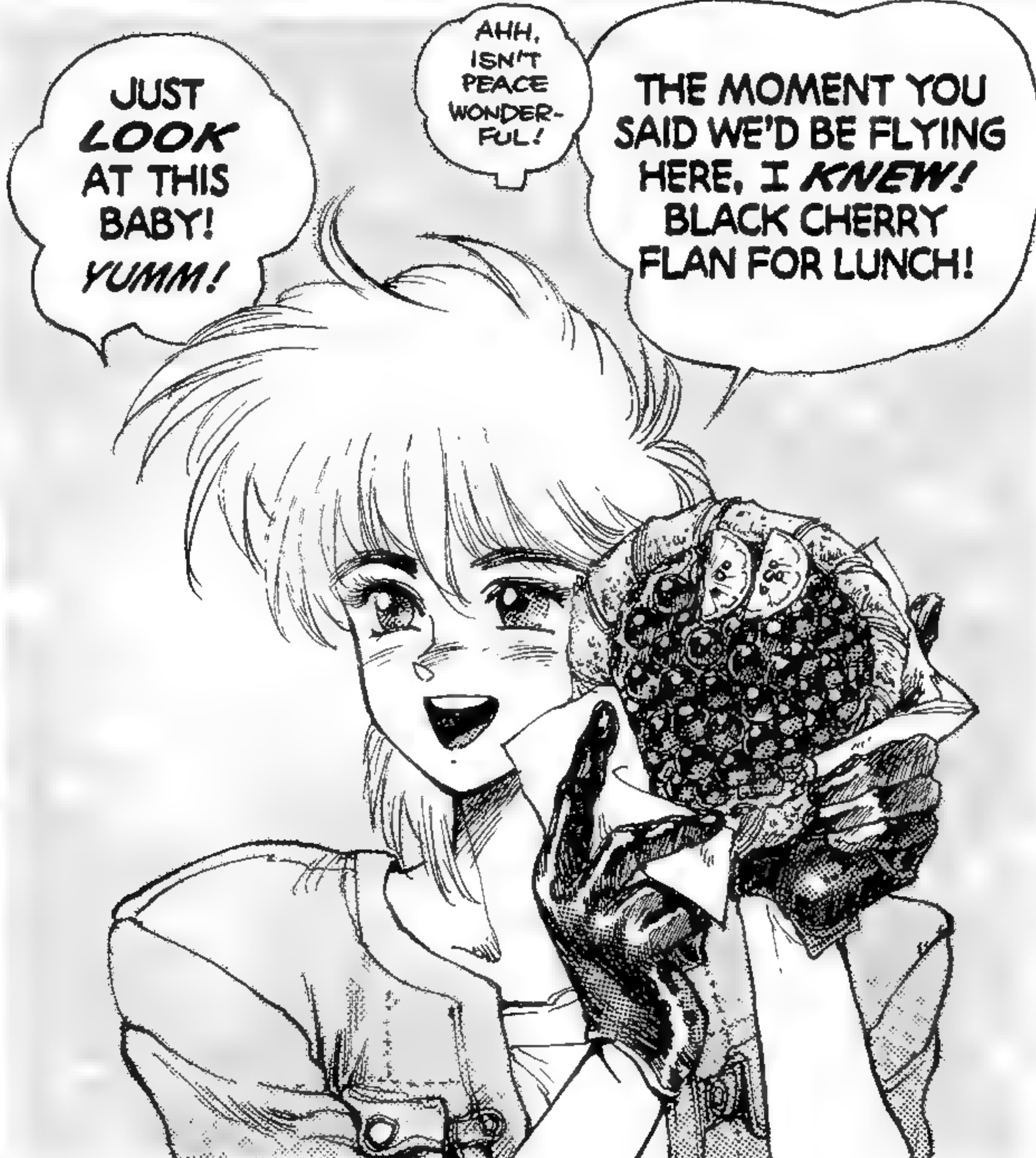


SO... HOW'D YOUR DATA MINING GO?

=sniff=

=sob=

THAT TRAFFIC KOTUS QUESTIONED ME **TWICE...**

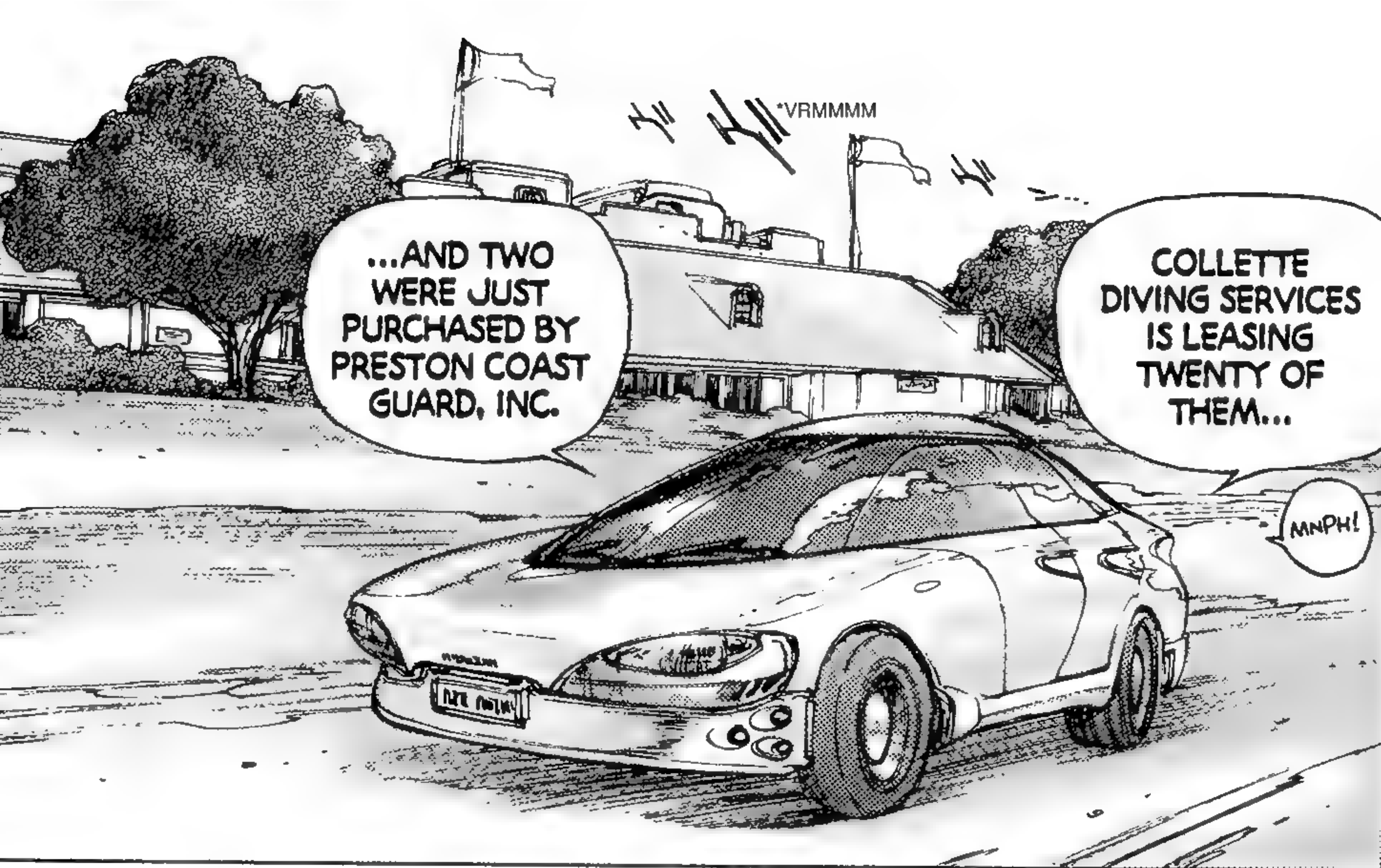


JUST **LOOK** AT THIS BABY! **YUMM!**

AHH, ISN'T PEACE WONDERFUL!

THE MOMENT YOU SAID WE'D BE FLYING HERE, I **KNEW!** BLACK CHERRY FLAN FOR LUNCH!

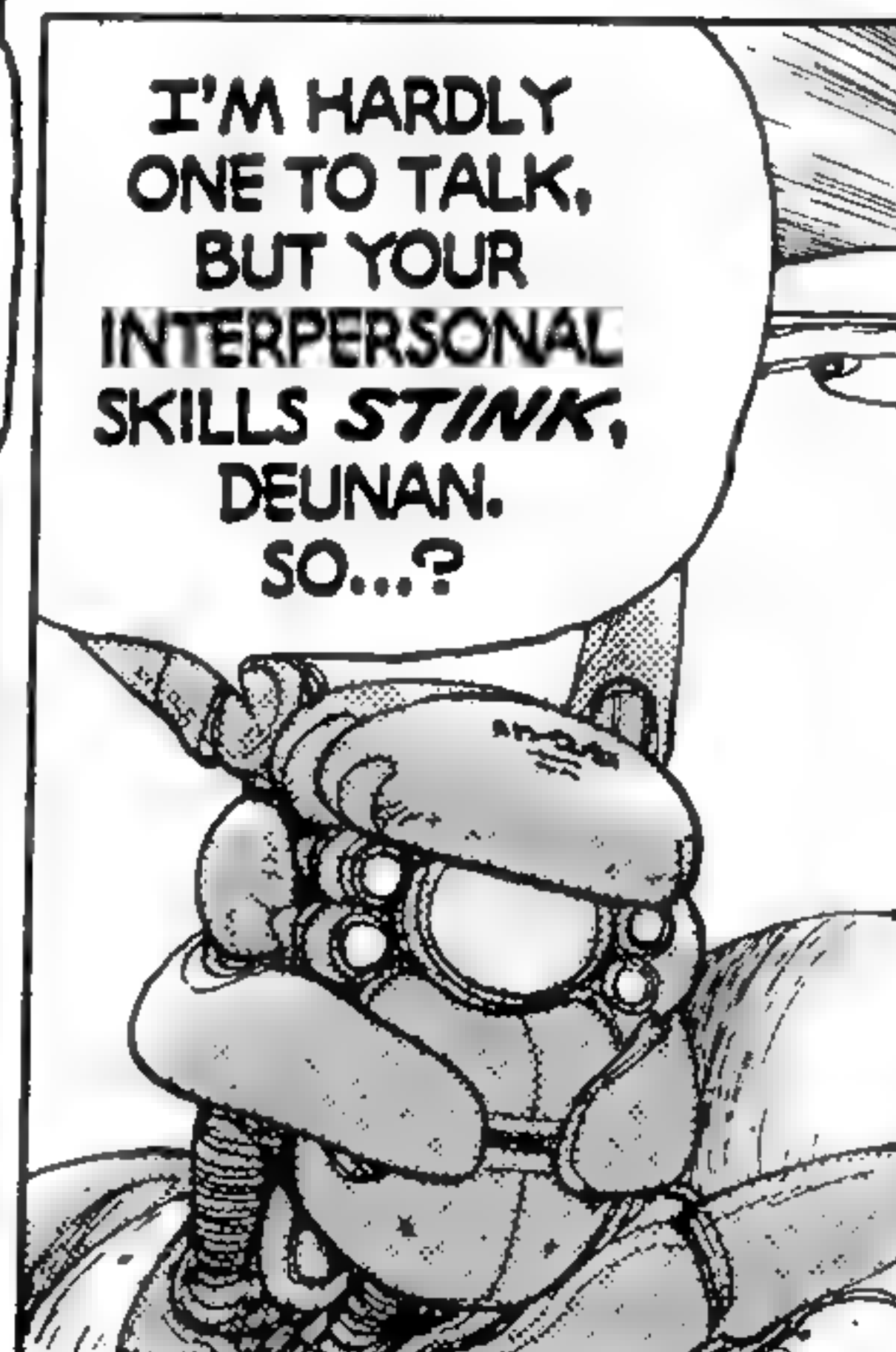




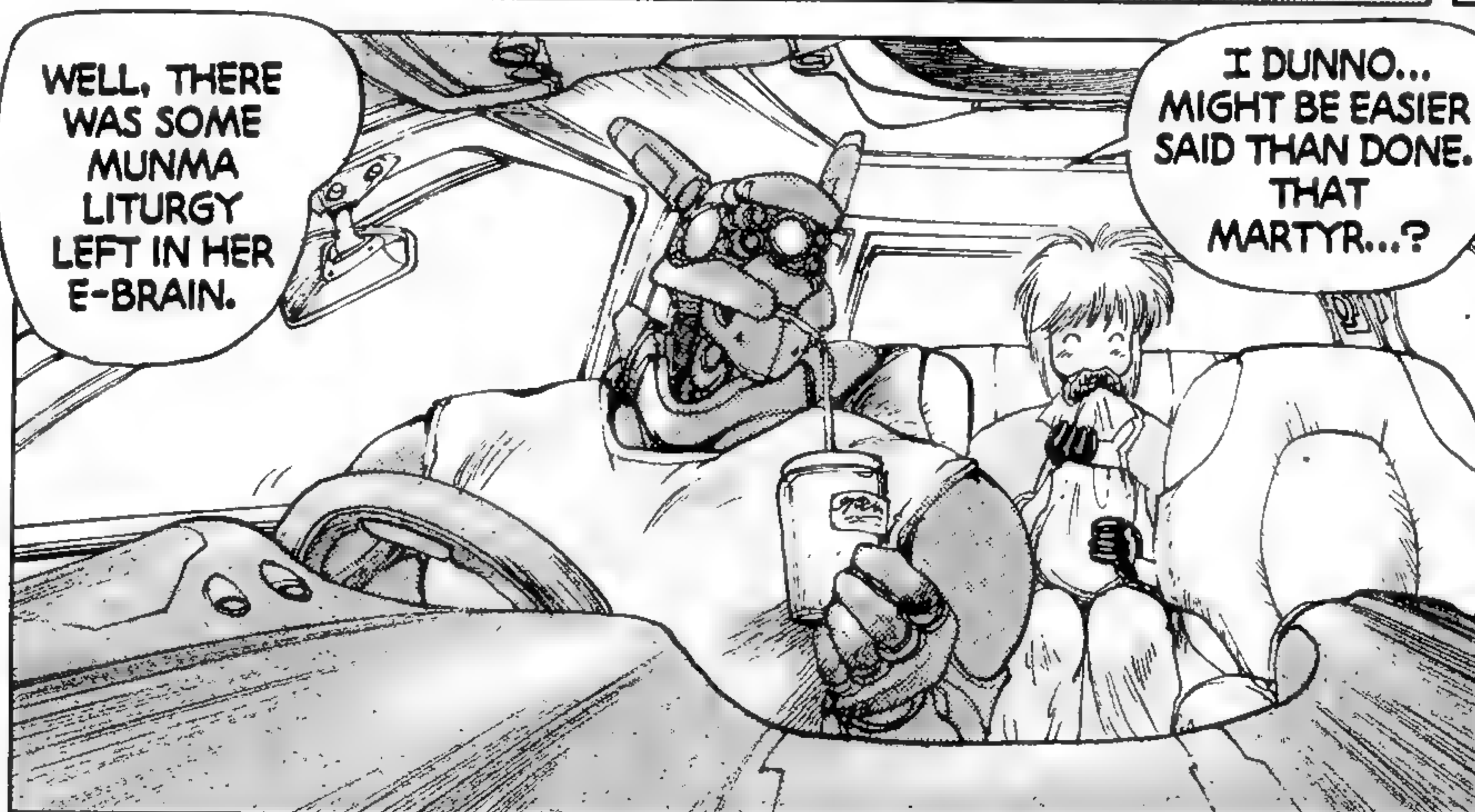
...AND TWO WERE JUST PURCHASED BY PRESTON COAST GUARD, INC.

COLLETTE DIVING SERVICES IS LEASING TWENTY OF THEM...

MNPH!



I'M HARDLY ONE TO TALK, BUT YOUR INTERPERSONAL SKILLS *STINK*, DEUNAN. SO...?



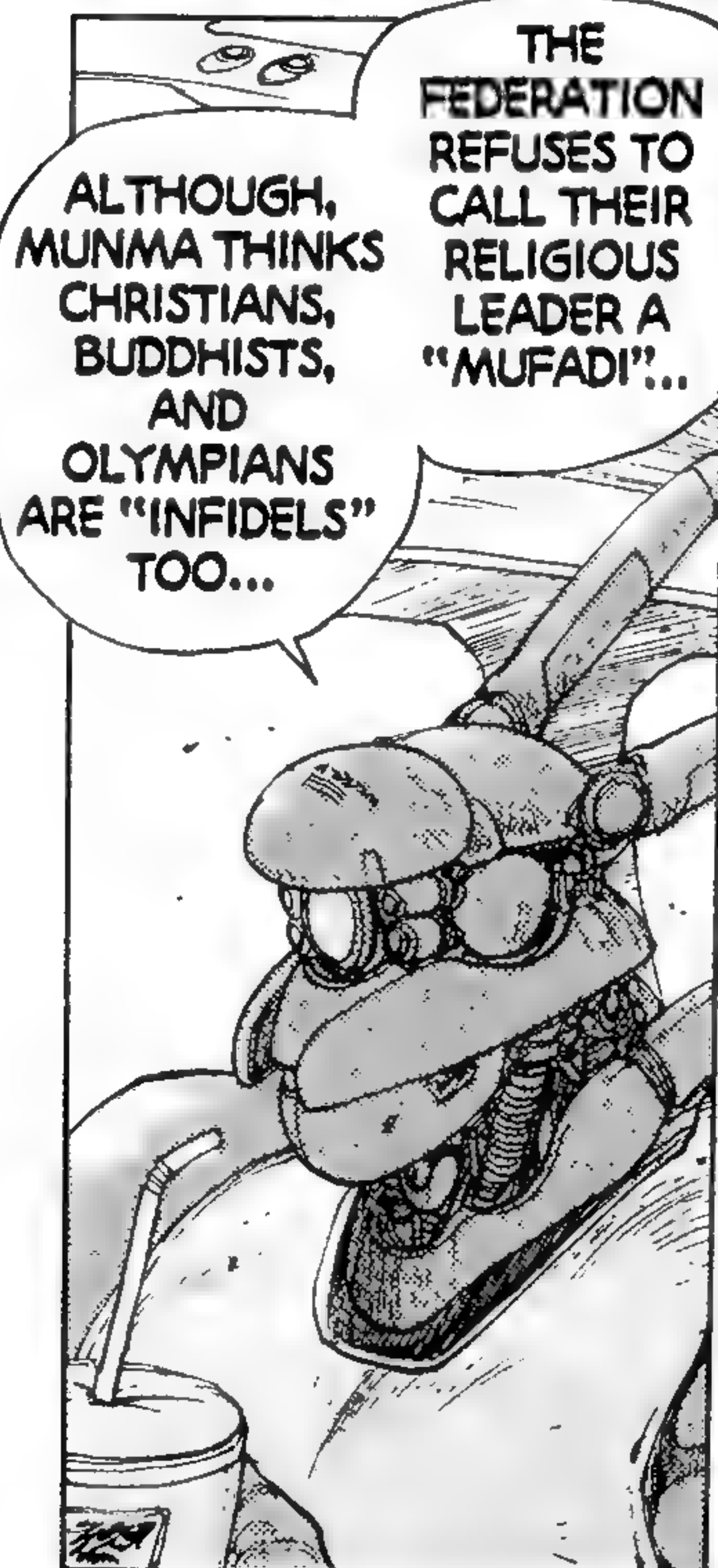
WELL, THERE WAS SOME MUNMA LITURGY LEFT IN HER E-BRAIN.

I DUNNO... MIGHT BE EASIER SAID THAN DONE. THAT MARTYR...?



I FIGURE ~~MNF~~ WE CAN DO IT ALL OURSELVES.

Please watch the road when you drive...unless, of course, you're a multi-function cyborg.



ALTHOUGH, MUNMA THINKS CHRISTIANS, BUDDHISTS, AND OLYMPIANS ARE "INFIDELS" TOO...

THE FEDERATION REFUSES TO CALL THEIR RELIGIOUS LEADER A "MUFADI"...



HMM... A BIT SIMPLISTIC, BUT... YEAH. THAT'S PROBABLY OUR BEST ANGLE.

THEN THEY'RE TARGETING THE ISLAMIC FEDERATION CONFERENCE. RIGHT?





...THOSE ULTRA-VIBRATION CUTTERS WERE TOP-OF-THE-LINE POSEIDON GEAR. SO IT'LL BE EASY TO TRACE THEM BACK.

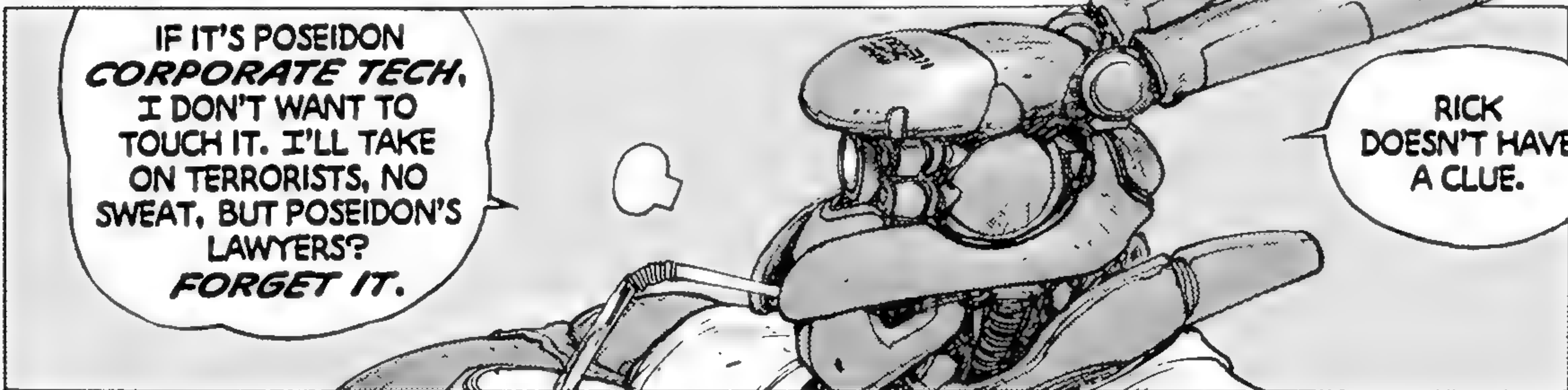
EH  
HEH  
HEH

ACCORDING TO RICK IN TECHNICAL...

YEAH. BUT THEIR RELIGION **ADVOCATES** TERRORISM...

...SO WHAT DO THEY EXPECT?

JUST BECAUSE THEY BELIEVE IN MUNMA DOESN'T AUTOMATICALLY MAKE THEM TERRORISTS. THAT'S NOT VERY *PC*, DEUNAN!



IF IT'S POSEIDON **CORPORATE TECH**, I DON'T WANT TO TOUCH IT. I'LL TAKE ON TERRORISTS, NO SWEAT, BUT POSEIDON'S LAWYERS? **FORGET IT.**

RICK DOESN'T HAVE A CLUE.

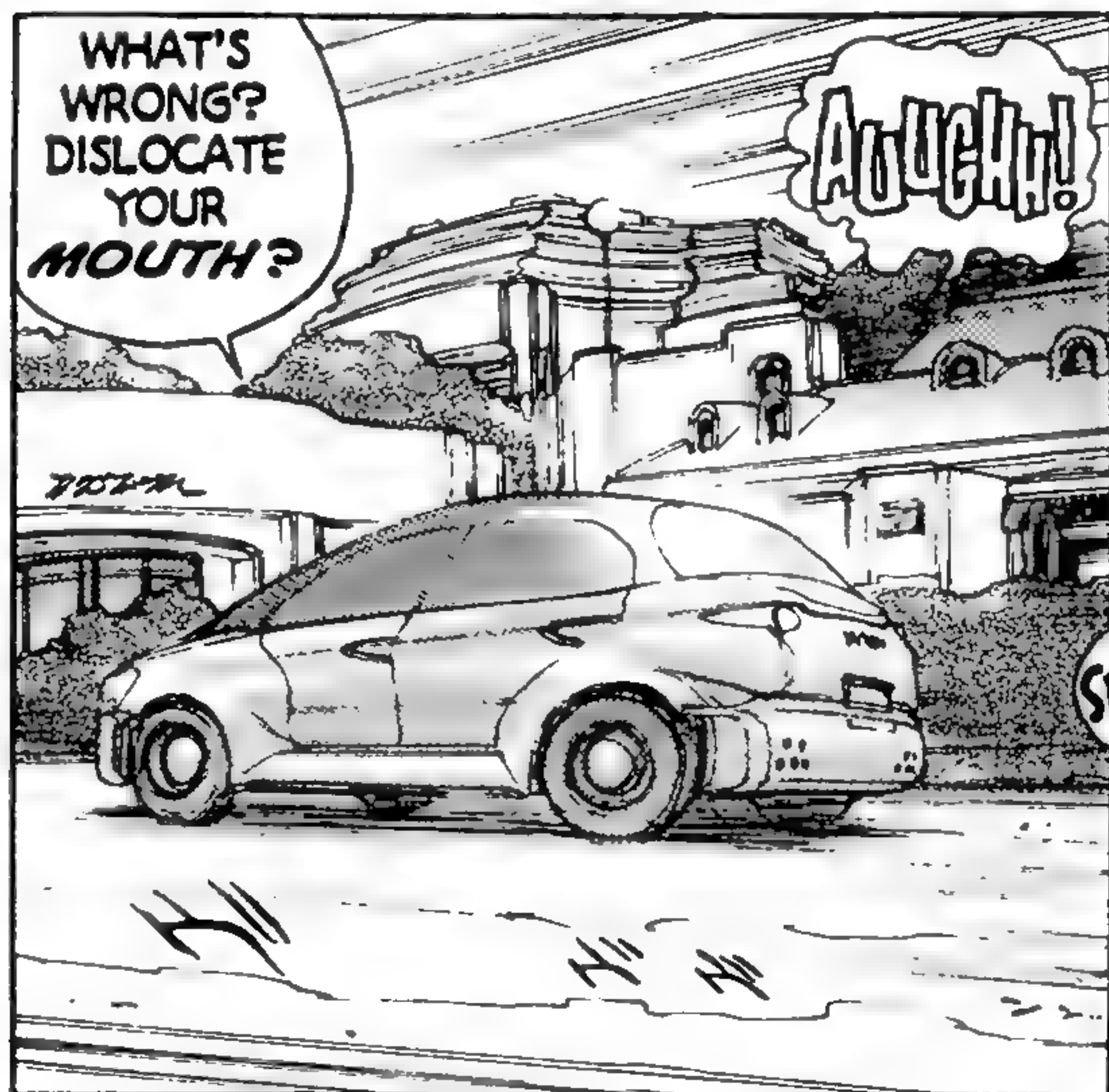


I'M FINE. PIG OUT TO YOUR HEART'S CONTENT.

SHEESH, WHAT A KID.

ASK NICE AND MAYBE YOU CAN HAVE A BITE.

BEHOLD! THEIR SUPER-FANTASTIC **PEACH CREPE SPECIAL!**



WHAT'S WRONG? DISLOCATE YOUR MOUTH?

**AUGH!**

**SPLAT**

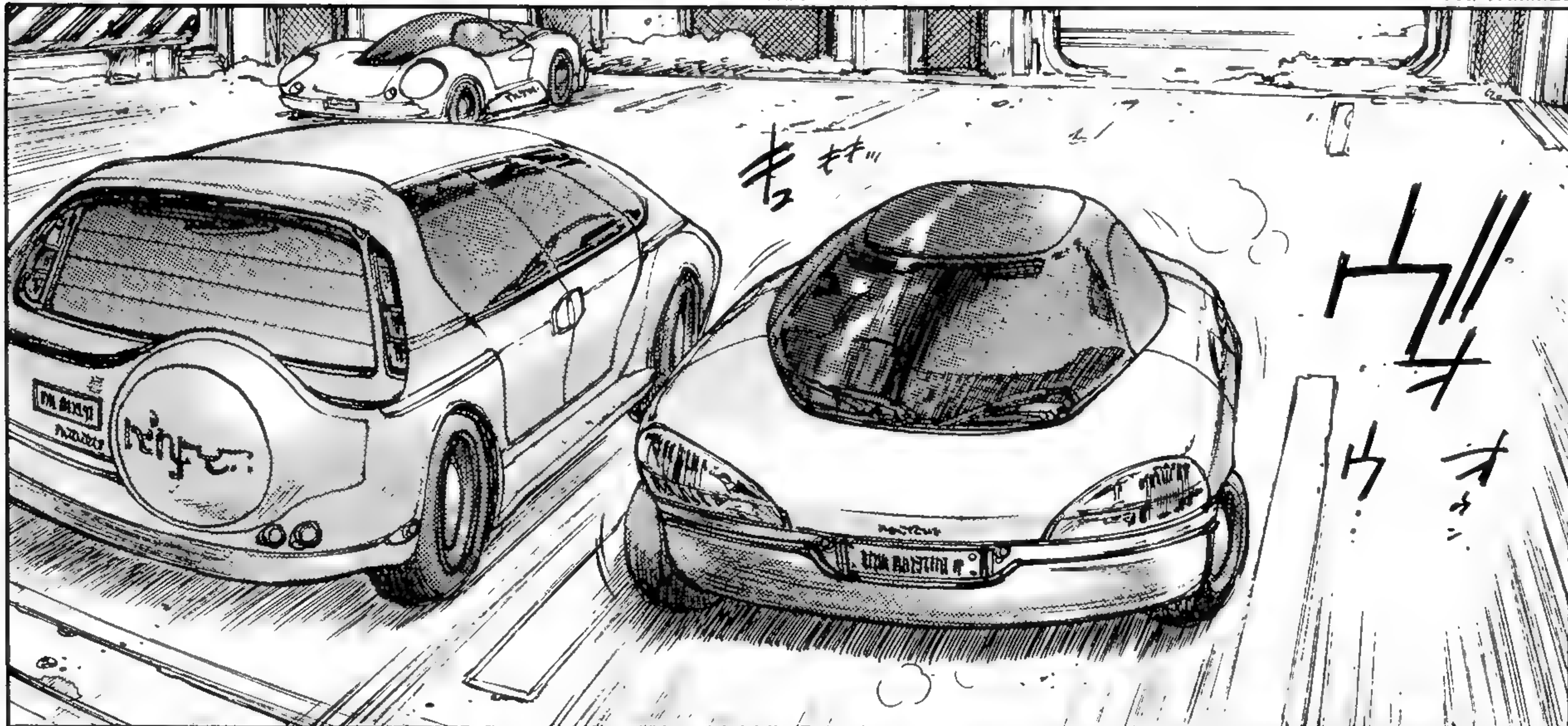


AH?!

AW, JUST KIDDING. I'LL GIVE YOU HALF IF YOU--

**SHRIK**





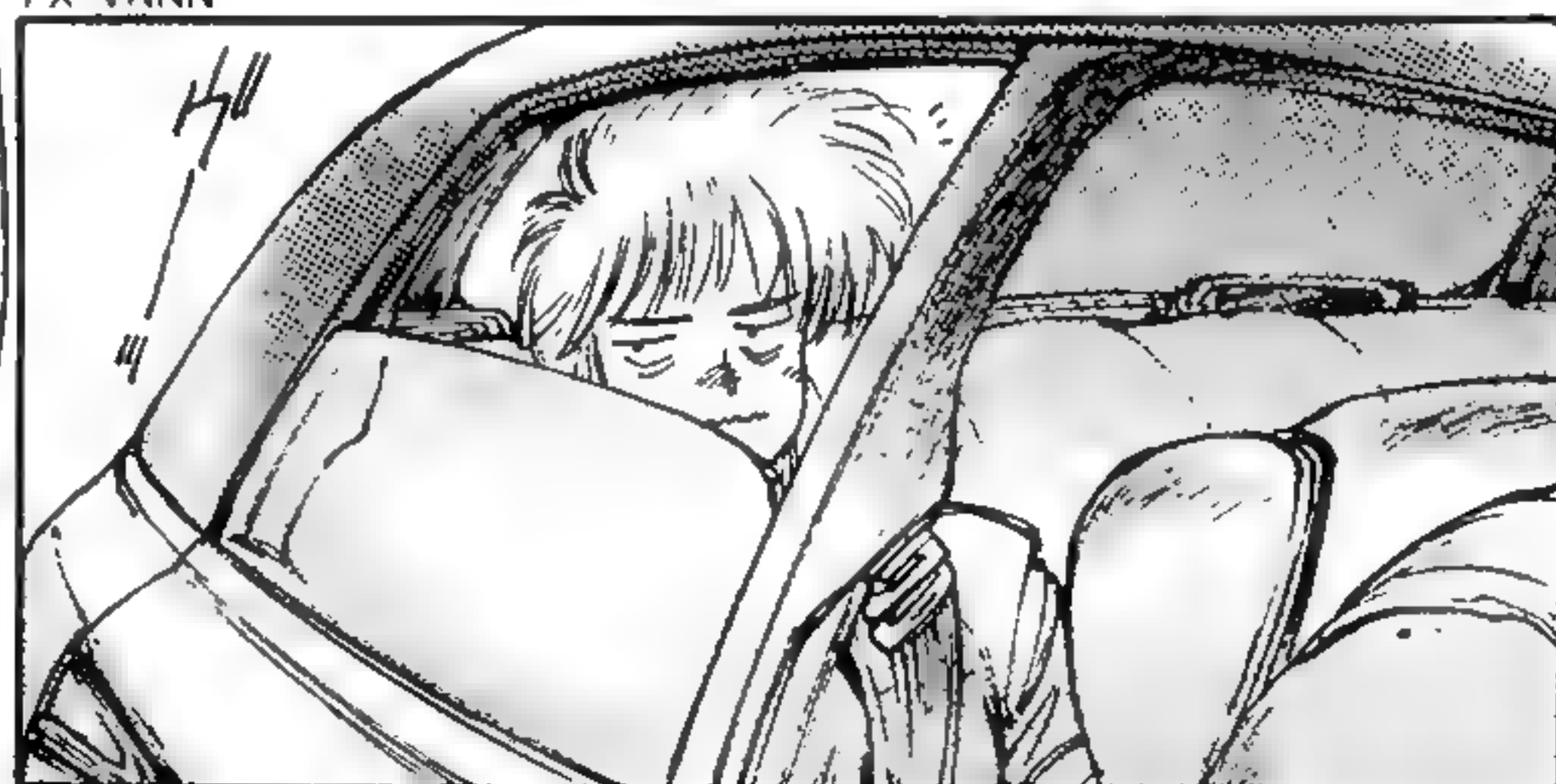
\*FX SHMP

\*FX VNNN

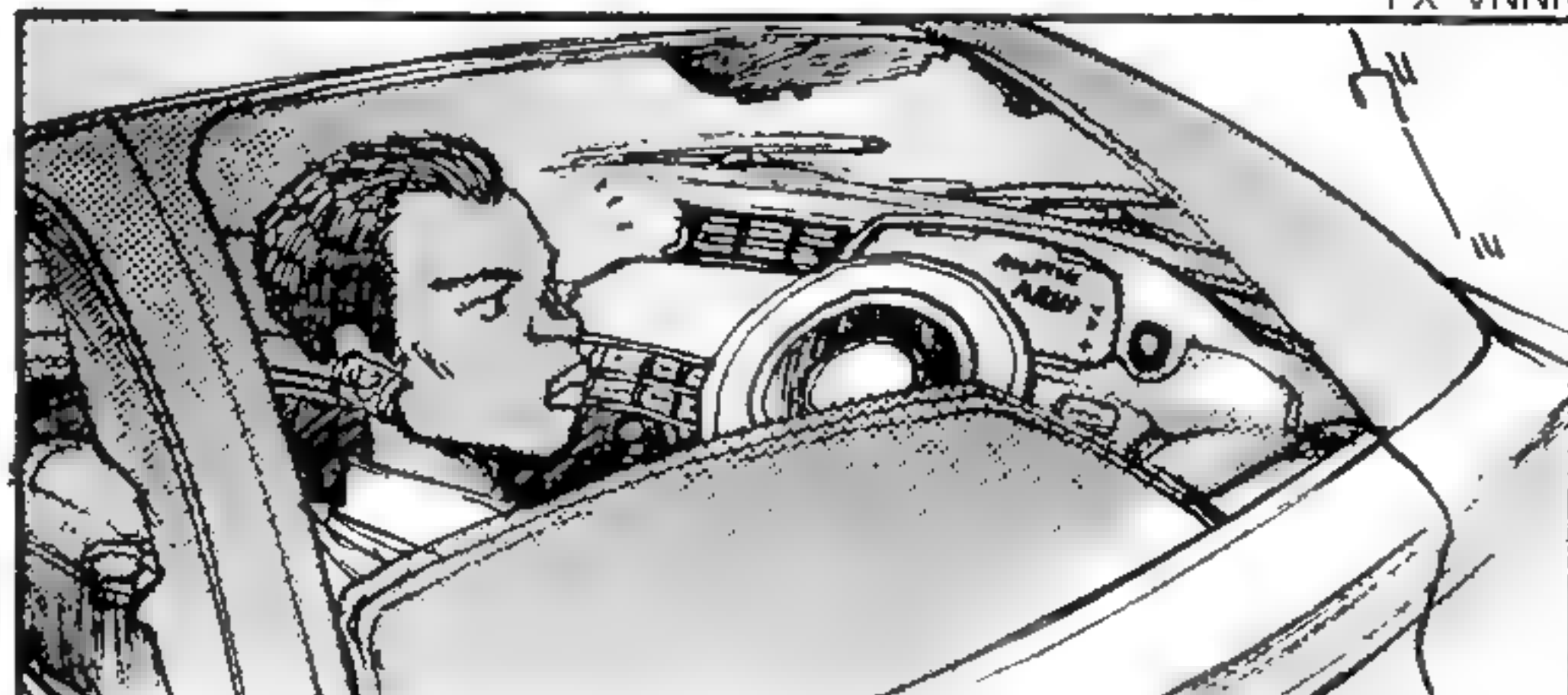


YEAH.  
PRETTY  
MUCH.

REMEMBER  
THE  
FRENCH  
EMBASSY  
AFFAIR?



\*FX VNNN



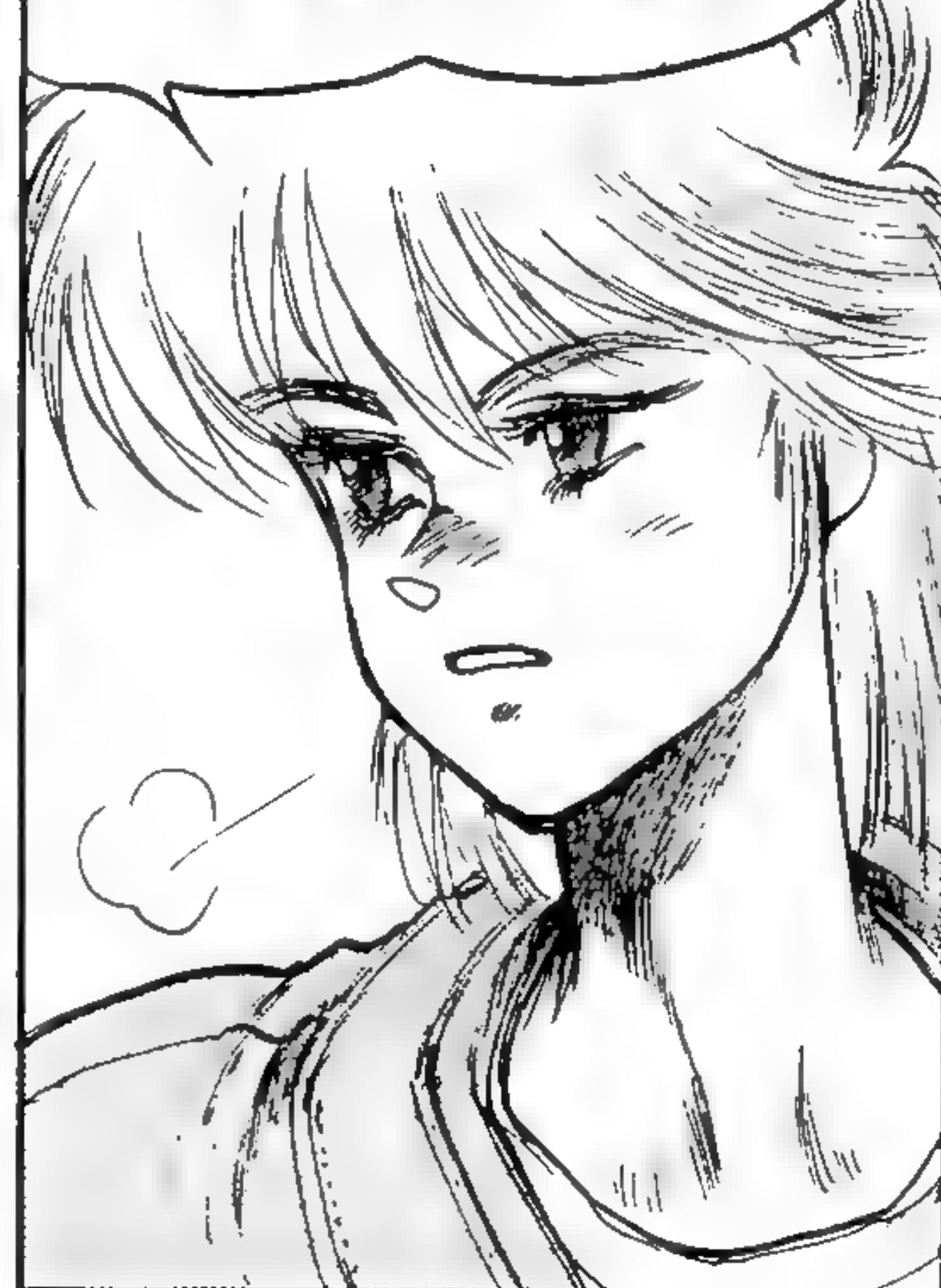
I DIDN'T  
KNOW YOU  
WERE ON *VIP*  
DETAIL FOR  
THE ISLAMIC  
FED CON.

THANKS.  
HOW *KIND*  
OF YOU.

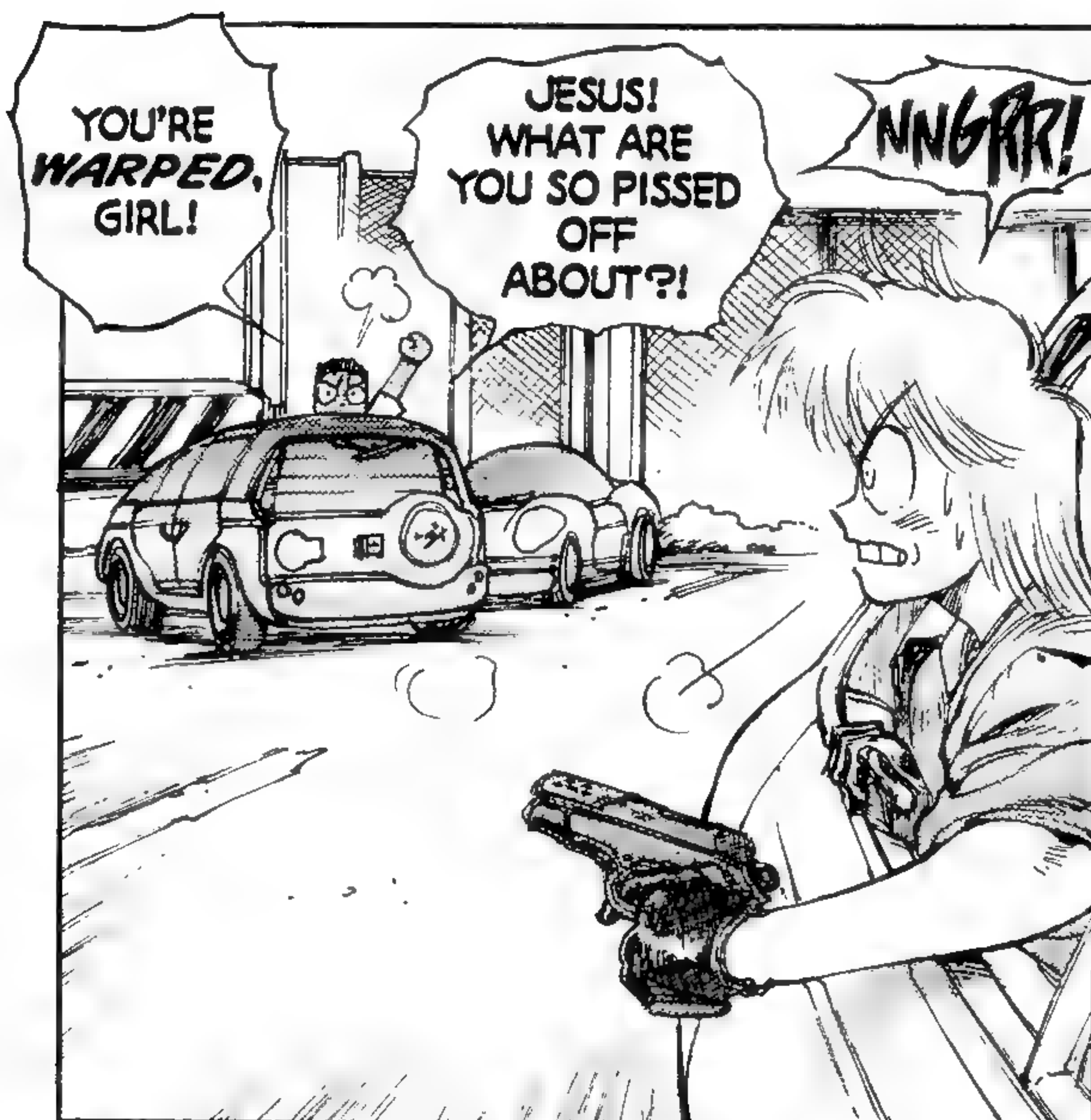
DIDN'T WANT  
EAVESDROP-  
PING. AND  
WE WERE IN  
THE AREA.

YOU DRAGGED ME  
OUT HERE FOR  
*THAT*? IS YOUR  
*HANDCOMP*  
BROKEN?

WE'VE GOT A BODY ON  
A WEAPONS SMUGGLING  
CASE, A MUNMA BELIEVER  
LINKED TO THE ATTACK.  
THE WEAPONS SANK WITH  
HER SHIP. WE THOUGHT  
YOU SHOULD KNOW.







YOU'RE **WARPED**, GIRL!

JESUS! WHAT ARE YOU SO **PISSED** OFF ABOUT?!

**NNRR!**

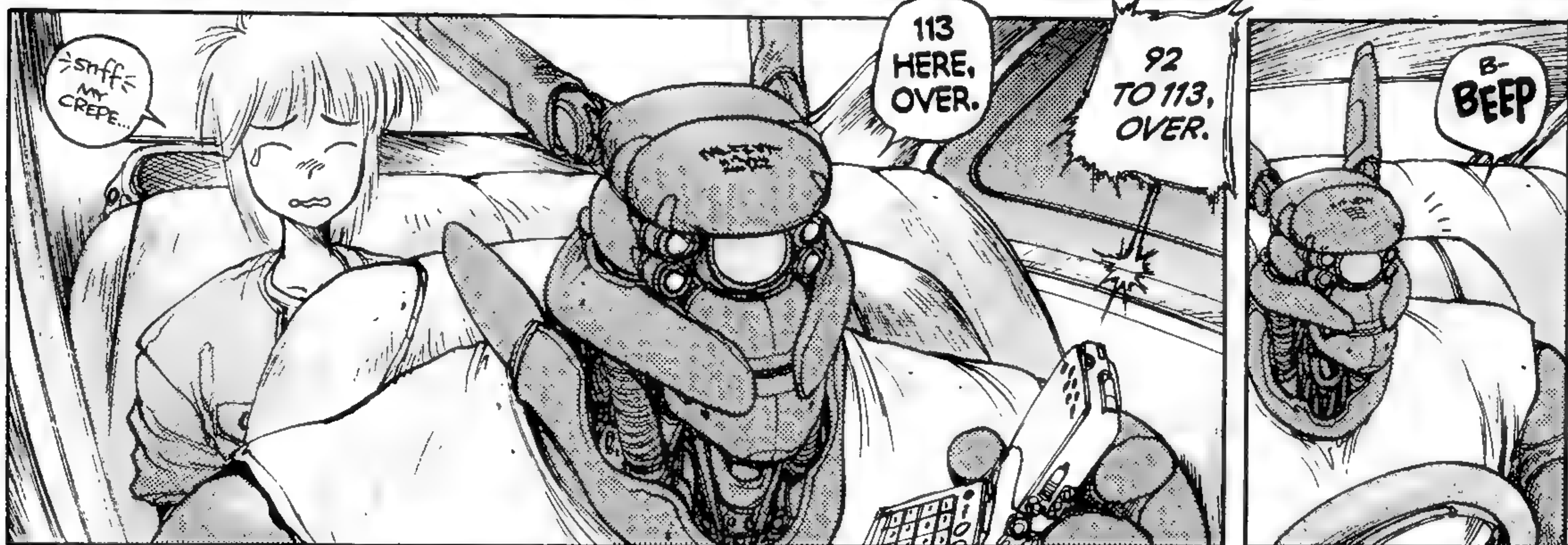


TRY EATING MORE **FRUIT**. THAT SHOP OVER THERE HAS GREAT PRODUCE, RIGHT OFF THE TREE.

YOU KNOW... YOU DON'T LOOK SO HOT, DEUNAN. YOU GETTING YOUR **VITAMINS**?



HA HA HA HA...

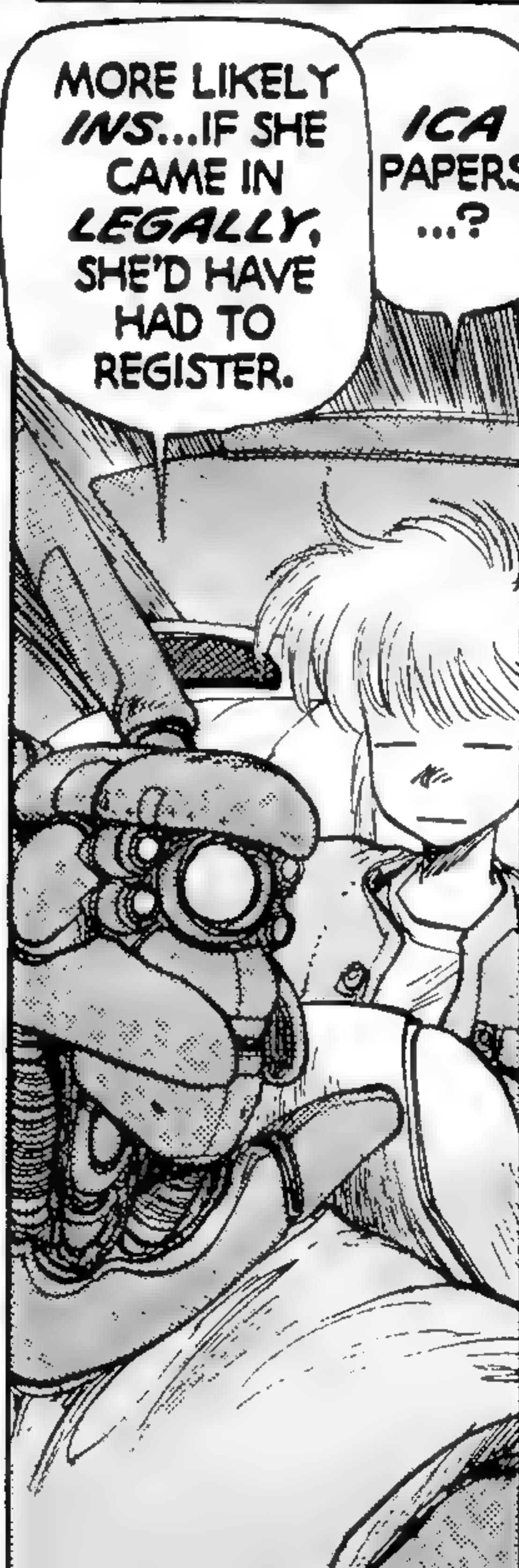


STUFF MY CREPE...

113 HERE, OVER.

92 TO 113, OVER.

B-BEEP



MORE LIKELY **INS**...IF SHE CAME IN **LEGALLY**, SHE'D HAVE HAD TO REGISTER.

**ICA** PAPERS ...?



THAT'S ABOUT IT.

\*KSSHH SKSSH

ROGER, 92.

FORWARD-ING HER OFFICIAL IDENTITY.

ICA: International Cyborg Association.  
INS is the Immigration and Naturalization Service.





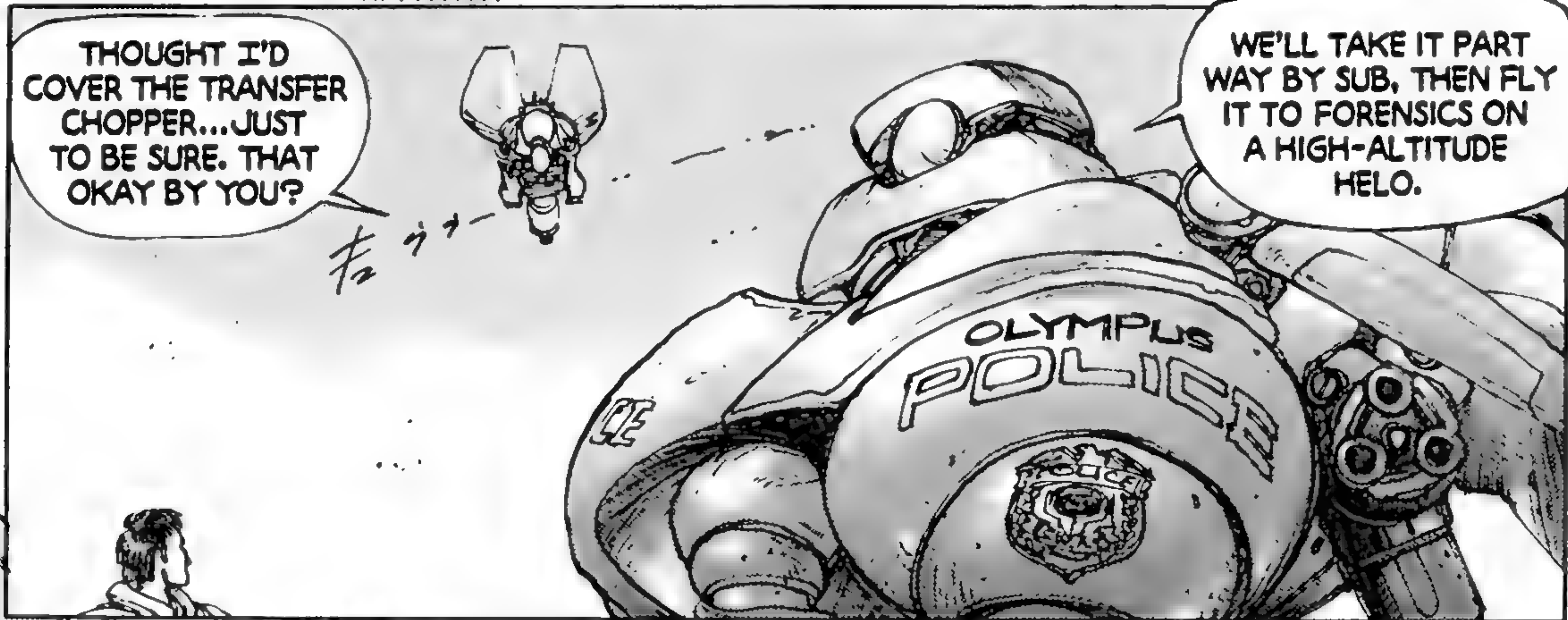
THE SAND'S A BITCH, BUT I THINK WE FOUND IT ALL. I LEFT THE SUNKEN STUFF TO OLYMPUS POLICE.

WE'VE COLLECTED ALL THE GEAR THEY TOOK OFF BOARD.



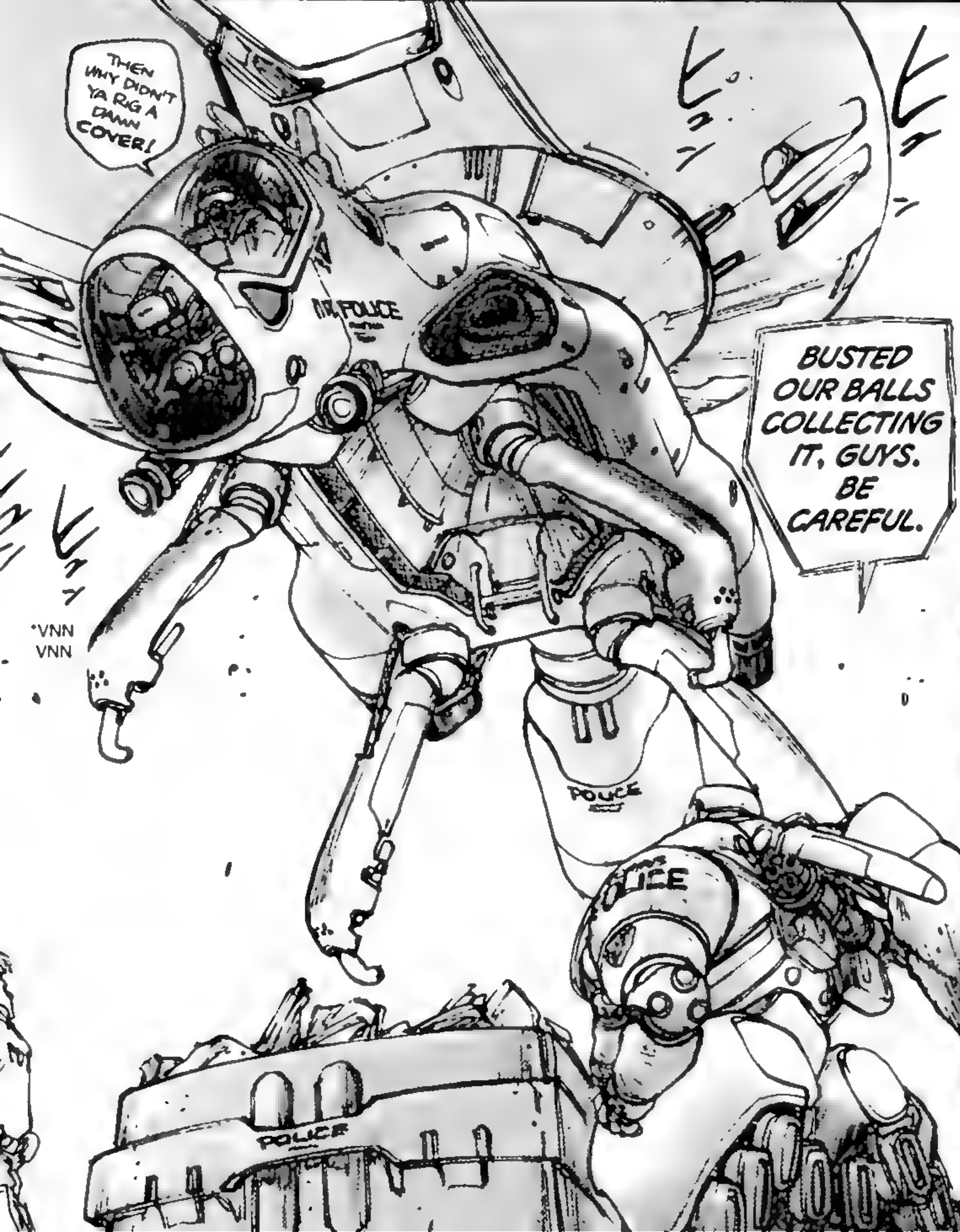
92, HOW'S THE WEAPONS RECOVERY GOING?

\*FX VNNNNNNN



THOUGHT I'D COVER THE TRANSFER CHOPPER...JUST TO BE SURE. THAT OKAY BY YOU?

WE'LL TAKE IT PART WAY BY SUB, THEN FLY IT TO FORENSICS ON A HIGH-ALTITUDE HELO.



THEN WHY DIDN'T YA RIG A DAMN COVER!

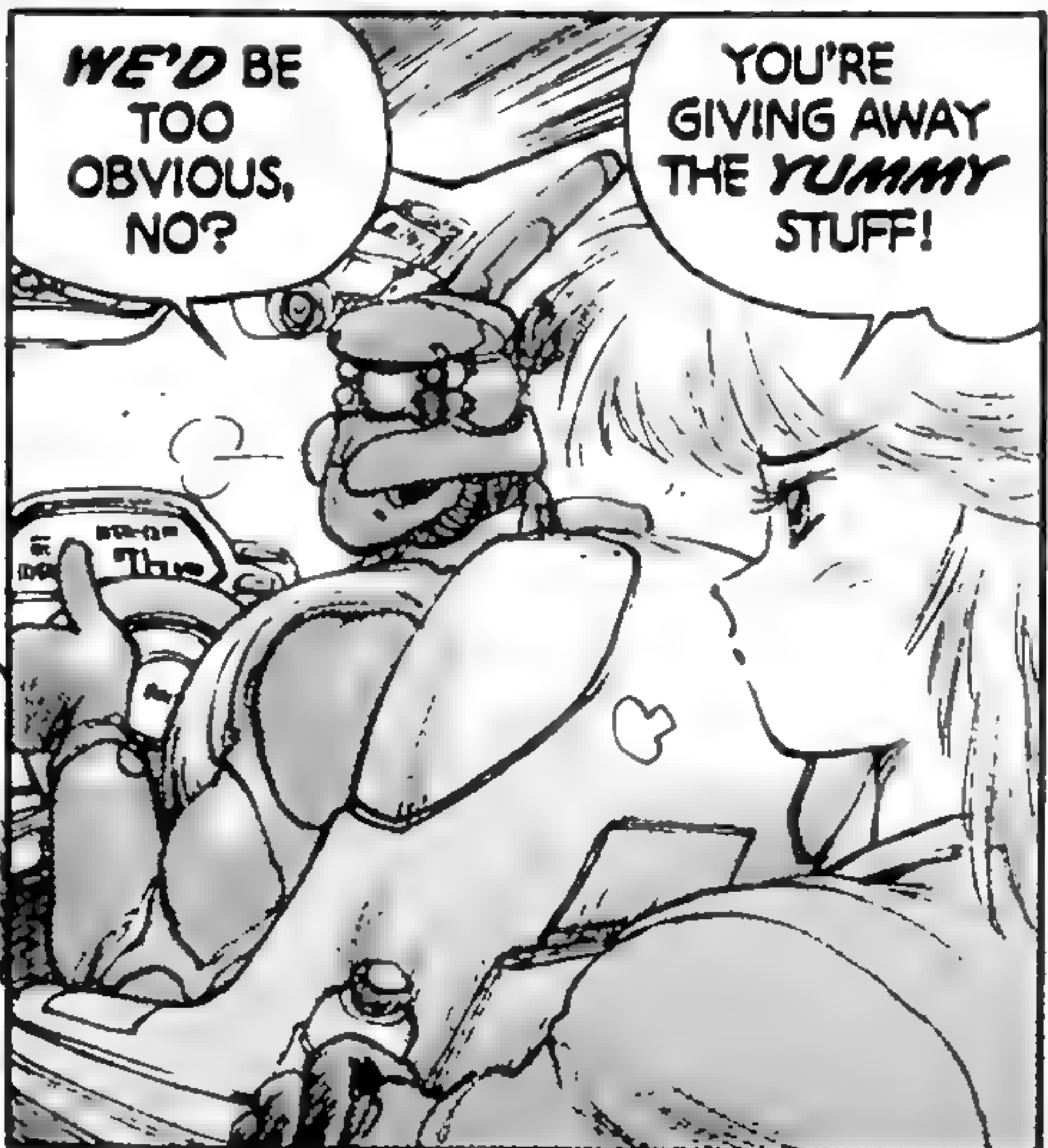
BUSTED OUR BALLS COLLECTING IT, GUYS. BE CAREFUL.

\*VNN VNN



WE'LL FOLLOW THE RELIGIOUS AND POSEIDON LEADS. THANKS, 92.

CAN YOU RUN DOWN HER BACK-GROUND INSTEAD?



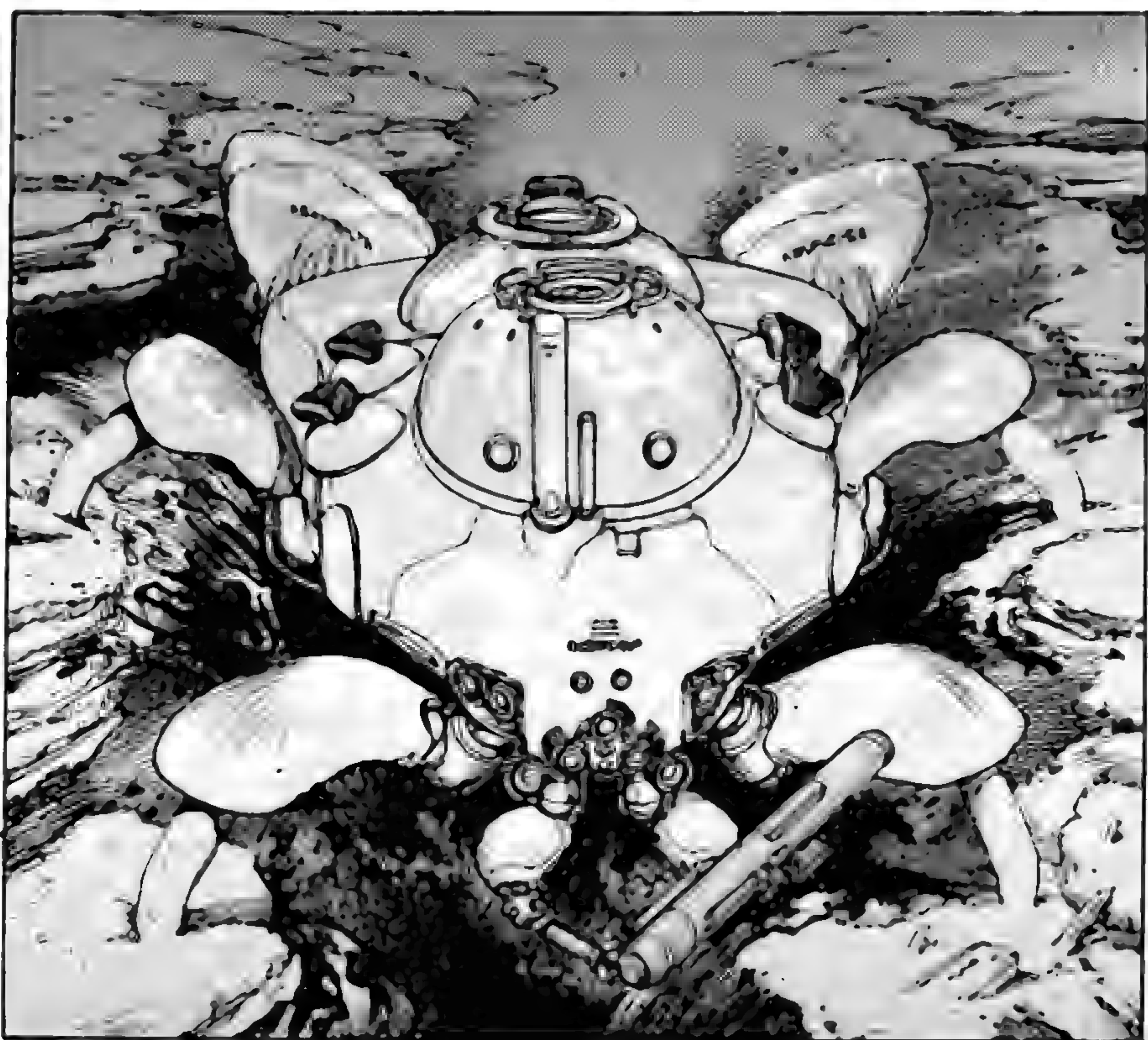
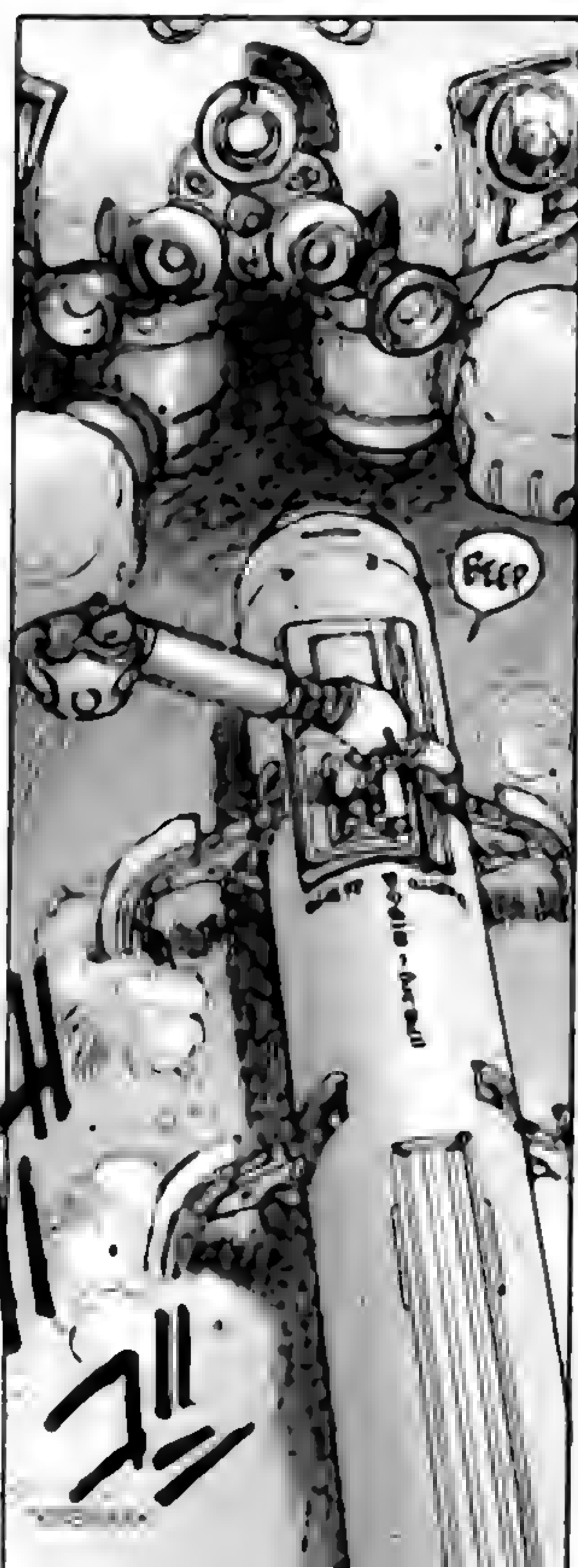
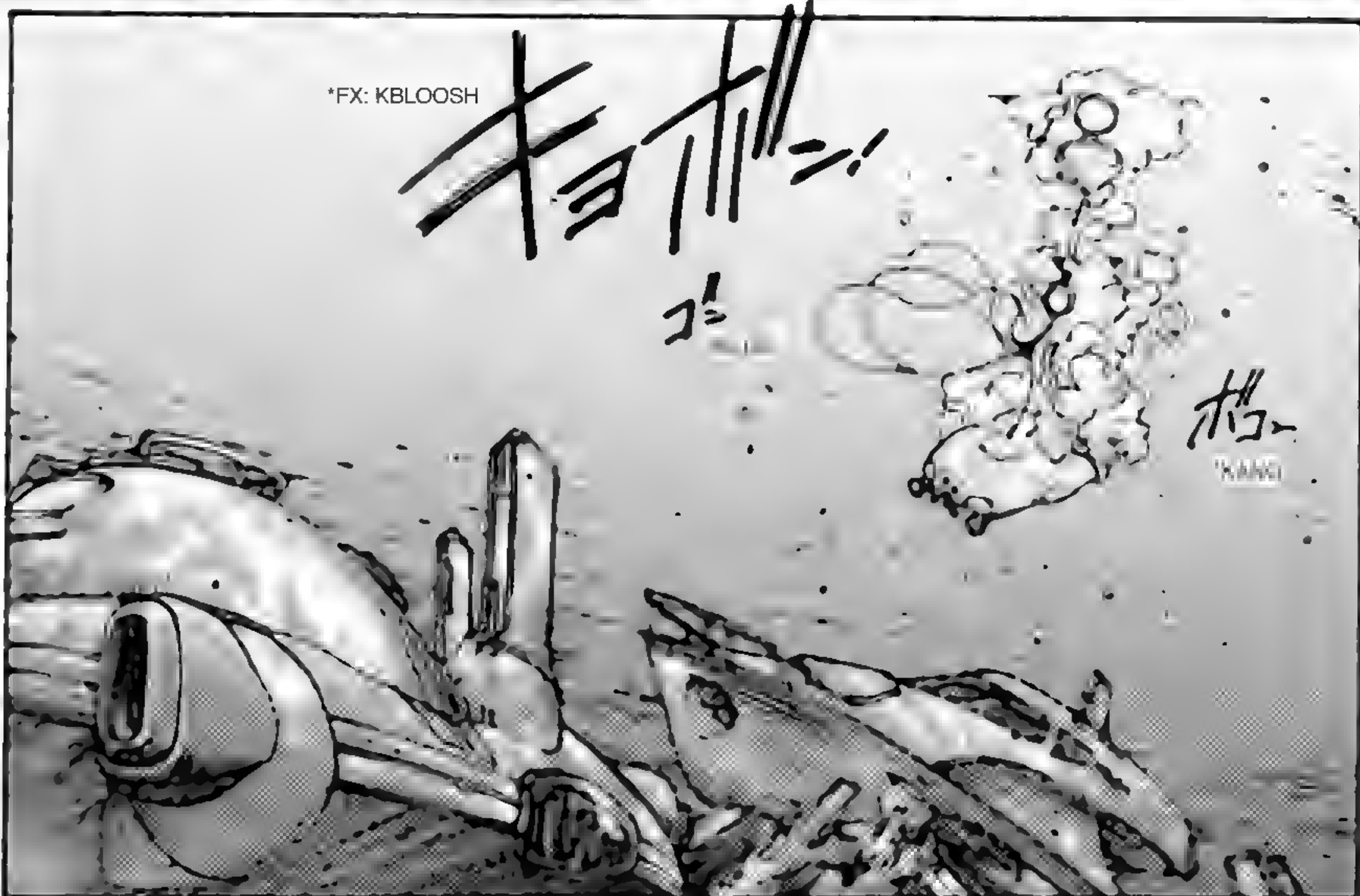
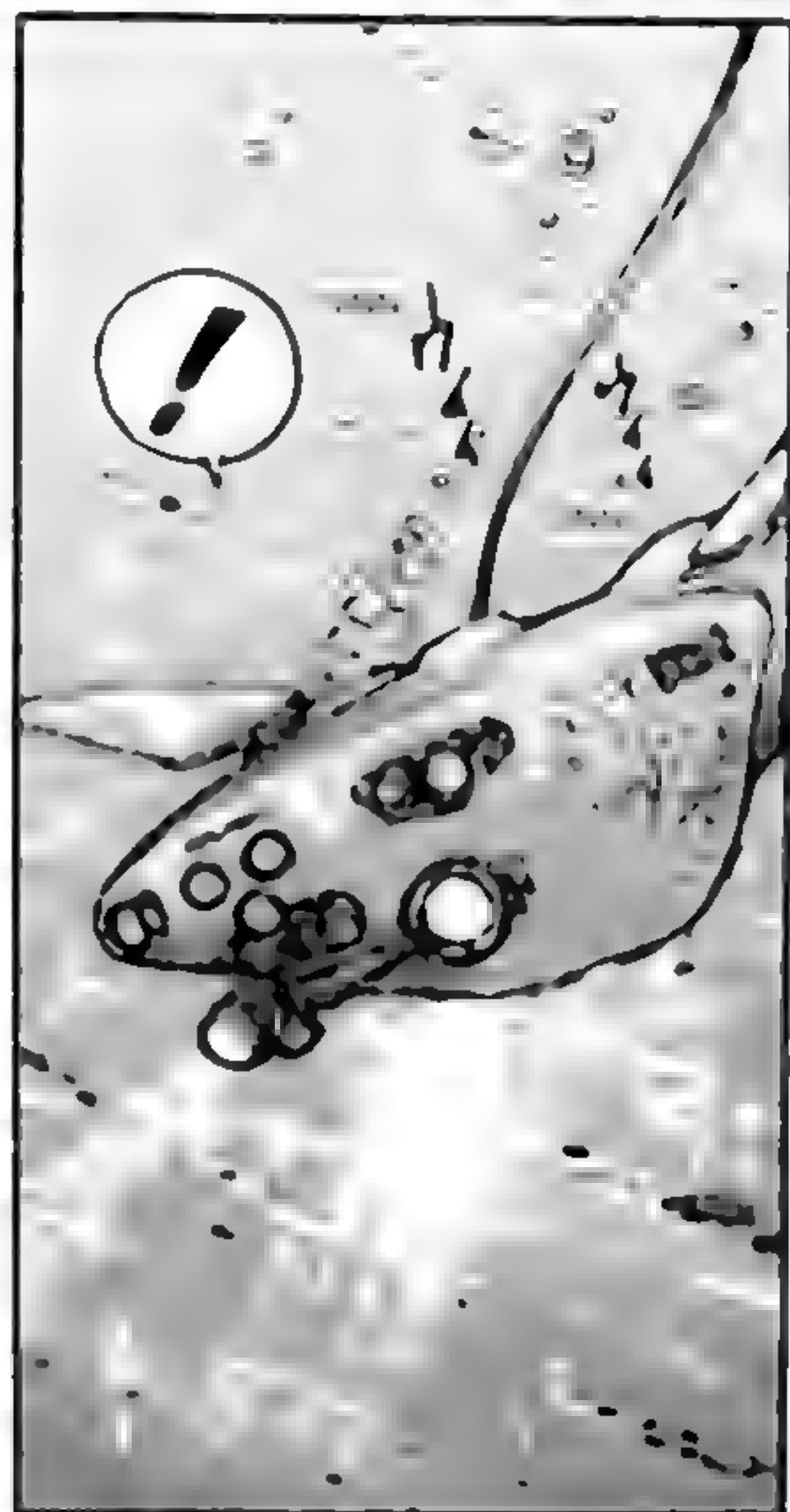
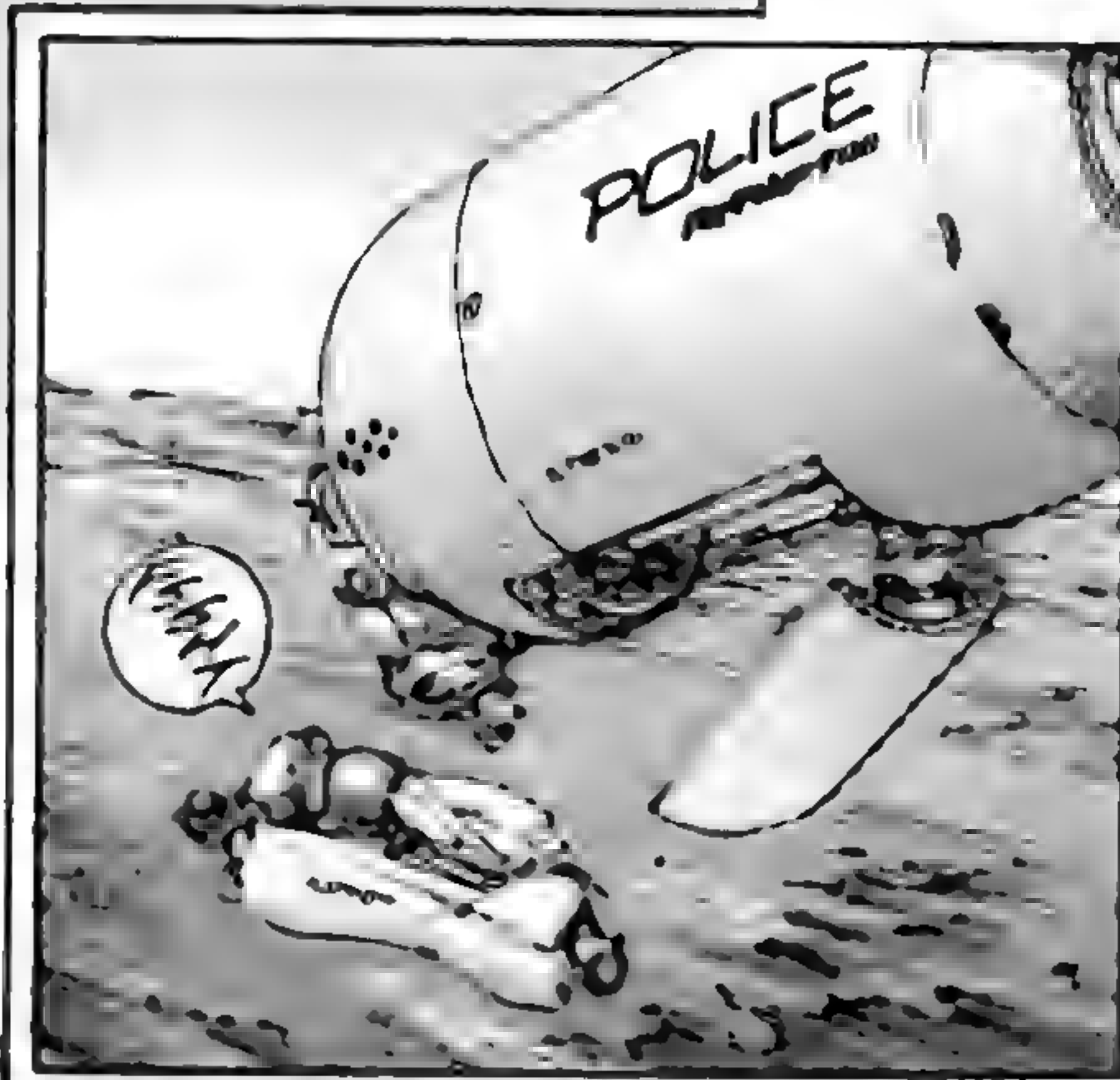
WE'D BE TOO OBVIOUS, NO?

YOU'RE GIVING AWAY THE YUMMY STUFF!



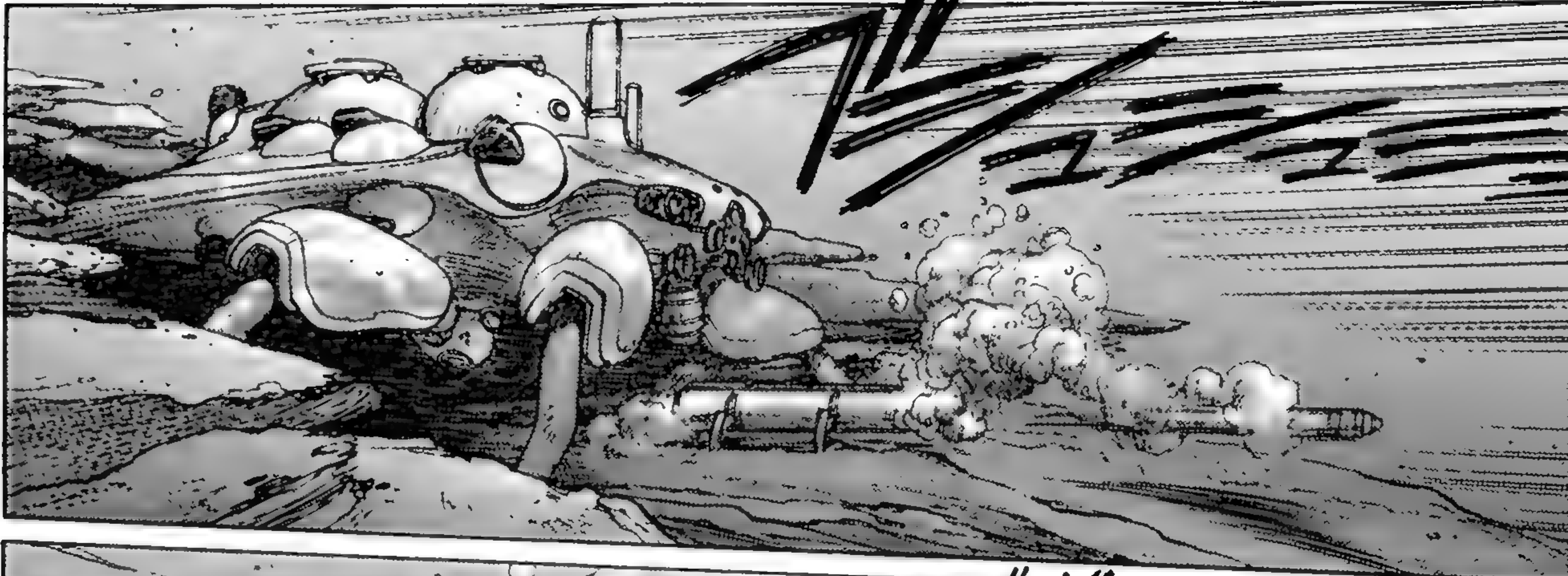








\*FX: KSSHAKK

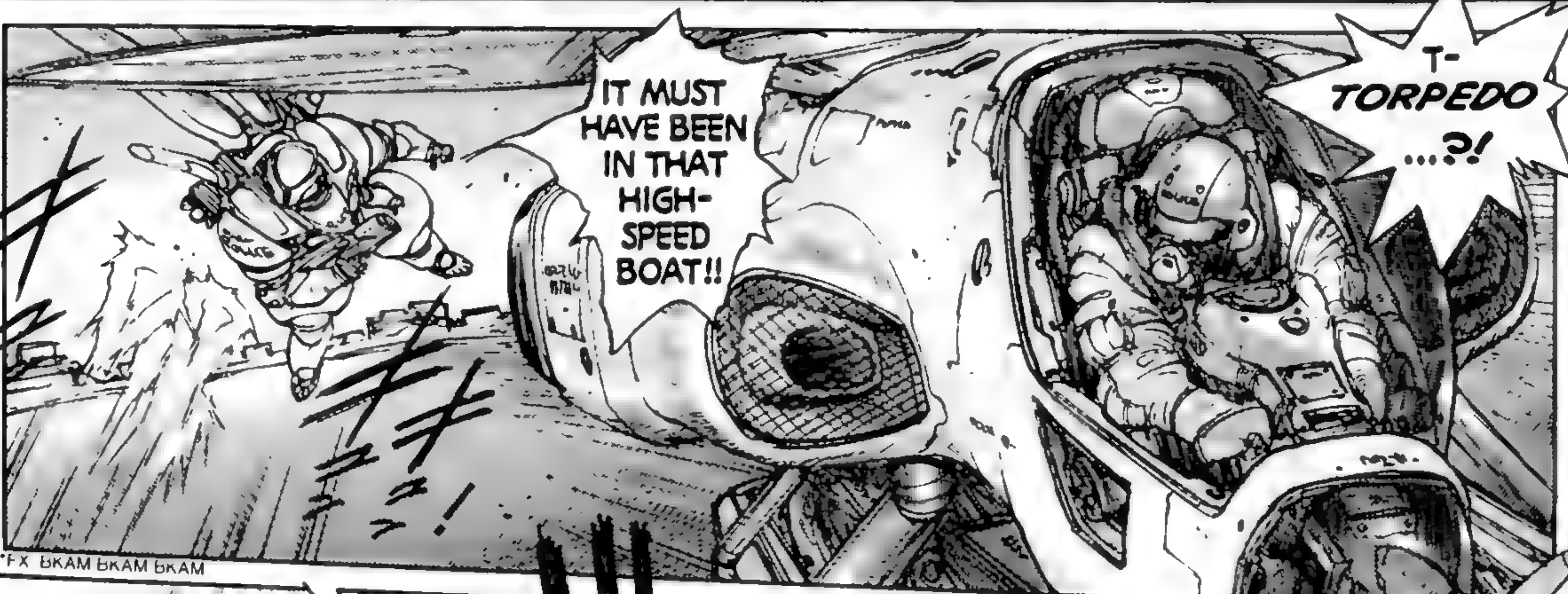


\*RI RRB RLB



IT MUST  
HAVE BEEN  
IN THAT  
HIGH-  
SPEED  
BOAT!!

T-  
TORPEDO  
...?!



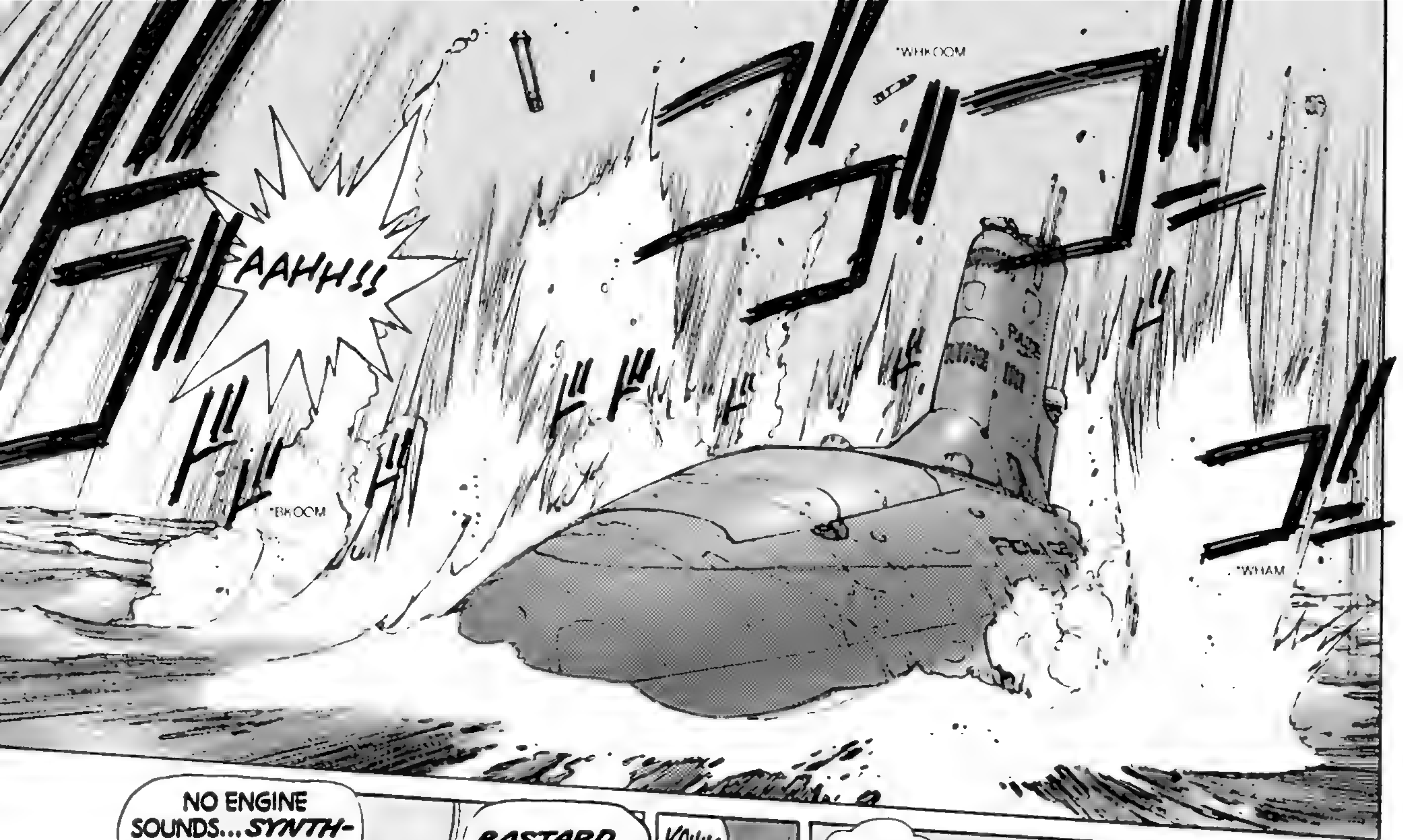
\*FX BKAM BKAM BKAM



\*BOF

\*FWHAM  
WHRAM  
WHRAM  
WHRAM





NO ENGINE  
SOUNDS... **SYNTH-  
MUSCLES?**  
OR JUST LYING  
LOW?

**BASTARD...**  
WHERE'D YOU  
GO...?!

KCHIK

DRAW  
NO  
HANDGRIPS!

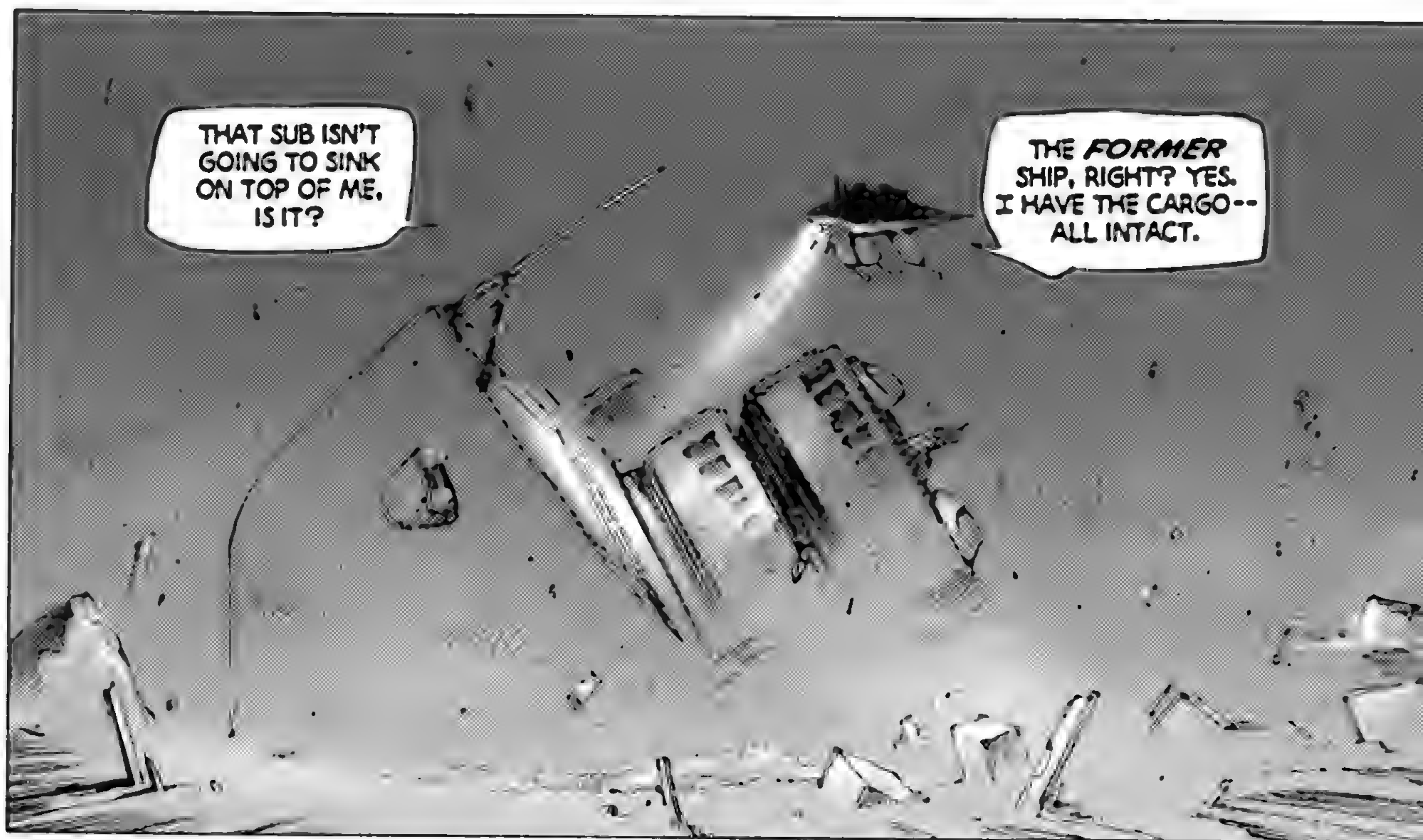
REACH  
THE SHIP  
YET?

**ENYO.**  
HOW'RE  
YOU  
DOING?

THAT'LL  
BUY US  
TIME UNTIL  
THE POLICE  
SALVAGE  
SUB GETS  
HERE.

HMPH!





THAT SUB ISN'T  
GOING TO SINK  
ON TOP OF ME.  
IS IT?

THE *FORMER*  
SHIP, RIGHT? YES.  
I HAVE THE CARGO--  
ALL INTACT.

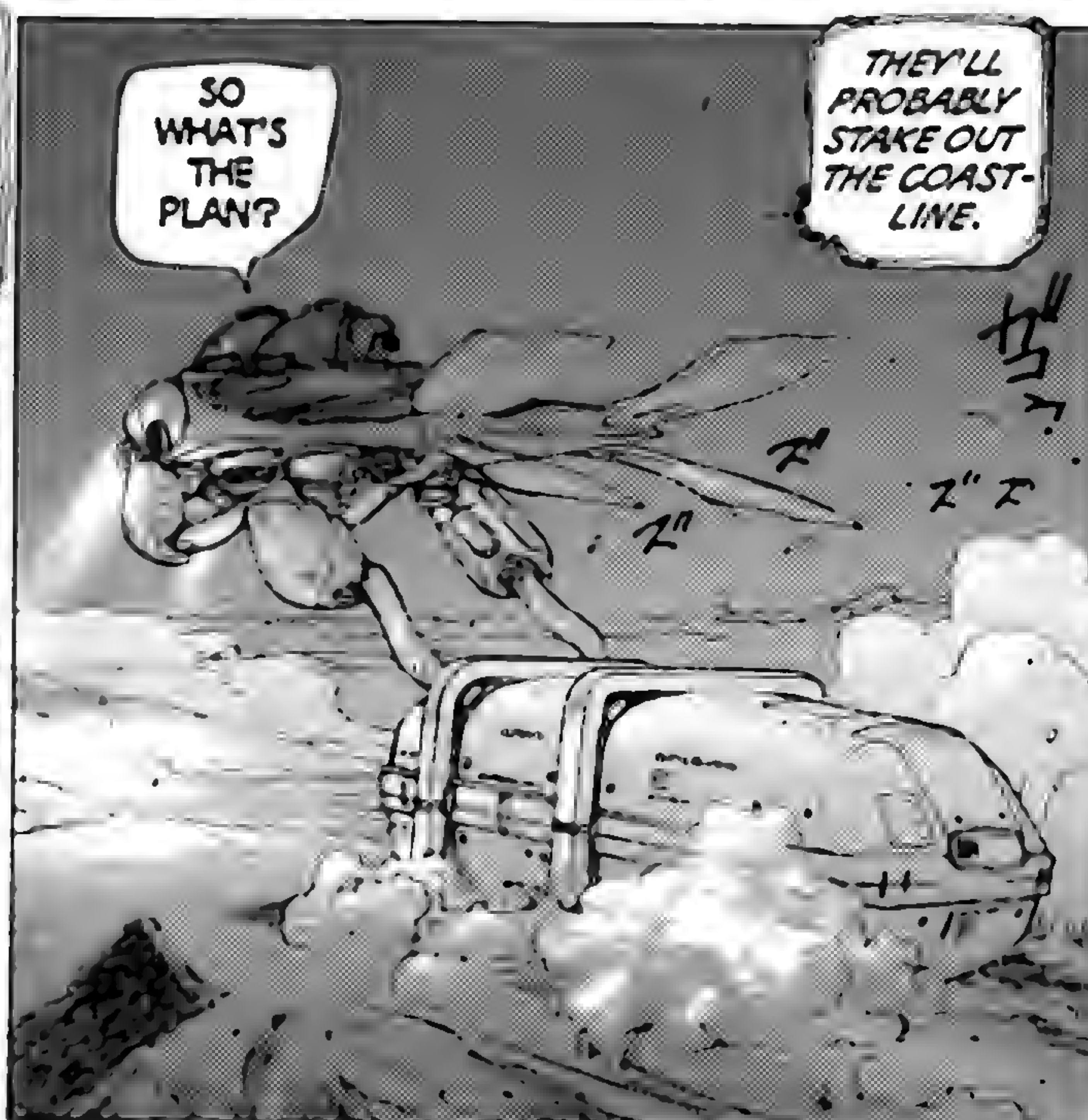


AND THOSE  
POLICE HARD-  
SHELLS...  
NO ONE  
FOLLOWED  
YOU?

NO, THEY'LL BE  
TRYING TO BEACH  
THEMSELVES  
ABOUT NOW.



THE MORE TIME  
GOES BY, THE WIDER  
THEY'LL SPREAD THEIR  
NET. WE WAIT IN THE  
SHALLOWS UNTIL NIGHT-  
FALL, AND GO ASHORE  
WHEN THEY'RE OVER-  
STRETCHED.



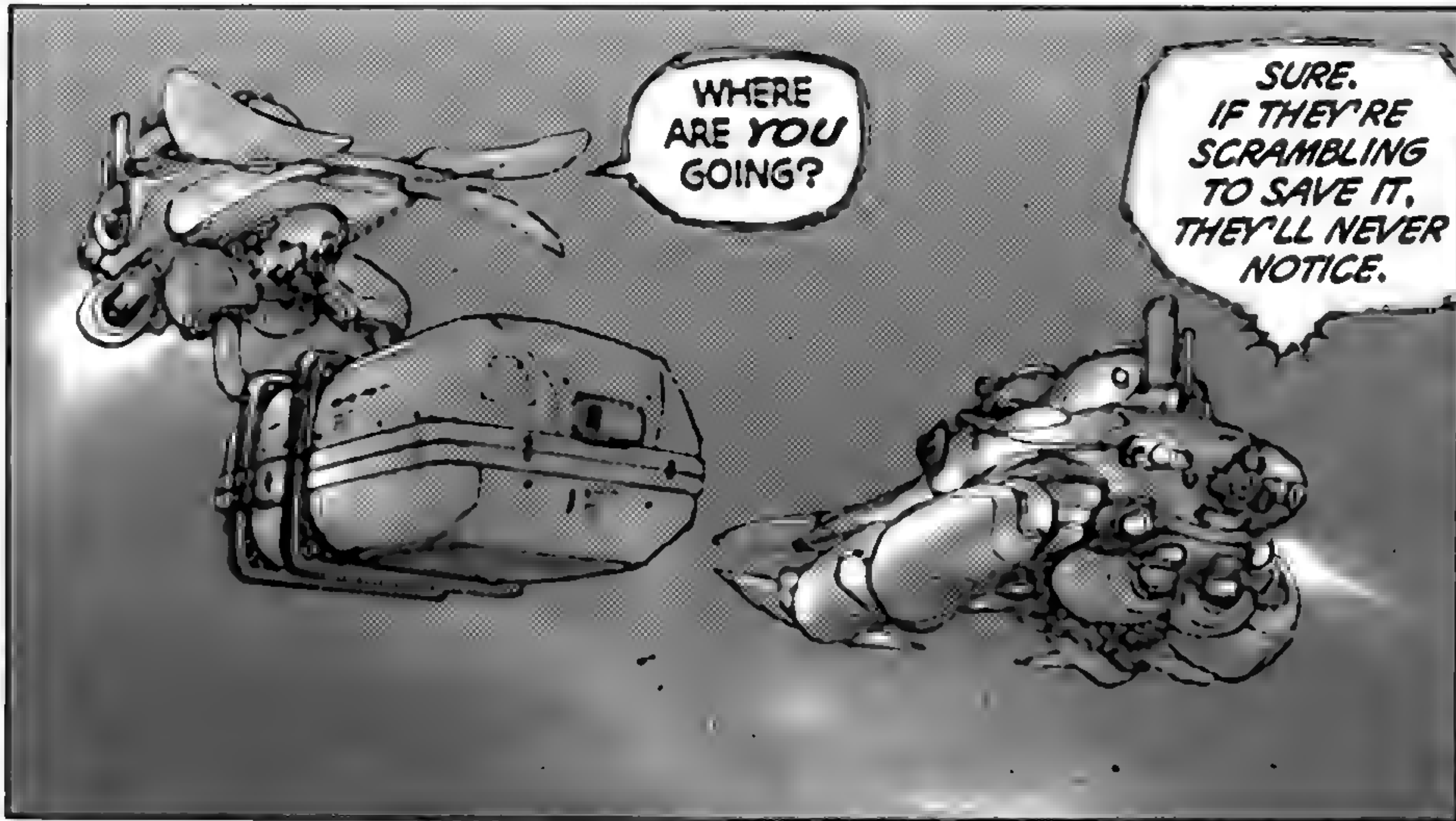
SO  
WHAT'S  
THE  
PLAN?

THEY'LL  
PROBABLY  
STAKE OUT  
THE COAST-  
LINE.



NOTHING  
SO FAR.





WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

SURE. IF THEY'RE SCRAMBLING TO SAVE IT, THEY'LL NEVER NOTICE.



RIGHT PAST THE SUB-MARINE...?



BUYS TIME, LOWERS MORALE. TERROR TACTICS CAN SERIOUSLY IMPEDE AN INVESTIGATION.

LEAVING A LITTLE SOUVENIR... WITH A PHOTO-ELECTRIC TRIGGER.



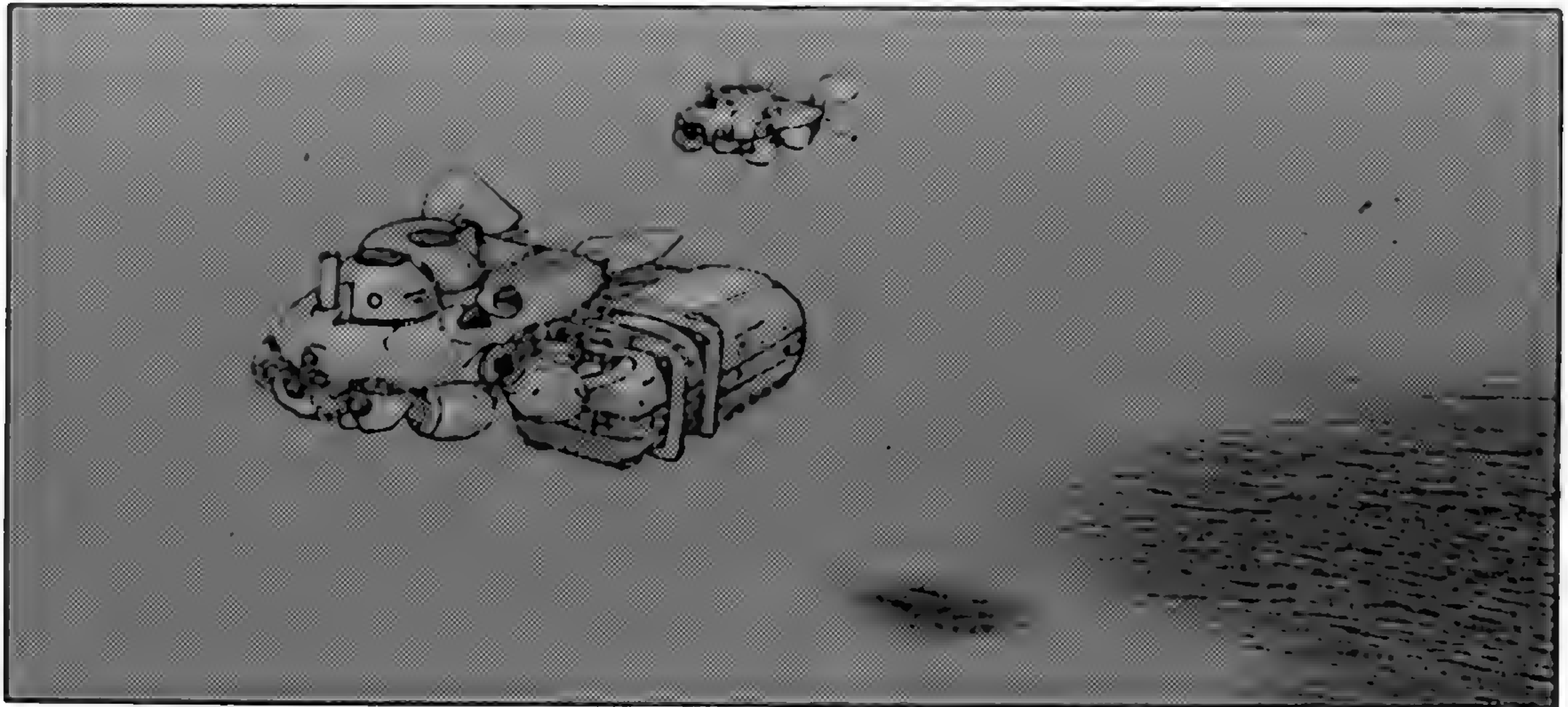
SHKK



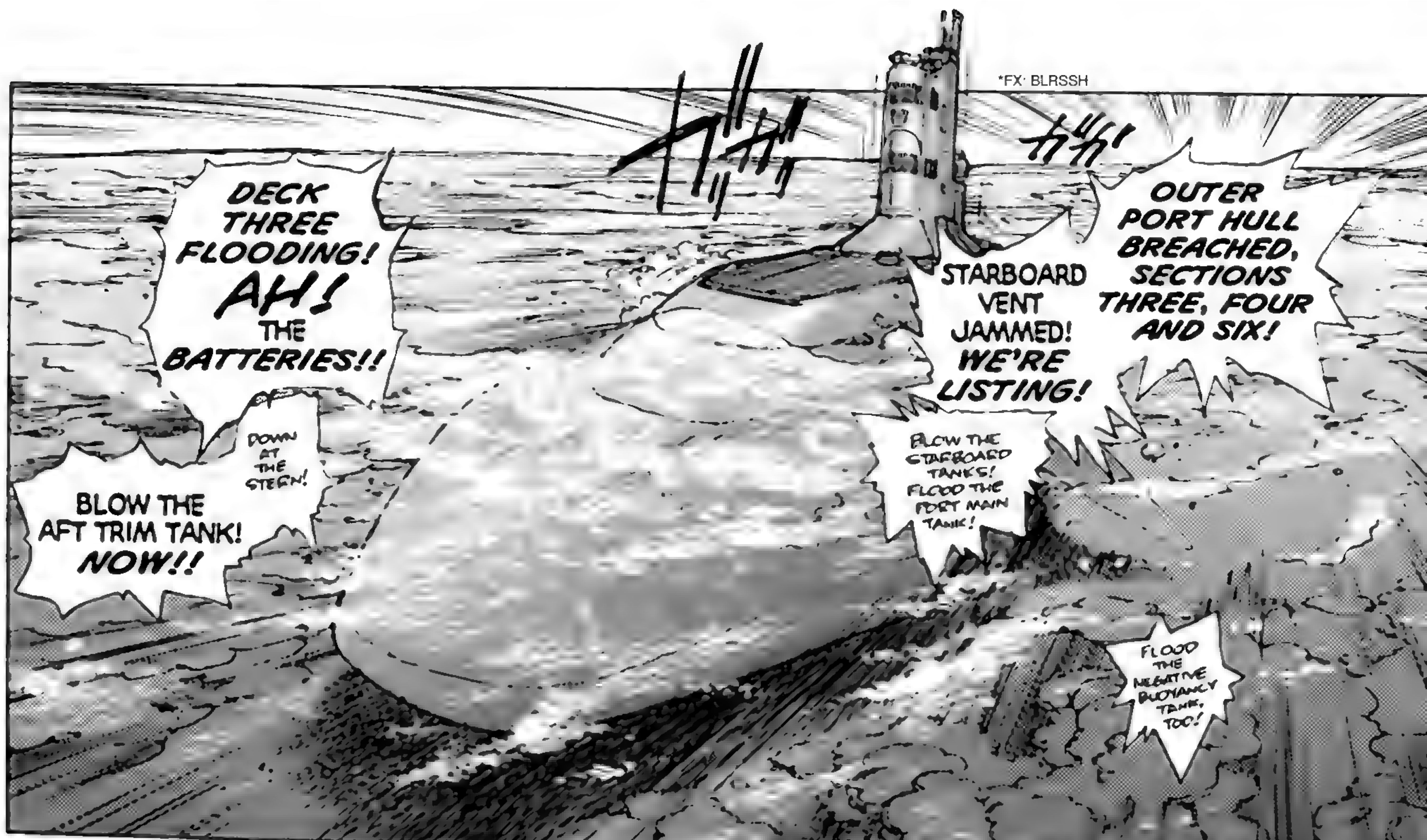
OKAY, NOW... LIGHTS OUT. THINK STEALTH.

KOYAK

IF ALL THE REST OF OUR SUPPLIES ARE IN PLACE, THIS'LL GO LIKE CLOCK-WORK.







\*FX: BLRSSH

DECK  
THREE  
FLOODING!  
**AH!**  
THE  
BATTERIES!!

OUTER  
PORT HULL  
BREACHED,  
SECTIONS  
THREE, FOUR  
AND SIX!

STARBOARD  
VENT  
JAMMED!  
**WE'RE  
LISTING!**

BLOW THE  
STARBOARD  
TANKS!  
FLOOD THE  
PORT MAIN  
TANK!

BLOW THE  
AFT TRIM TANK!  
**NOW!!**

DOWN  
AT  
THE  
STERN!

FLOOD  
THE  
NEGATIVE  
BUOYANCY  
TANK,  
TOO!

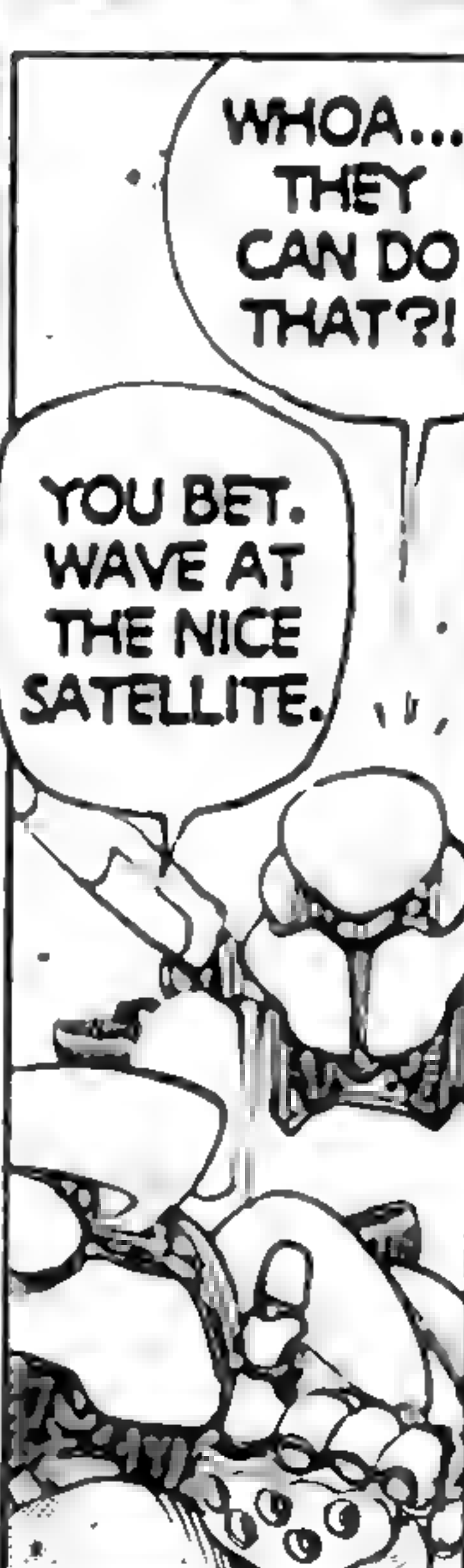


FORGIVE  
ME,  
DEEP  
CRITTERS.



WE  
NEED TWO  
**GIANT  
SQUID.**  
PRONTO!

**NINE-TRIPLE-  
ZERO TO THAT  
SUN-BATHING  
SUBMARINE.  
YOU WANT TO  
PLAY BEACH  
VOLLEYBALL  
OR WHAT?**



WHOA...  
THEY  
CAN DO  
THAT?!

YOU BET.  
WAVE AT  
THE NICE  
SATELLITE.

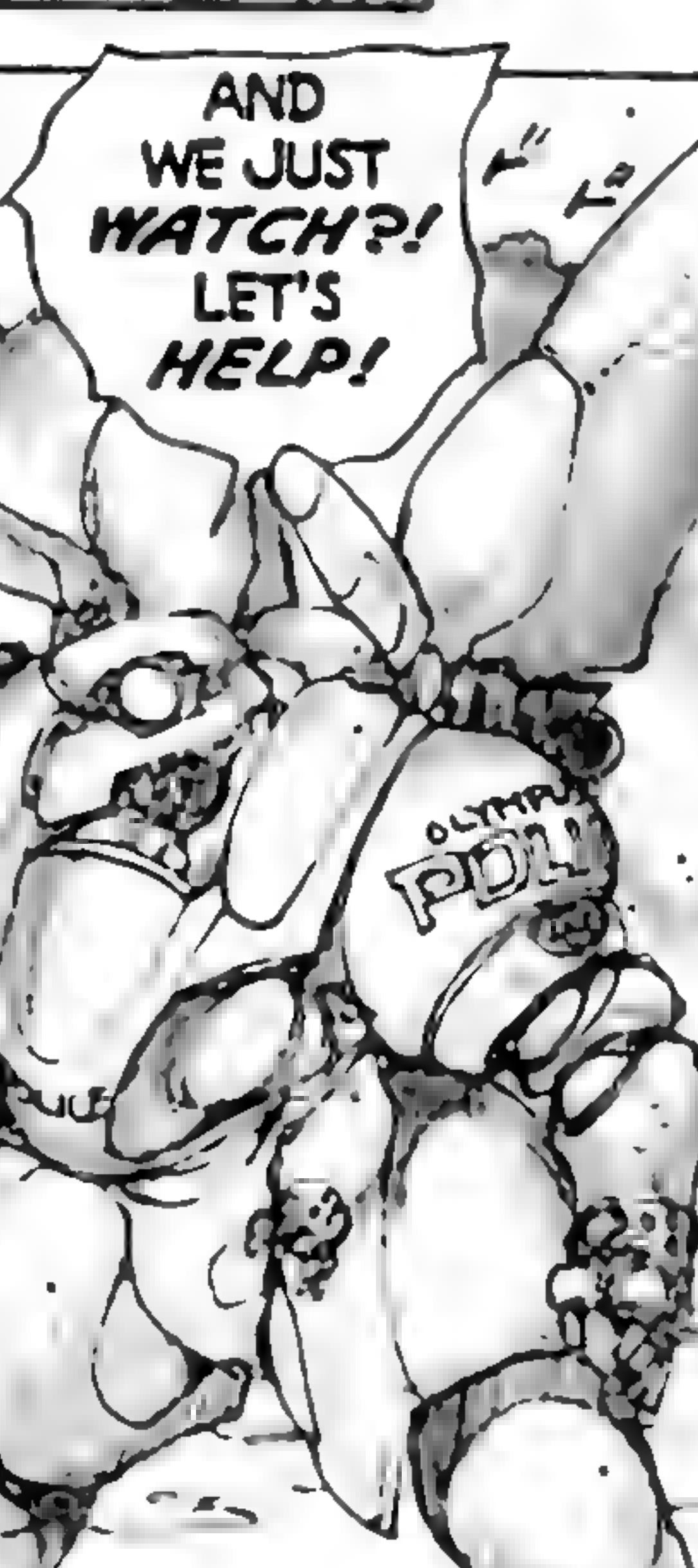


**ESWAT 92  
TO MARINE  
POLICE HEAD-  
QUARTERS,  
SECTION  
NINE-TRIPLE-  
ZERO!**

PLEASE  
HOLD.



**COOL  
IT!**

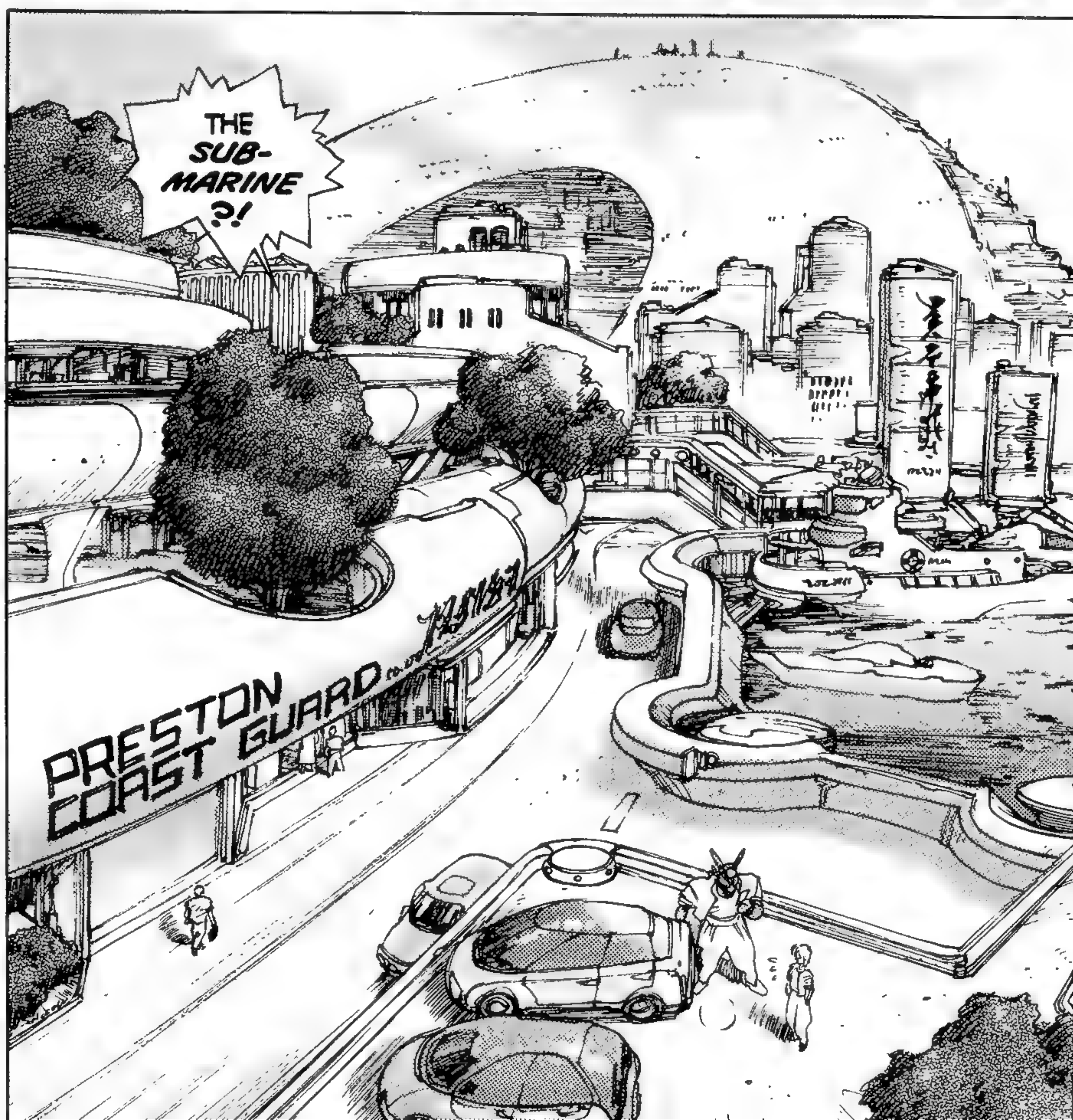
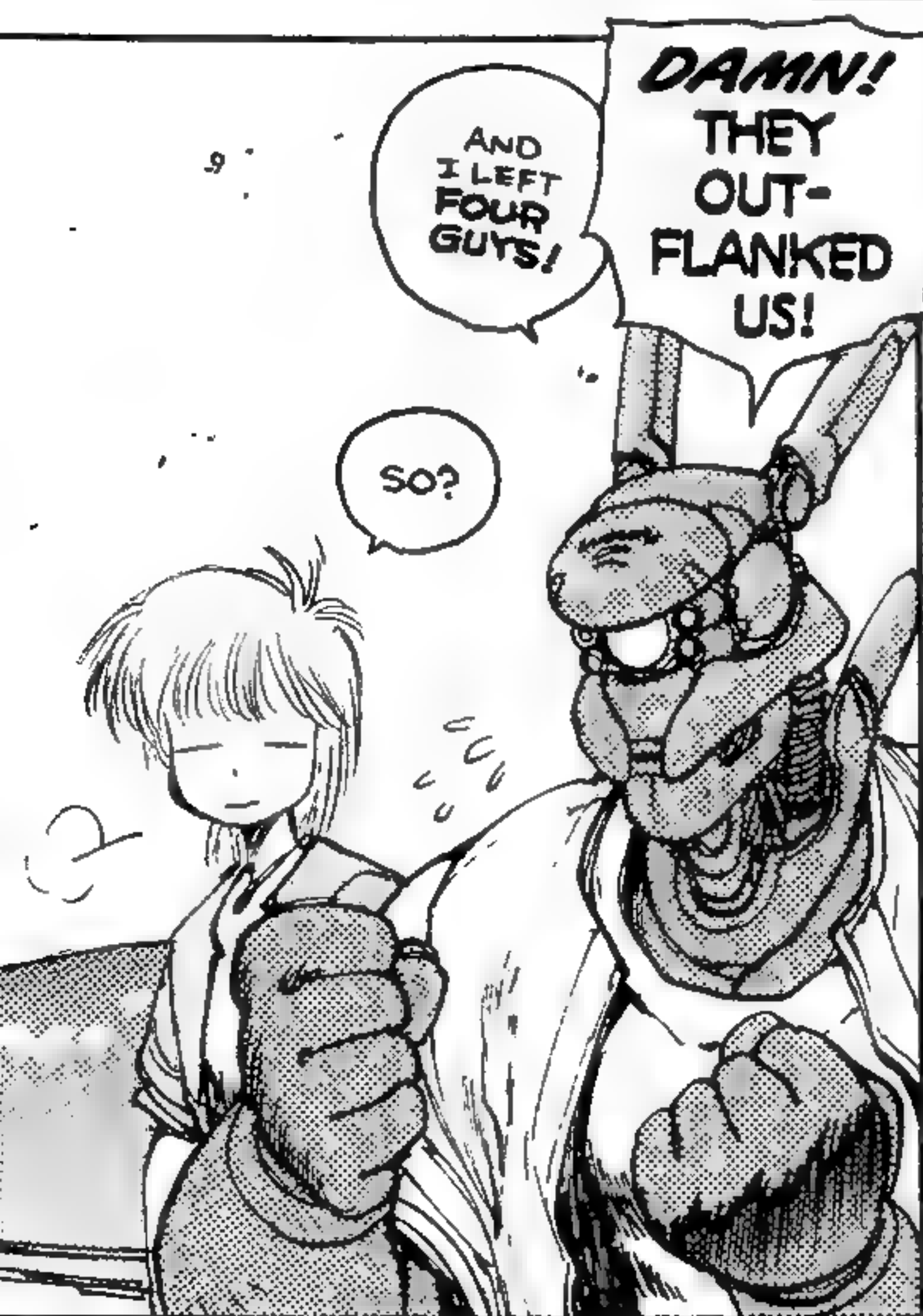
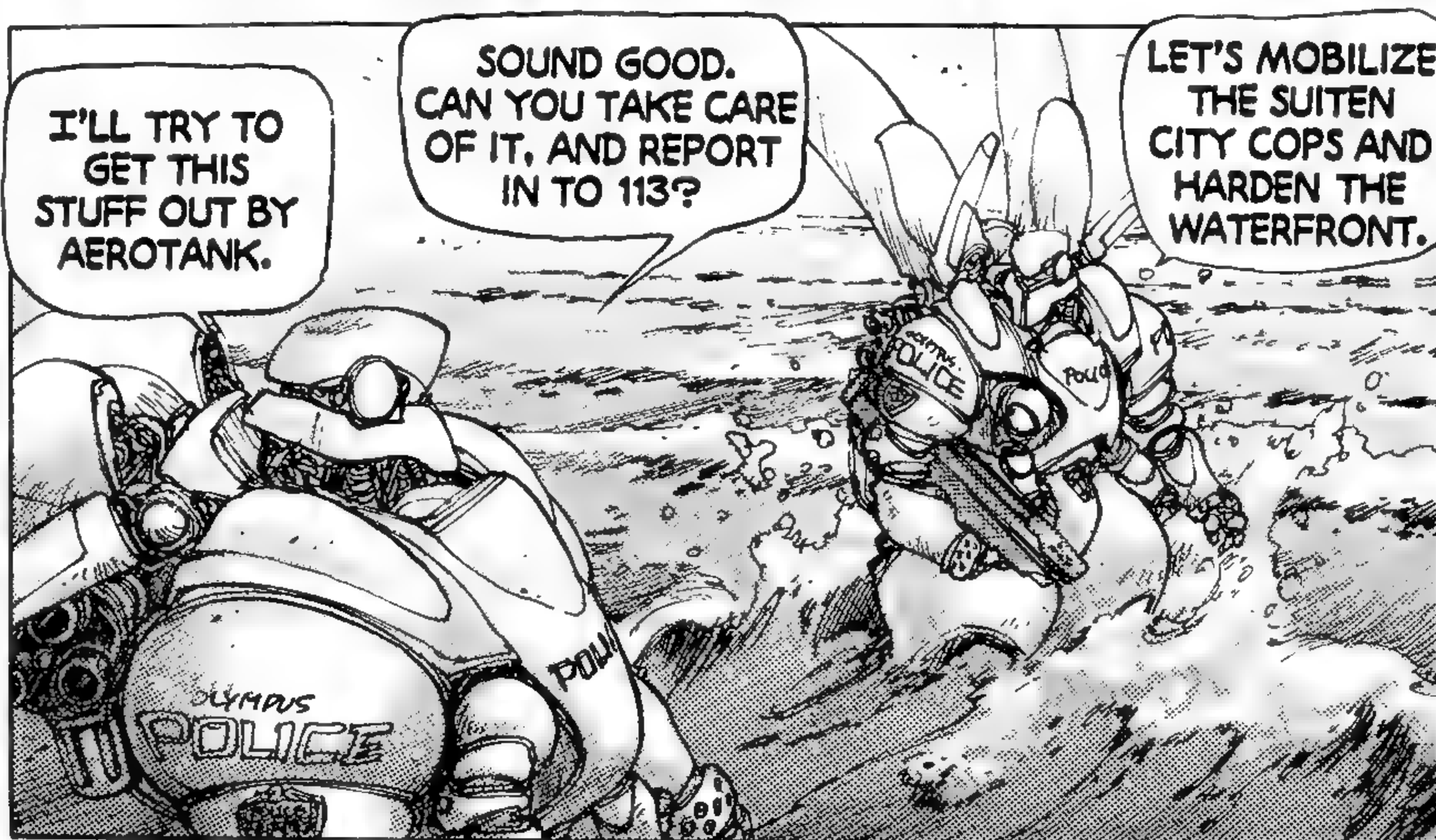
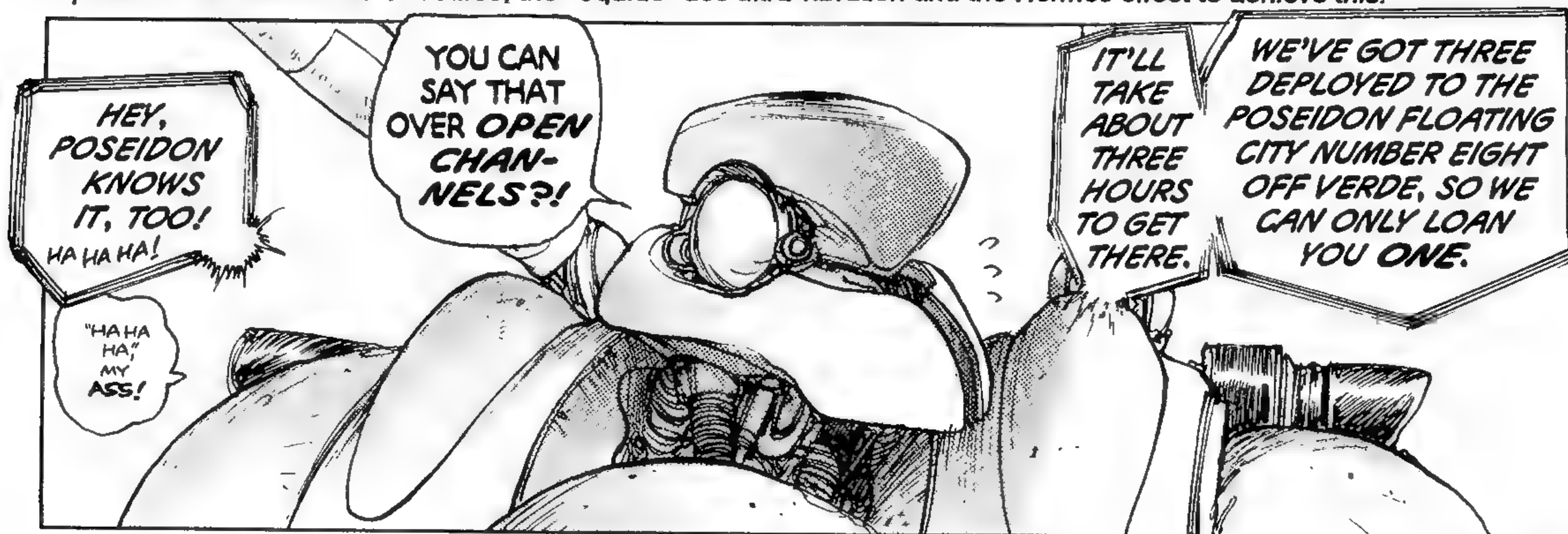


AND  
WE JUST  
**WATCH?!  
LET'S  
HELP!**

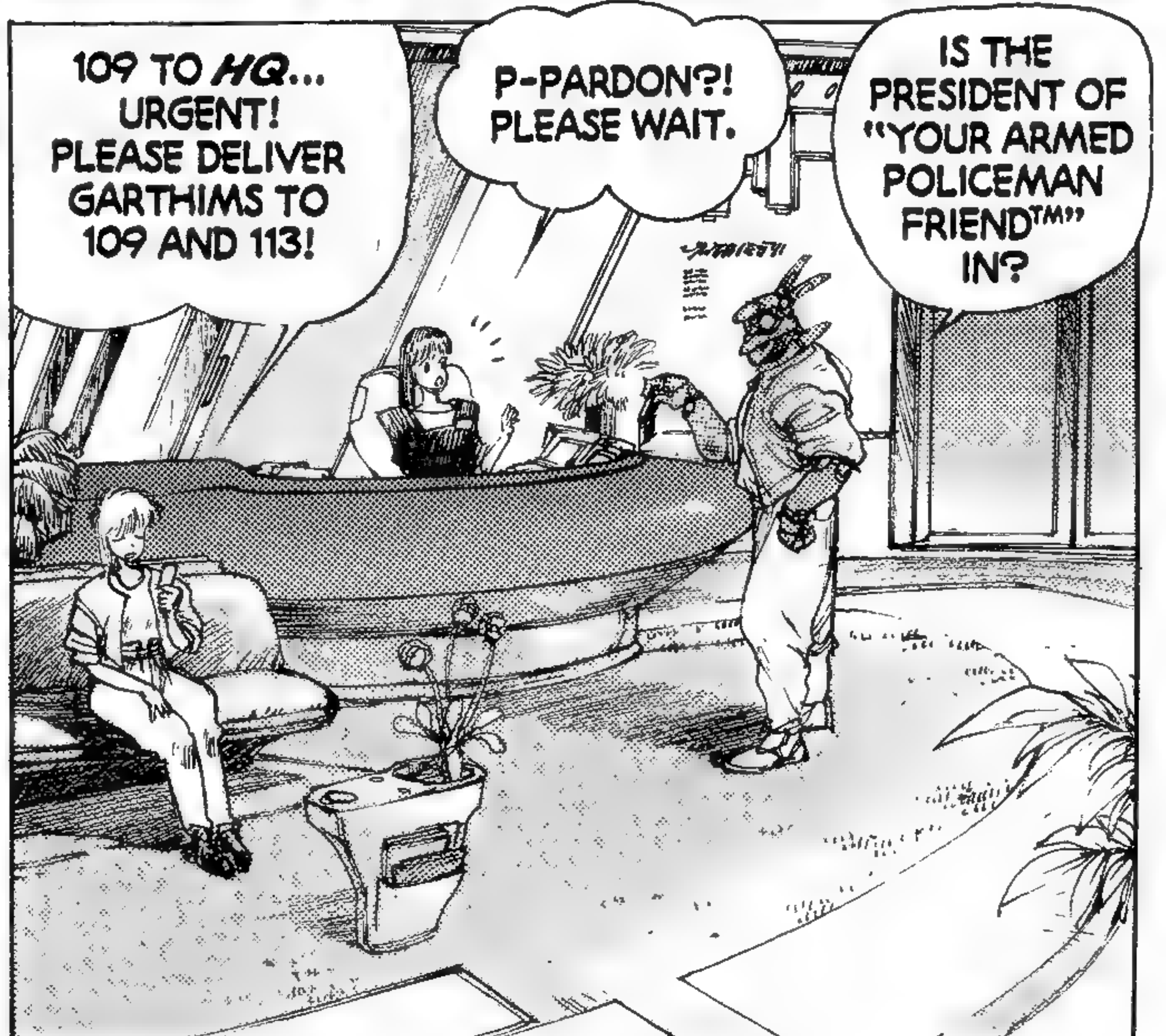
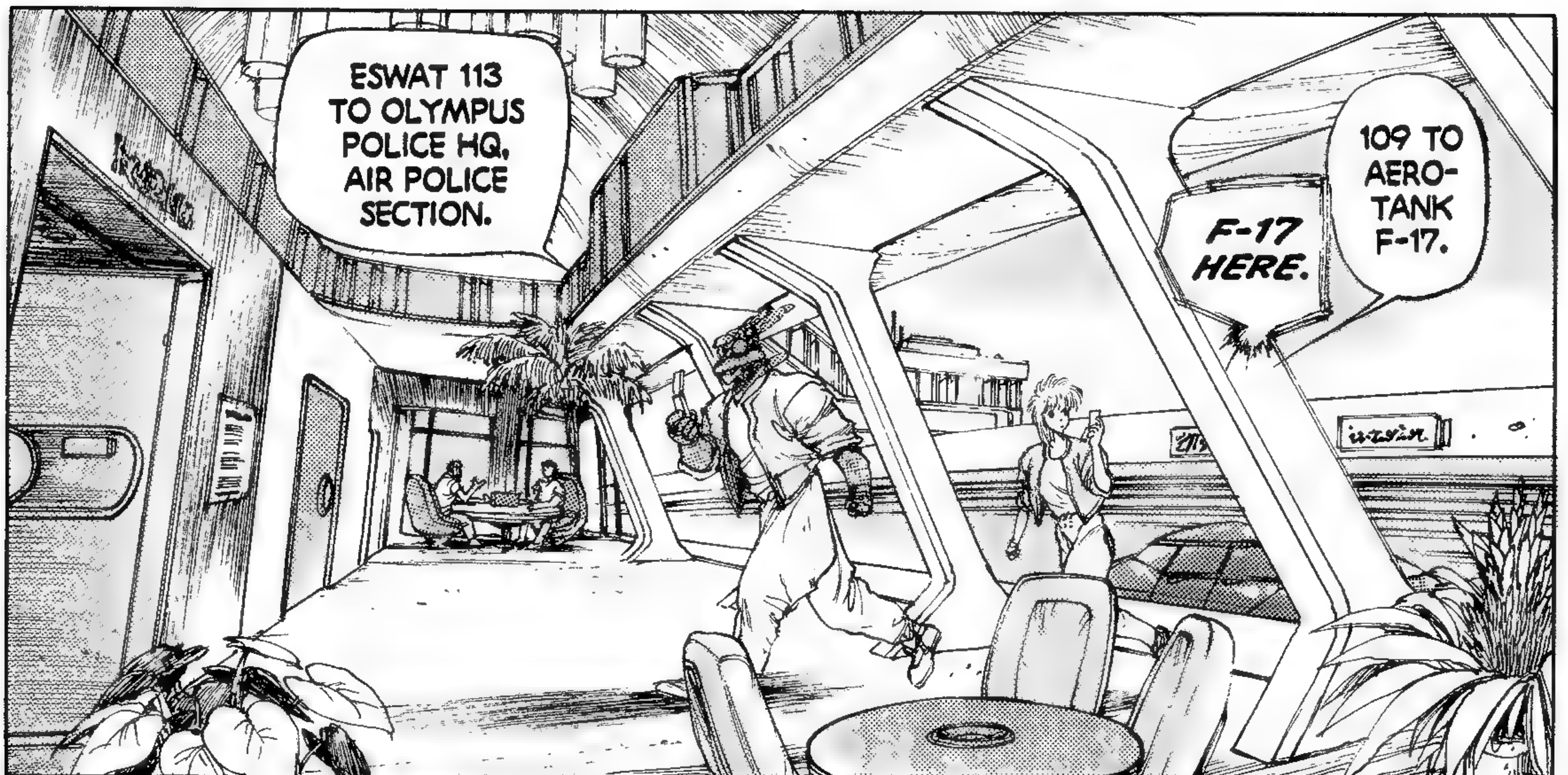
Marine Police Headquarters is located in Central Police Headquarters—in other words, it's the Central HQ's Marine Police Division. "Nine Triple-Zero" refers to a spy satellite capable of "seeing" into the ocean to a depth of 9000 meters (about 5.5 miles)—not that it gets that deep near Olympus. A Guges can operate down to 700FSW, maintaining 1ATM inside, but it doesn't have the sensors or weaponry for this mission.



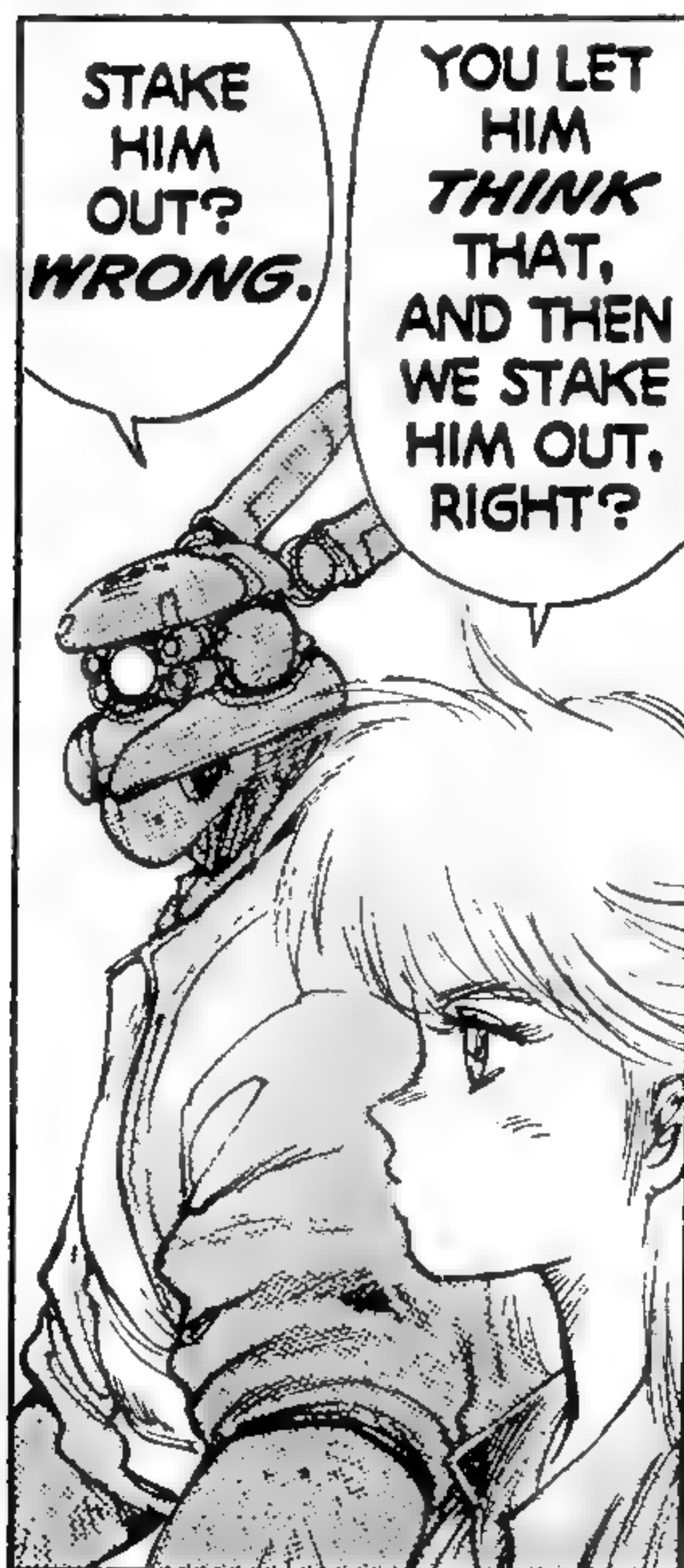
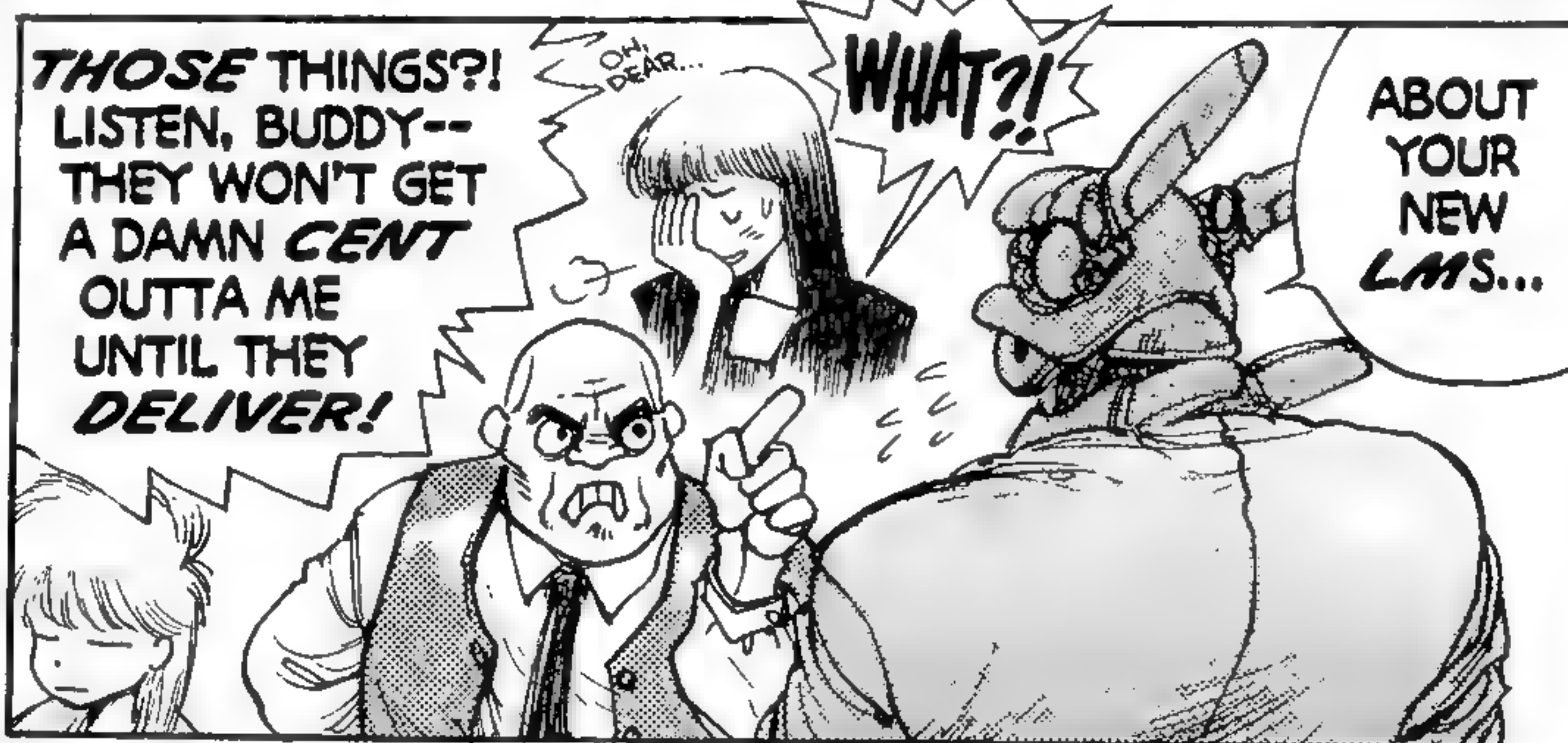
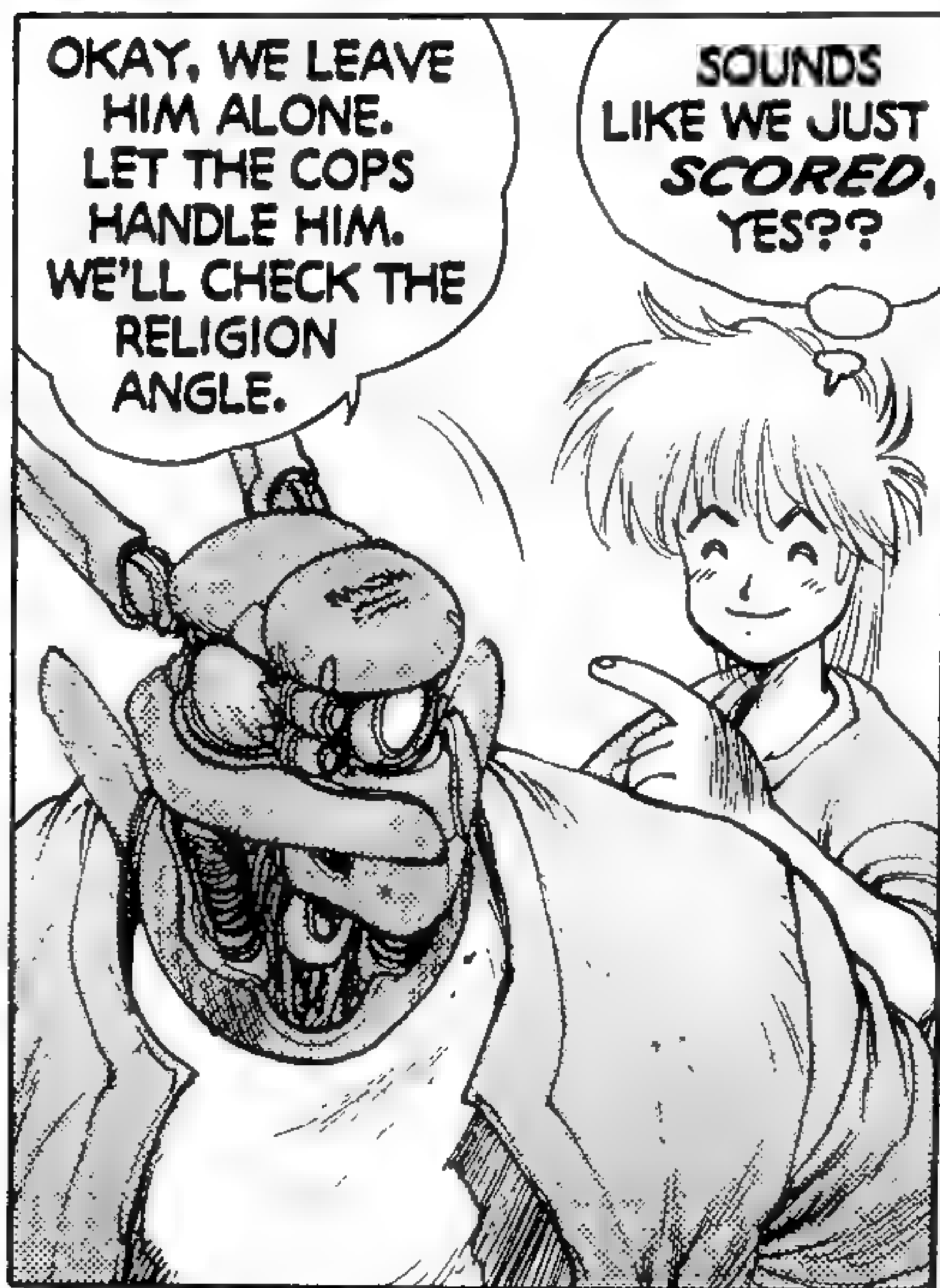
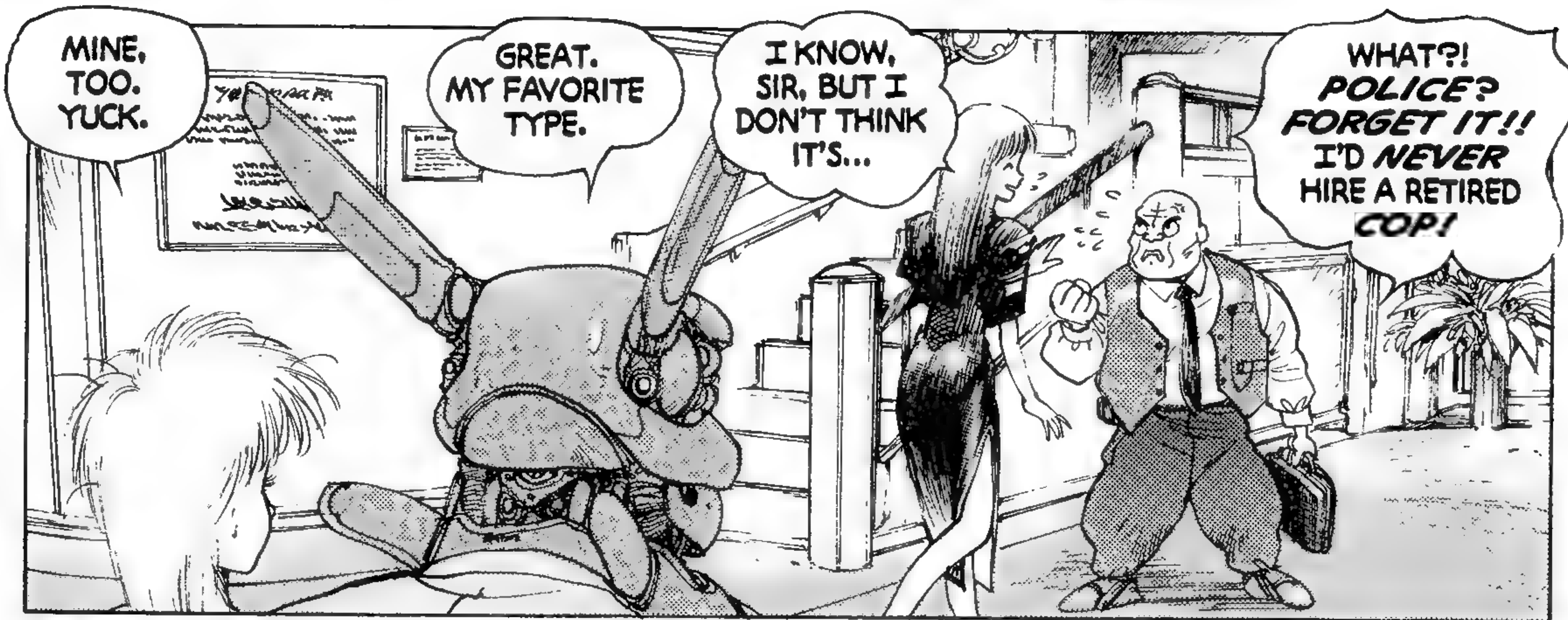
It's approximately 625 nautical miles from Verde to Olympus. So that means an astounding deep-sea speed of over 200 knots! Of course, the "Squids" use ultra-vibration and the Hermes effect to achieve this.















LOOKY  
THERE! THE  
AIR POLICE,  
**ALREADY!**

THEY  
**BETTER**  
BUST ASS. THEIR  
REPUTATION'S  
BAD ENOUGH  
**ALREADY.**



THAT SPORTS CAR  
TWO VEHICLES BACK  
ISN'T PASSING THAT  
SLOW COUPE RIGHT  
BEHIND US...

I'LL GIVE THEM  
A POKE IN THE  
NEXT SECTOR.  
BE READY.

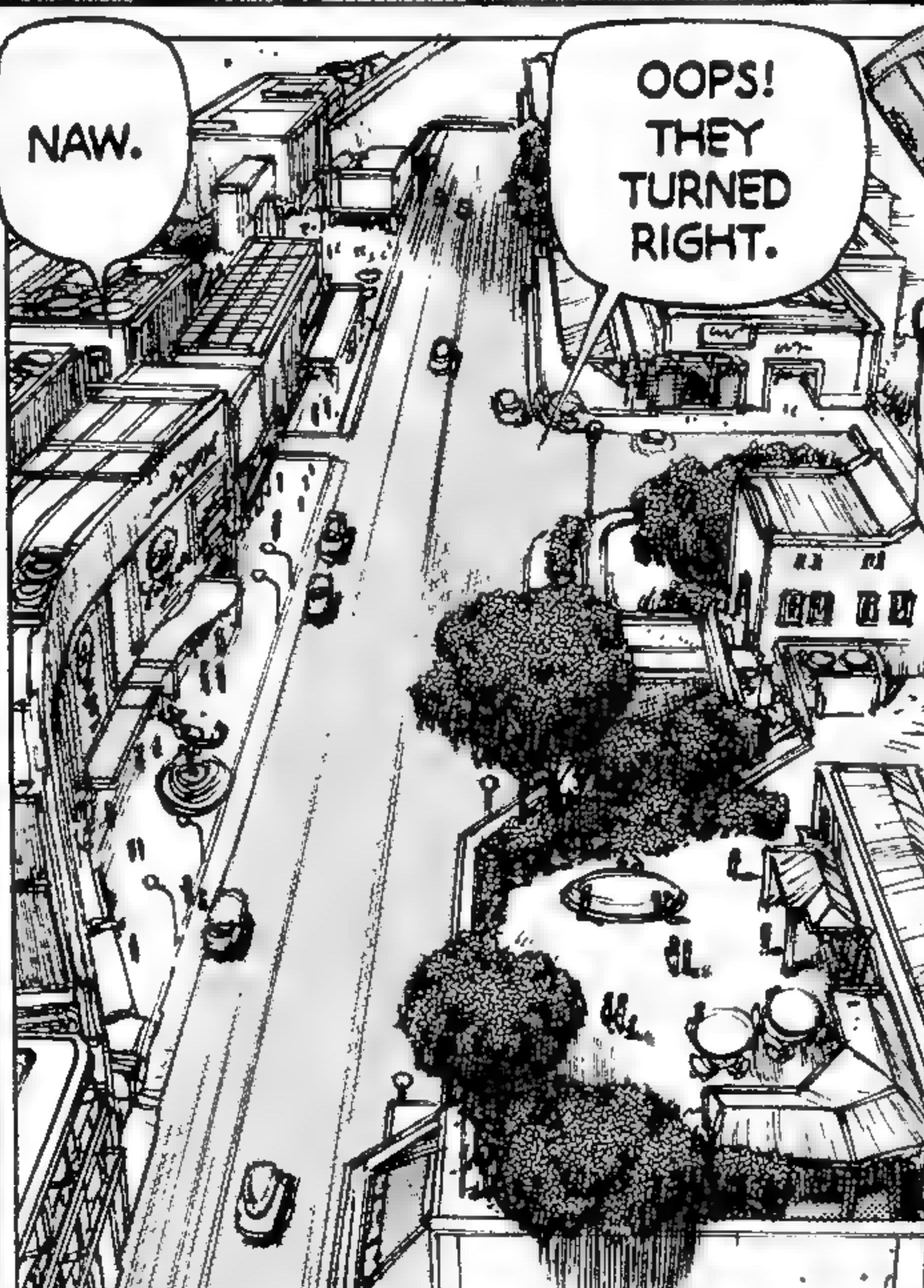
YOU'VE BEEN CHECKING  
OUR TAIL FOR MILES,  
BRI. FIGURE WE'LL  
NEED THE **CENTO-  
MASTER...?**

ACTUALLY,  
SAFETY'S  
OFF  
ALREADY...

SEBURO CENTO  
(100mm) MASTER



IT'S THE OLD  
SWITCHEROO--  
DIFFERENT CAR. THE  
ONE THAT'S TWO  
VEHICLES BACK  
**NOW** WAS IN  
THE PRESTON  
PARKING LOT.

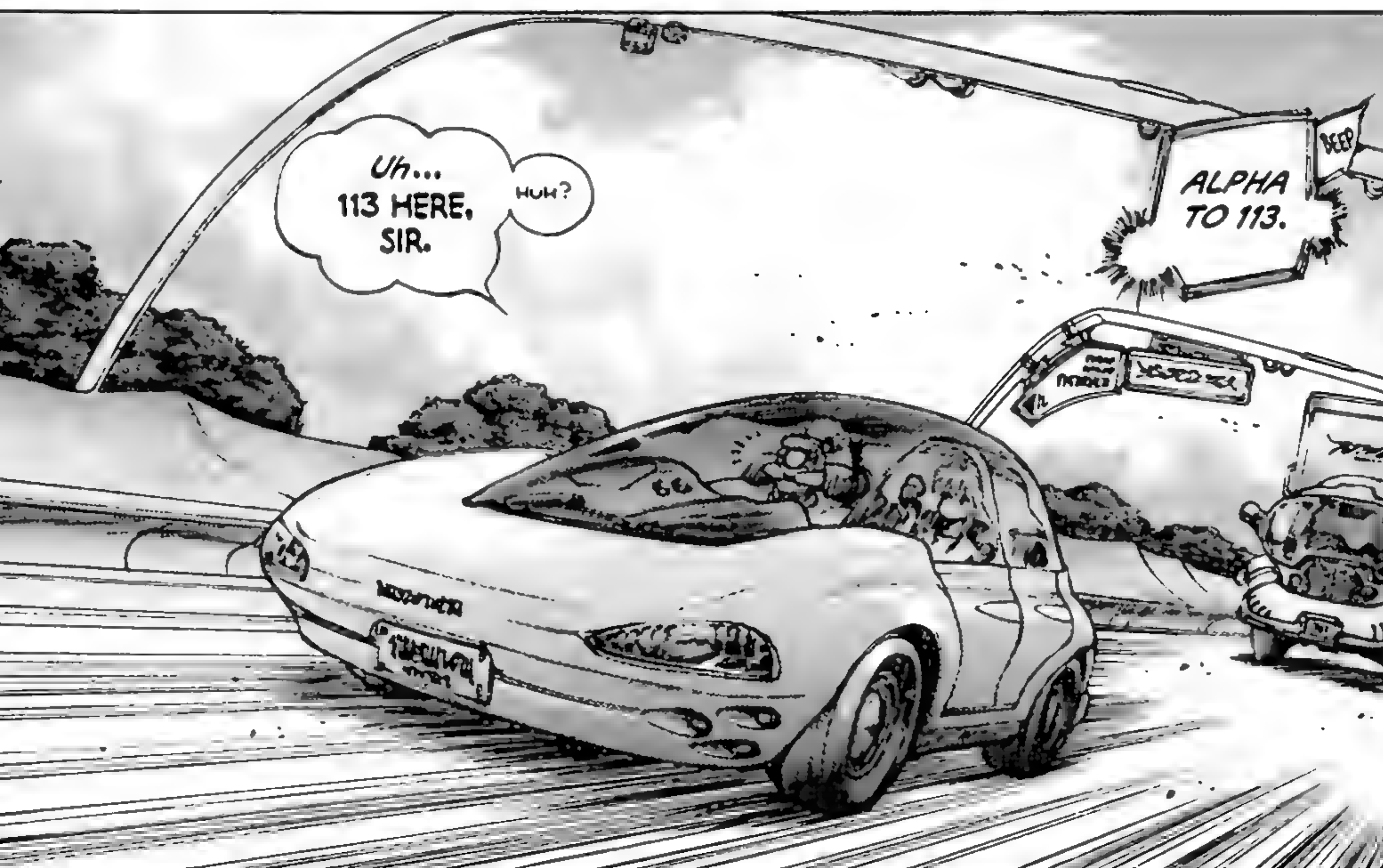


NAW.

OOPS!  
THEY  
TURNED  
RIGHT.

Not that this absolutely proves they're being tailed—that will take further confirmation. For now, though, they have to act on the gut feeling they're being tailed. While running a license plate check, of course.





Uh...  
113 HERE,  
SIR.

HUH?

ALPHA  
TO 113.

109 TO HQ.  
WE WANT TO  
SHAKE A TAIL.  
PICK US  
A SPOT.

AND  
**WHERE**  
ARE THOSE  
DAMN  
GARTHIMS?!



AND TAKE  
OUR TAIL  
**WITH**  
US...?

INTELLIGENCE  
INDICATES **MUNMA**  
IS INVOLVED. PASS  
OFF TO MAGUS. YOU  
TWO RETURN TO YOUR  
ORIGINAL SHIFT.



YEAH...  
MAYBE.

AW, LANCE  
IS JUST BEING  
A TIGHTASS  
BECAUSE OF  
THE ISLAMIC  
FEDERATION  
CONFERENCE.

THAT  
RELIGIOUS  
CRAP IS  
MAGUS'  
BAILIWICK,  
ANYWAY.



YEAH...BUT  
I JUST  
DON'T LIKE  
BEING TOLD  
WE'RE NOT  
**GOOD**  
ENOUGH.

IF OUR REGULAR  
SHIFT WASN'T BOR-  
ING OLD MARTIAL  
ARTS TRAINING,  
YOU **COULD**  
SAY WE LUCKED  
OUT.

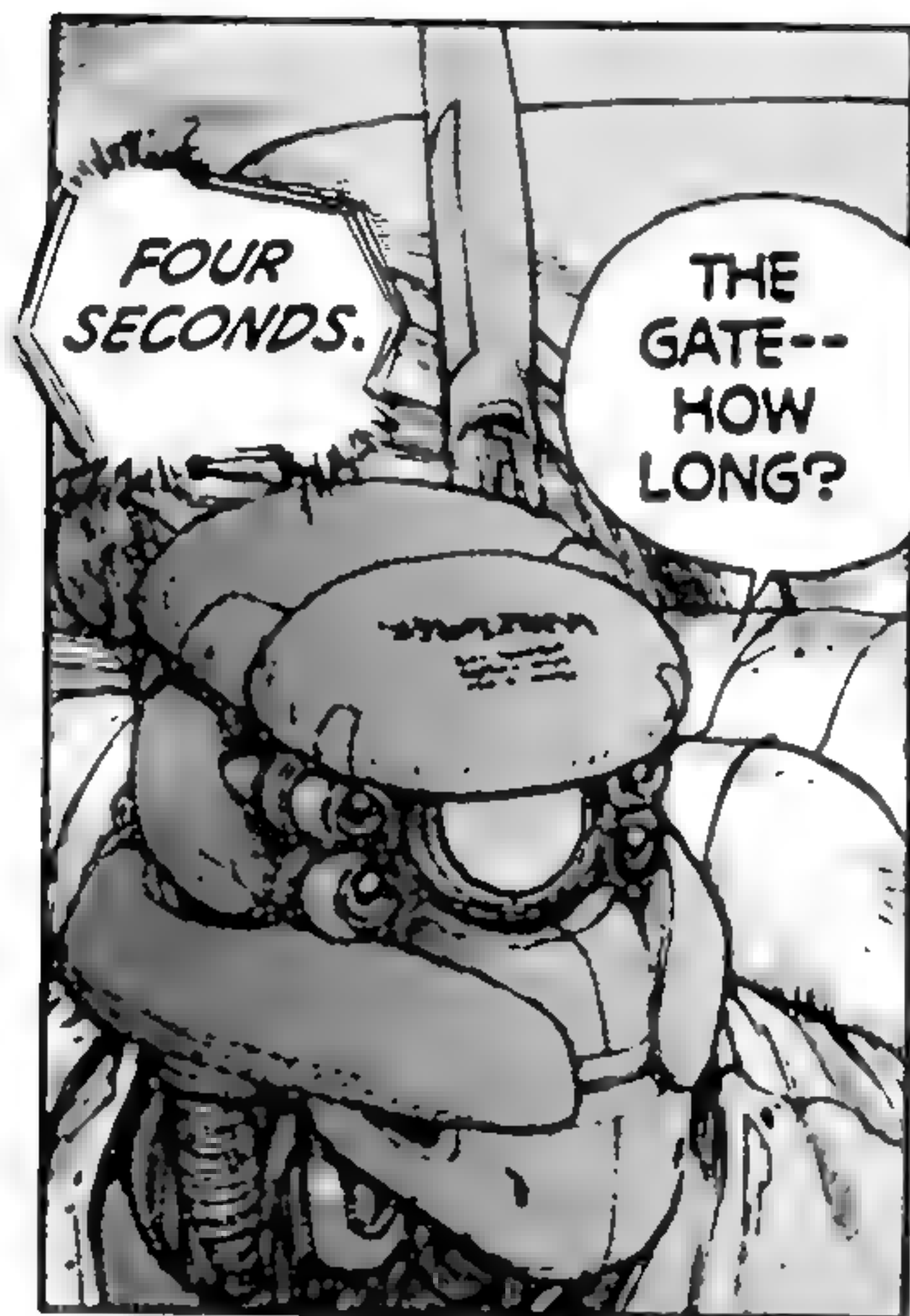


YES--SO WE CAN  
TAIL THEM BACK.  
**NEVER** WASTE  
A GOOD LEAD!

OVER!

It hardly bears mentioning that the security for the Islamic Federation Conference is extremely tight, with the location, timing and participants known only to a select few. The cameraman on the right isn't press; he's ESWAT. The video will be provided to the press later on. Of course, all the participants have brought their own security details with them, but as a matter of custom, the host country (Olympus) is in overall command.





FOUR SECONDS.

THE GATE--  
HOW LONG?

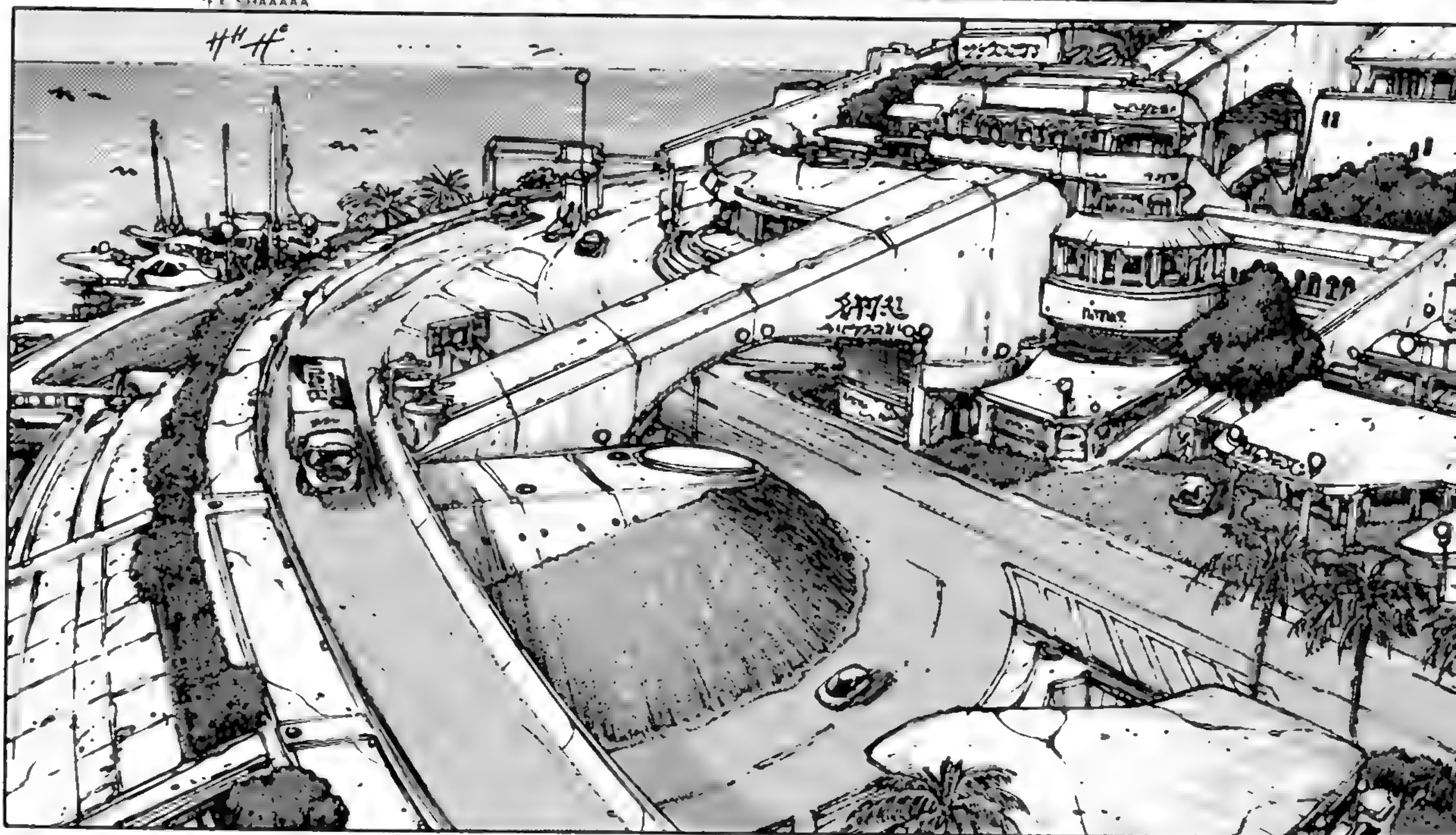
\*FX: CHAAAAA



HERE'S THE CLOSEST  
"NEST"--LEFT LANE,  
SHARP RIGHT, CON-  
TAINER IN SECTION  
FOURTEEN.

109  
HERE.

HQ  
TO  
109.



##H



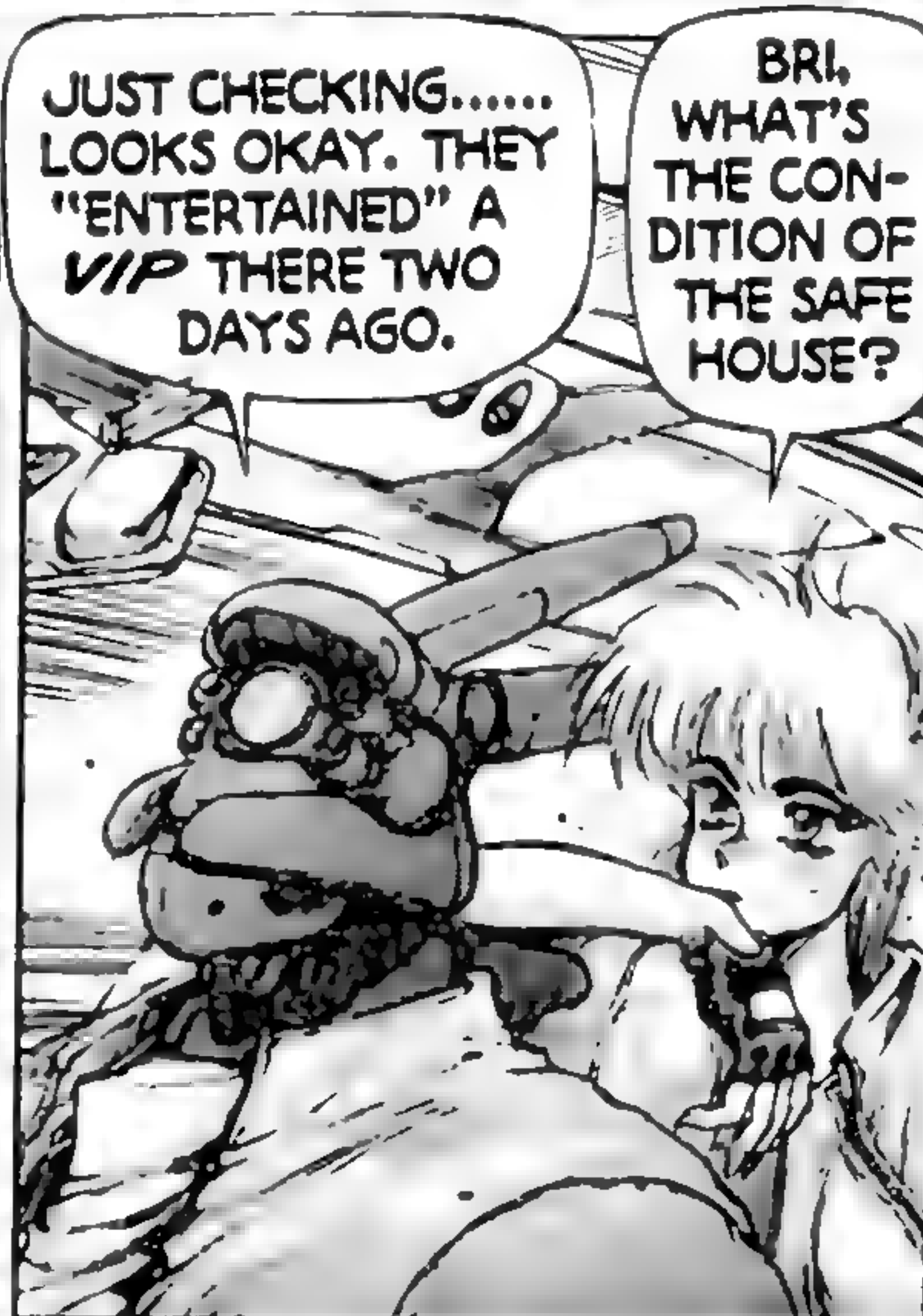
THE  
FLOOR OF  
THE CAR ATE!  
AT LEAST  
HALF OF IT...  
:snfff

WHAT?!  
YOU JUST  
ATE!

GEEZ...  
I'M  
STARV-  
ING...

JUST CHECKING.....  
LOOKS OKAY. THEY  
"ENTERTAINED" A  
VIP THERE TWO  
DAYS AGO.

BRI,  
WHAT'S  
THE CON-  
DITION OF  
THE SAFE  
HOUSE?



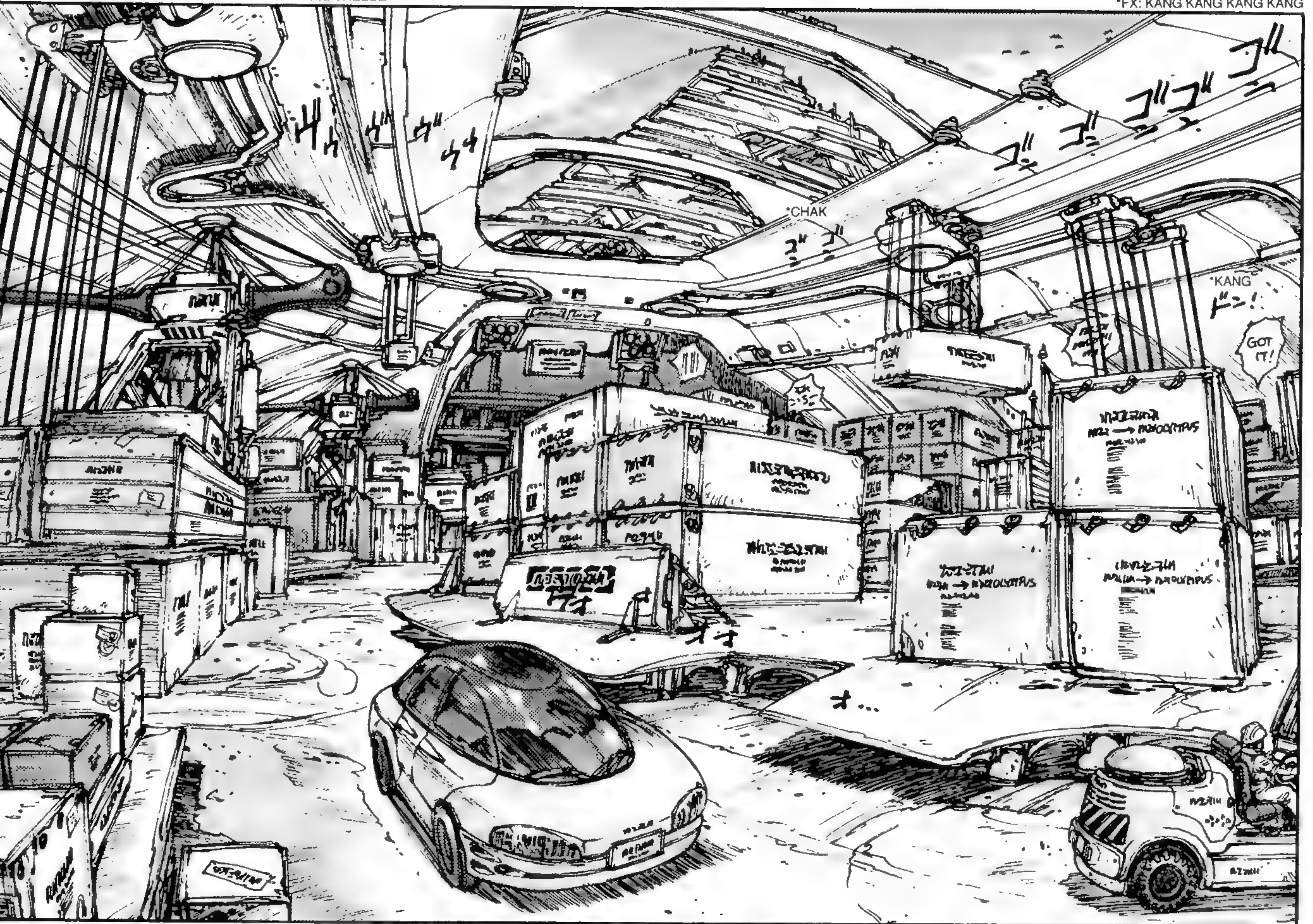
\*FX: VRNN

By "entertained," Bri means they kept their man undercover there until the conference to avoid terrorist attacks. If they were pressing minor safe houses like this one into service, you can gather how many foreign dignitaries poured into Olympus for the conference.

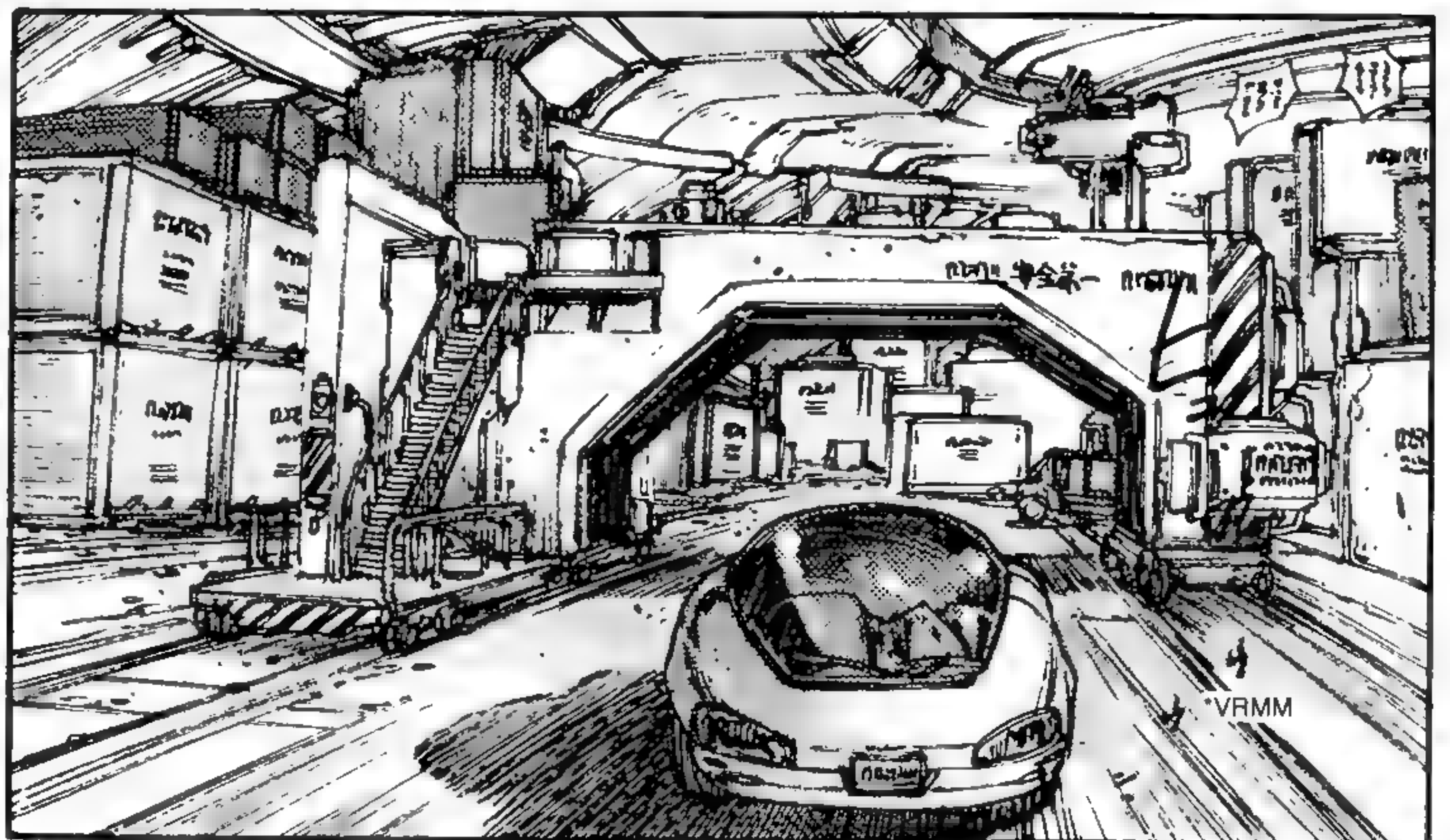


\*FX: VREEEE

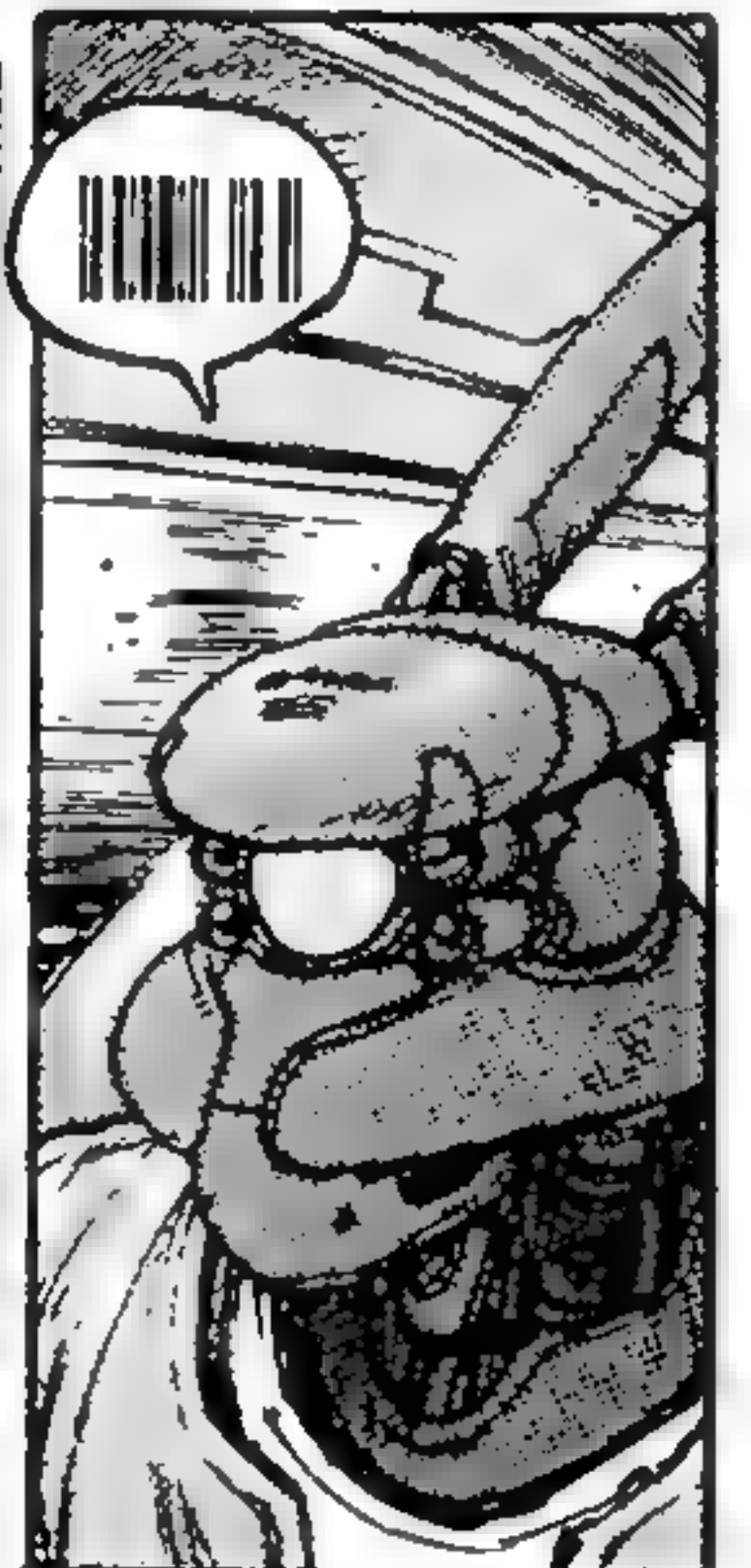
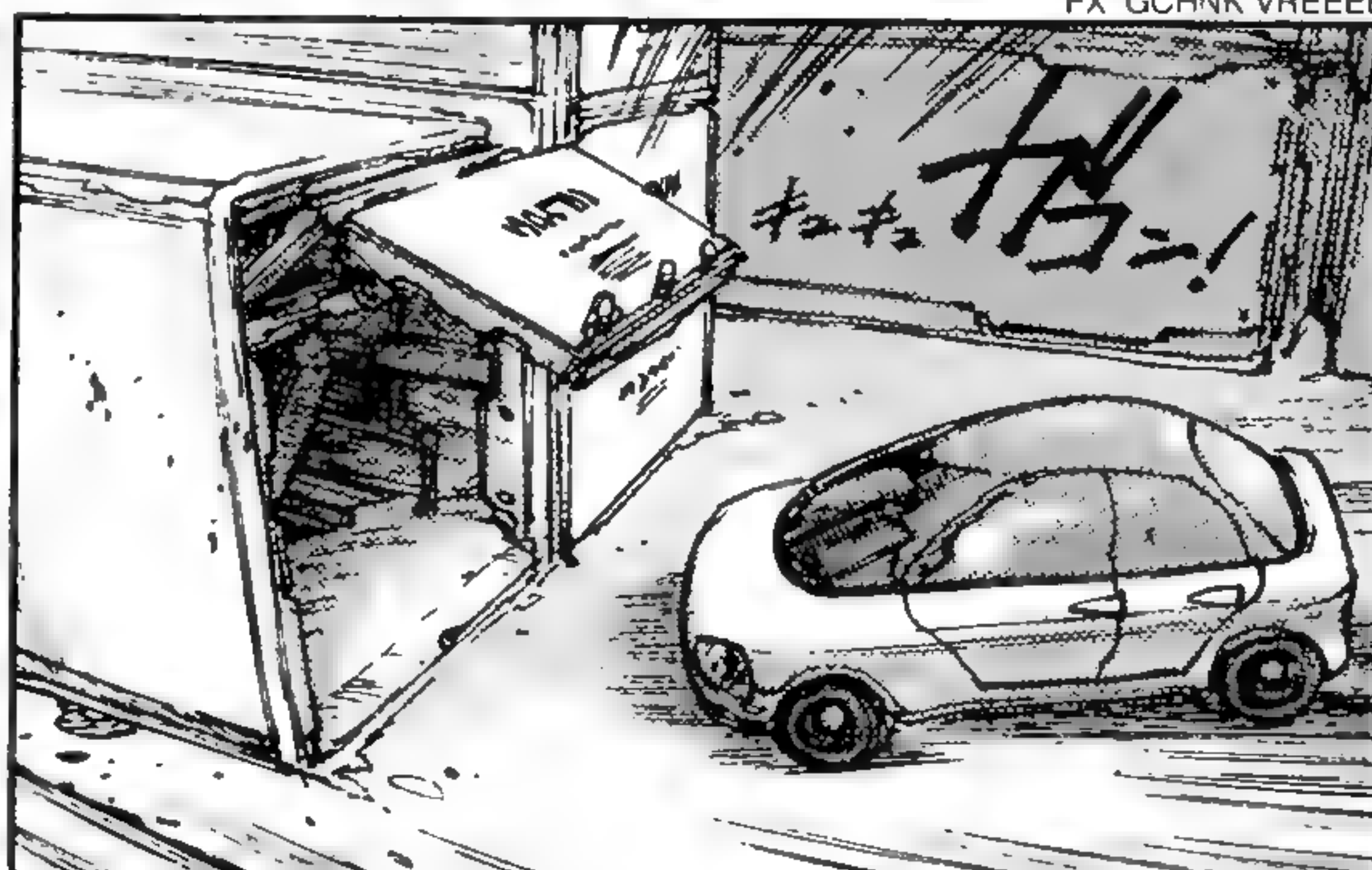
\*FX: KANG KANG KANG KANG



\*FX: GCHAK

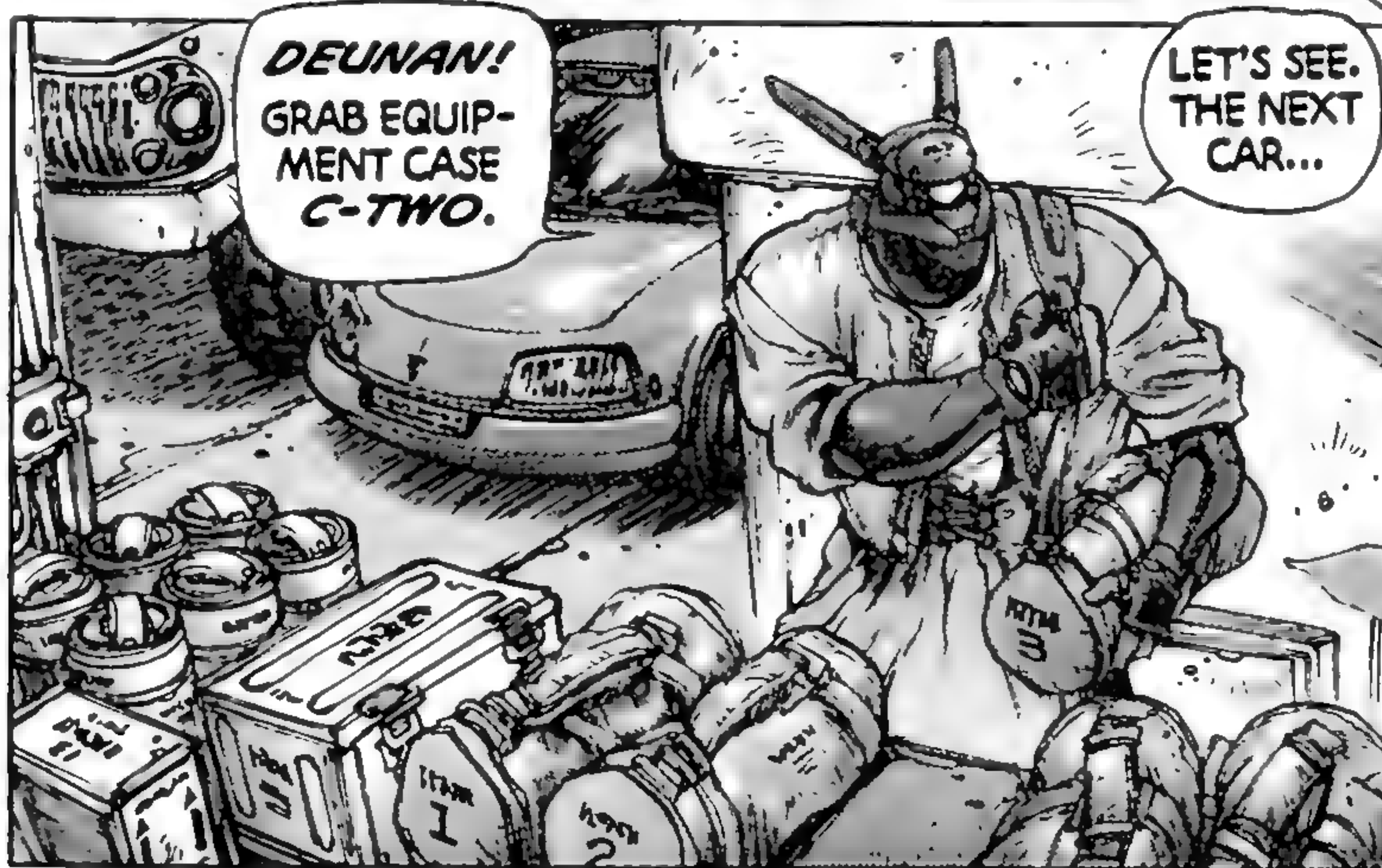
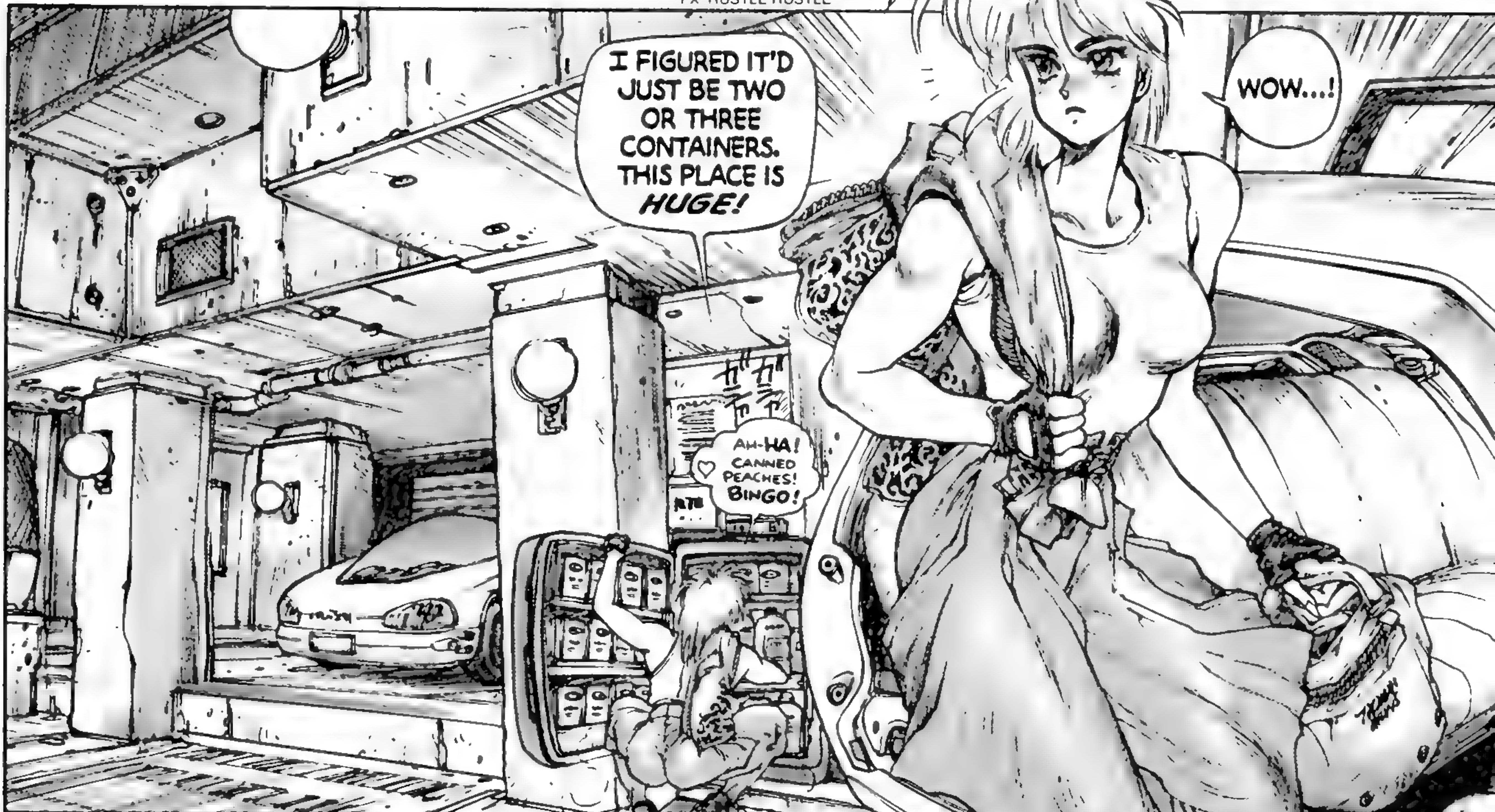


\*FX: GCHNK VREEEE



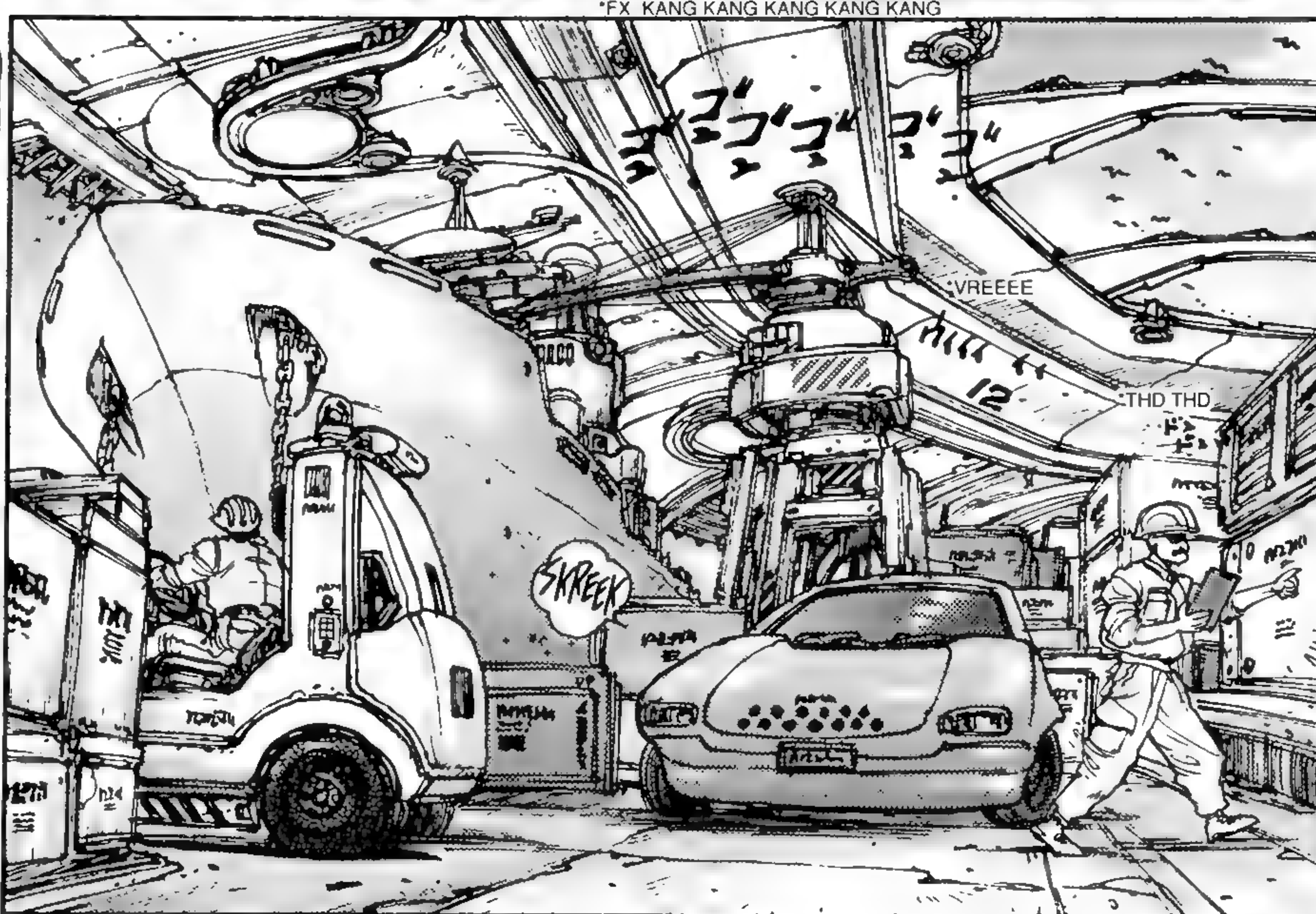
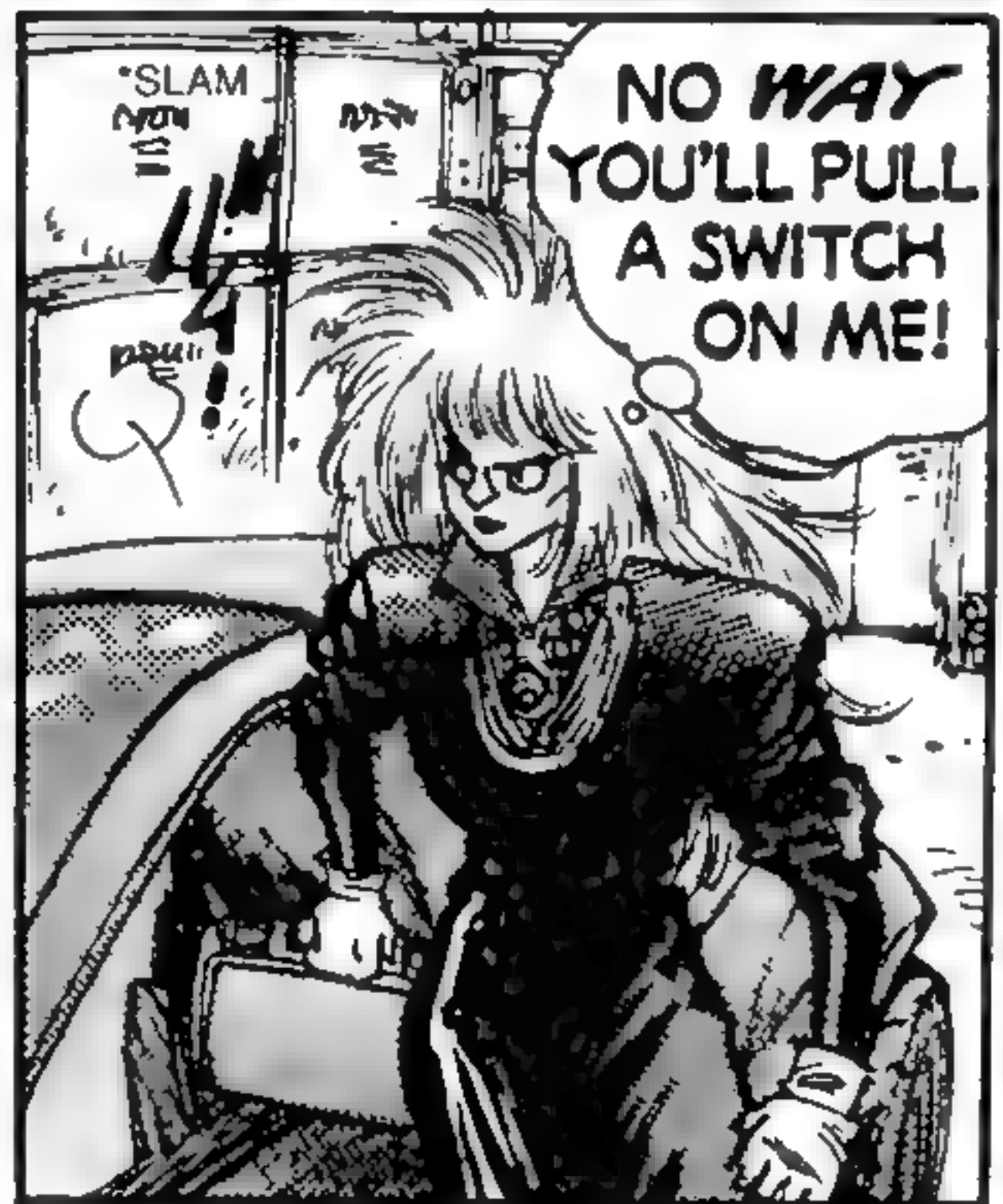
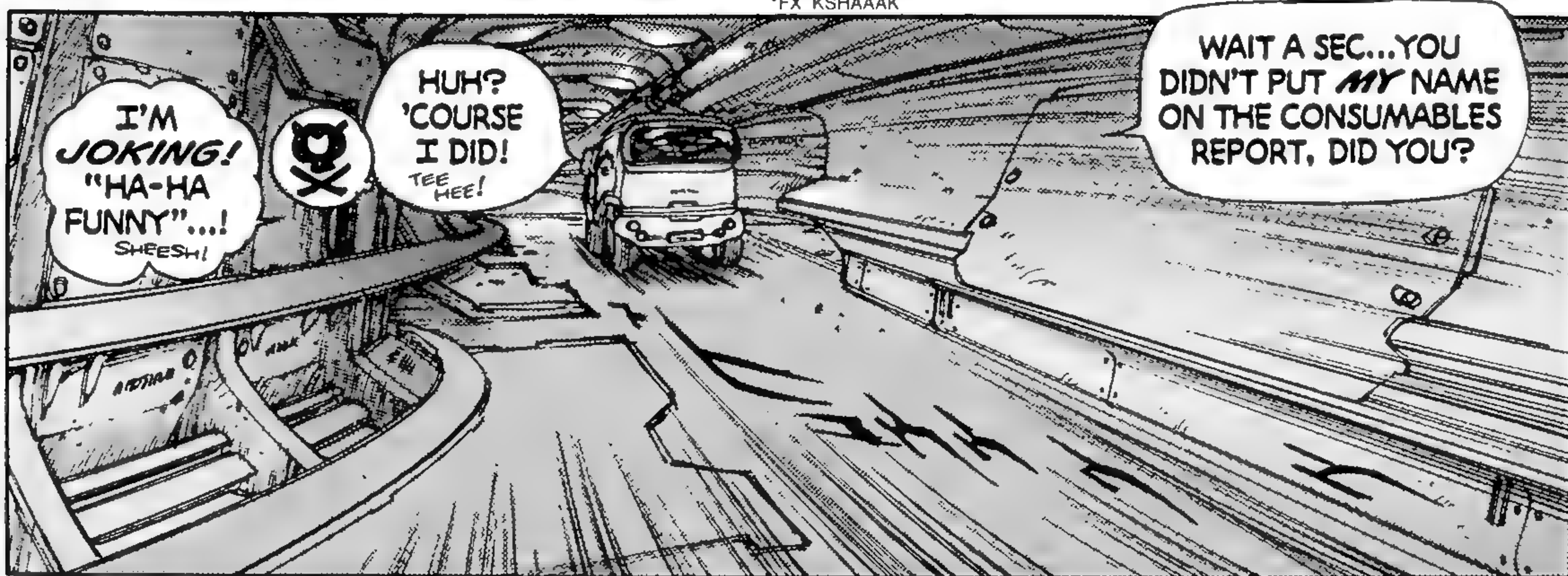
How do they know which container is the gate, you ask?  
Bri searches for a ping on the hatch code.





The safe house was built by welding containers together. To make sure no one notices they're out of service, an outer layer of containers is used to transport real goods, and is always changing. Of course, the company that owns the yard is an ESWAT front.





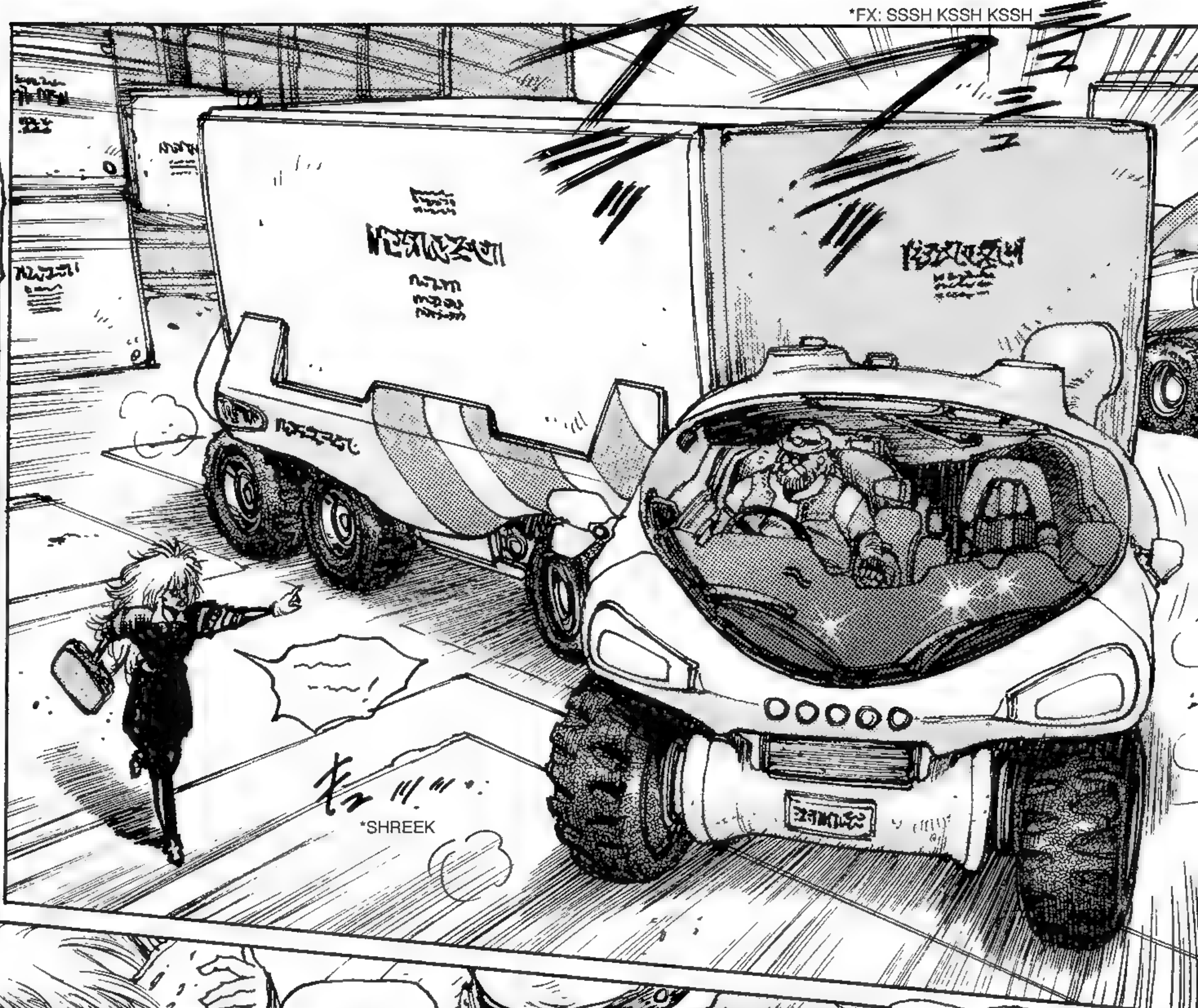
Judging from traffic conditions, Deinoa can be reasonably sure Bri and Deunan's car has slipped into some ESWAT "nest." So the important question is, is this just some standard operating procedure (in which case there's nothing she can do about it), or did they notice she was tailing them and arrange a reverse tail? If the latter, that will put Bri and company on her tail. So when she says she won't let anyone pull a switch on her, she means that she intends to shake Bri's tail, and then pick up his trail again. (Without him noticing, of course. Otherwise, what's the point?)





I'M RIDING SHOTGUN ON THAT CONTAINER. UNLOCK THE DOOR.

DAMN! NEAR SQUISHED YA, GIRL! WHUTCHA WANT?



\*SHREEK



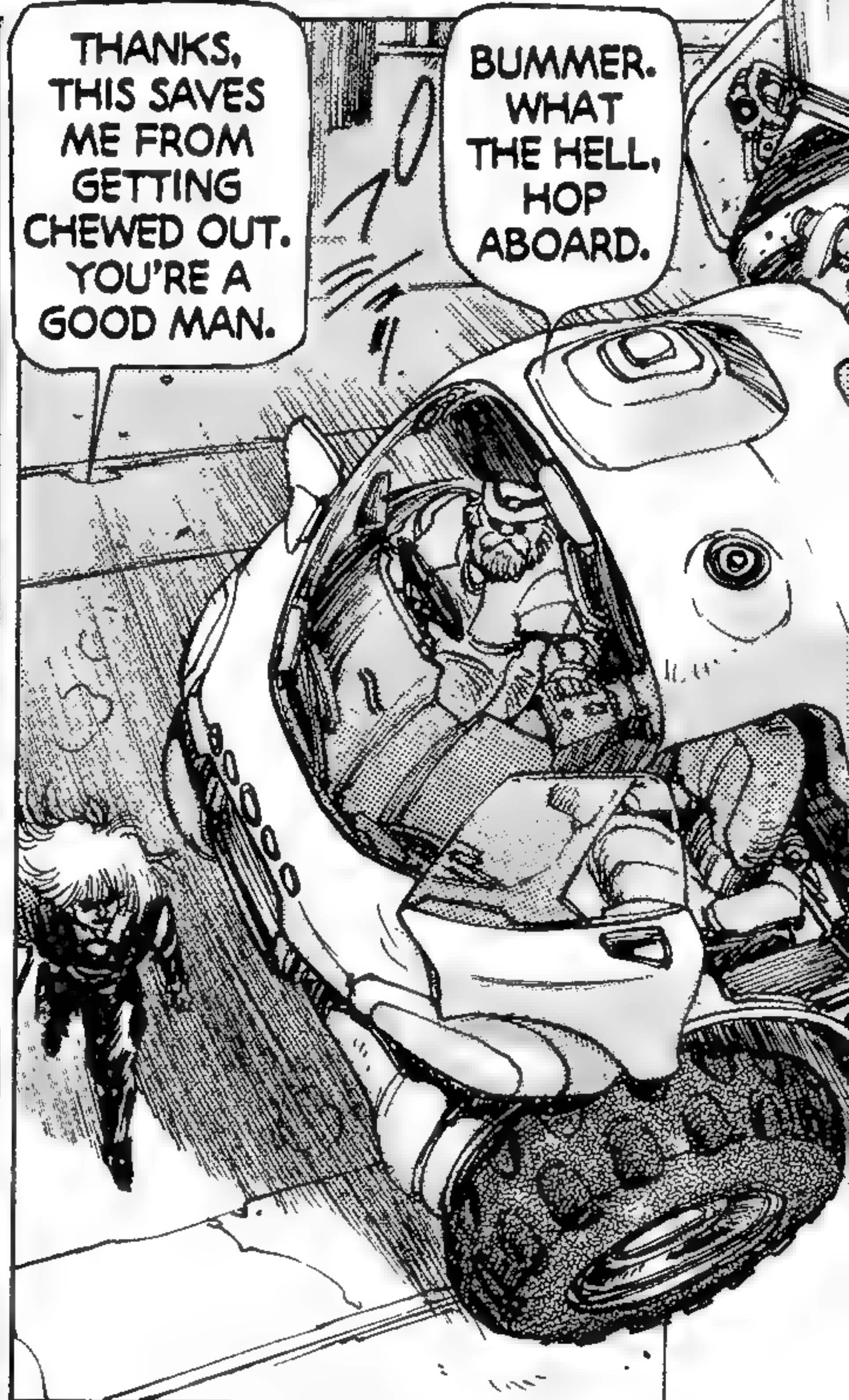
THE OTHER CAR WENT OFF WITH THEM. I'M STUCK.

YOU GOT YER PAPERS?

DURN! FIRST I HEARD OF IT.



HMM. THEY'RE NOT COMING OUT.



THANKS, THIS SAVES ME FROM GETTING CHEWED OUT. YOU'RE A GOOD MAN.

BUMMER. WHAT THE HELL, HOP ABOARD.



WELL, IF THEY HAVE, THEY WON'T USE THE SAME CAR. AND IF THEY HAD A PARTNER, WE MAY HAVE LOST THEM.

FIGURE THEY NOTICED...?

Bri's watching the coastal highway via surveillance satellite.

\*FX: KSSHK



I WONDER IF THAT PLACE IS STILL THERE... EVEN THE *DISTILLED* WATER STANK OF ROTTEN FRUIT.

HOW CAN YOU STOMACH THAT STUFF IF YOU REMEMBER *THAT*?

YOU KNOW...THIS REMINDS ME OF WHEN WE WERE STILL OUT IN BADSIDE. REMEMBER? THAT TIME WE FOUND THE CANNED FRUIT FACTORY?

DIFFERENT DRIVER.

WAIT.

AH! HERE THEY COME...

NAW. I'LL TRACK HIM WITH THE SAT.

HMM...  
.....

BET THEY HAD A MINI-BIKE IN THE TRUNK. WANT TO SPLIT UP?

NO...NOT FOR SURE. BUT MY *GUT* FEELING IS HE'S A STOOGE.

YOU CAN TELL?

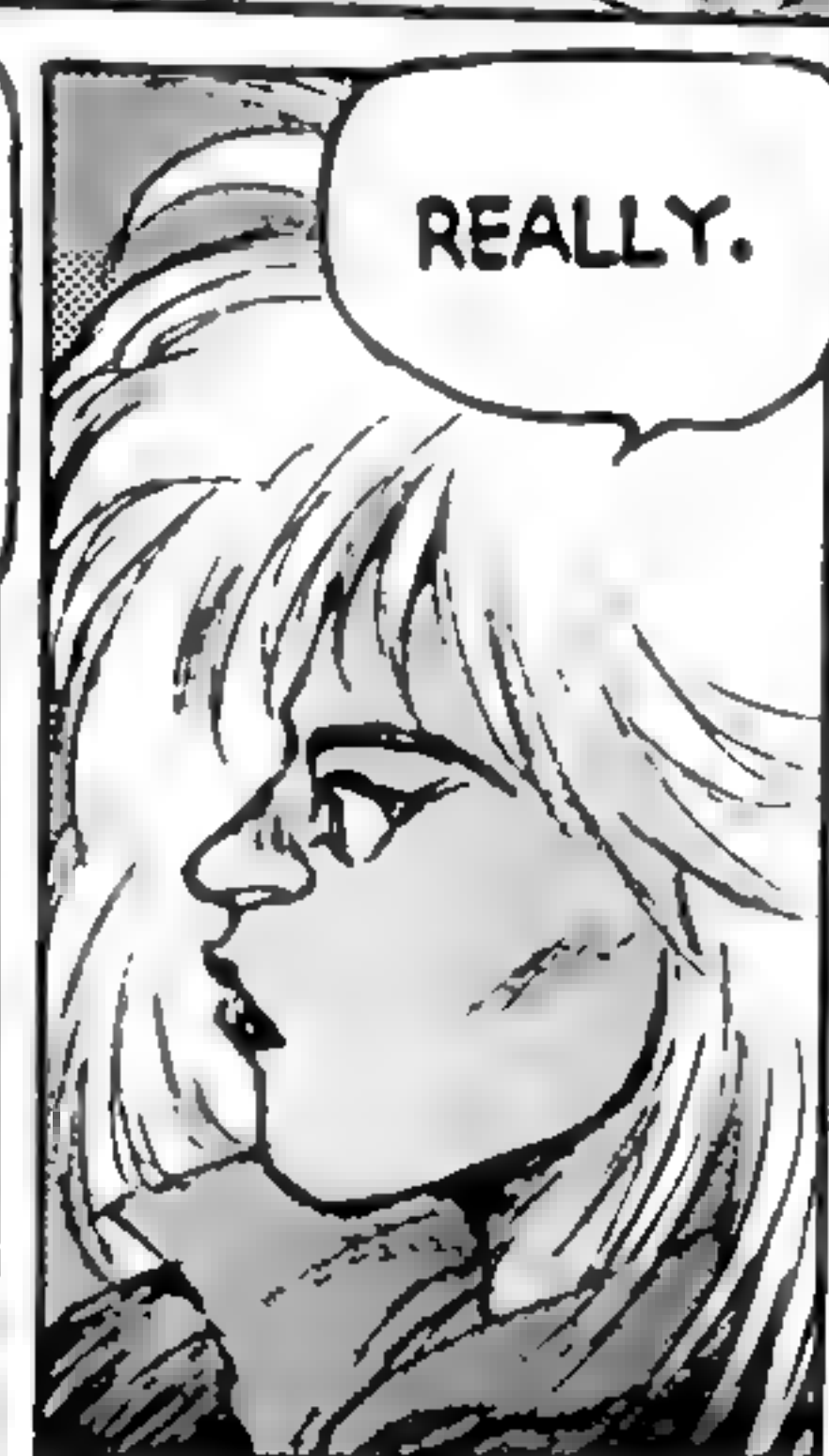
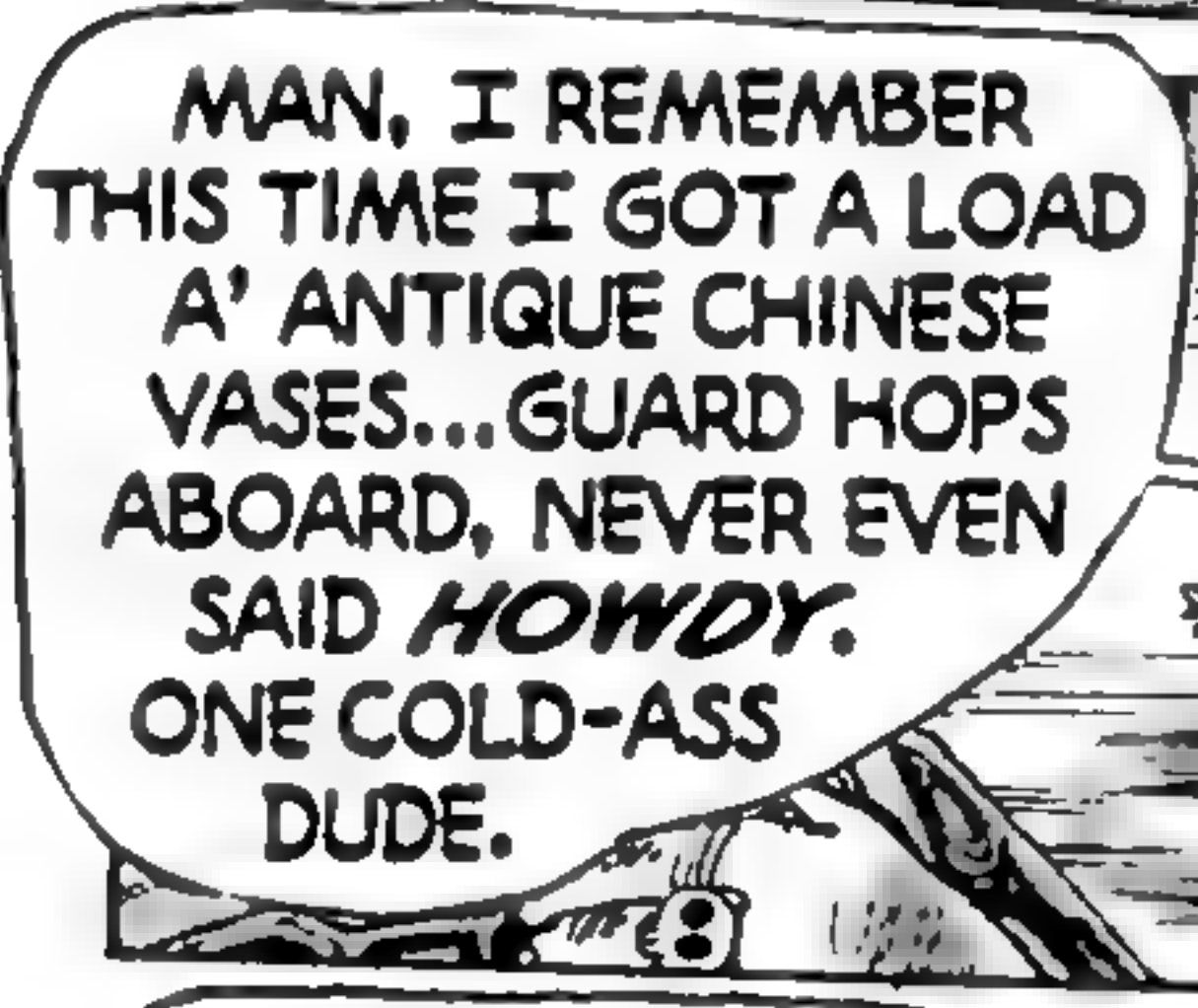
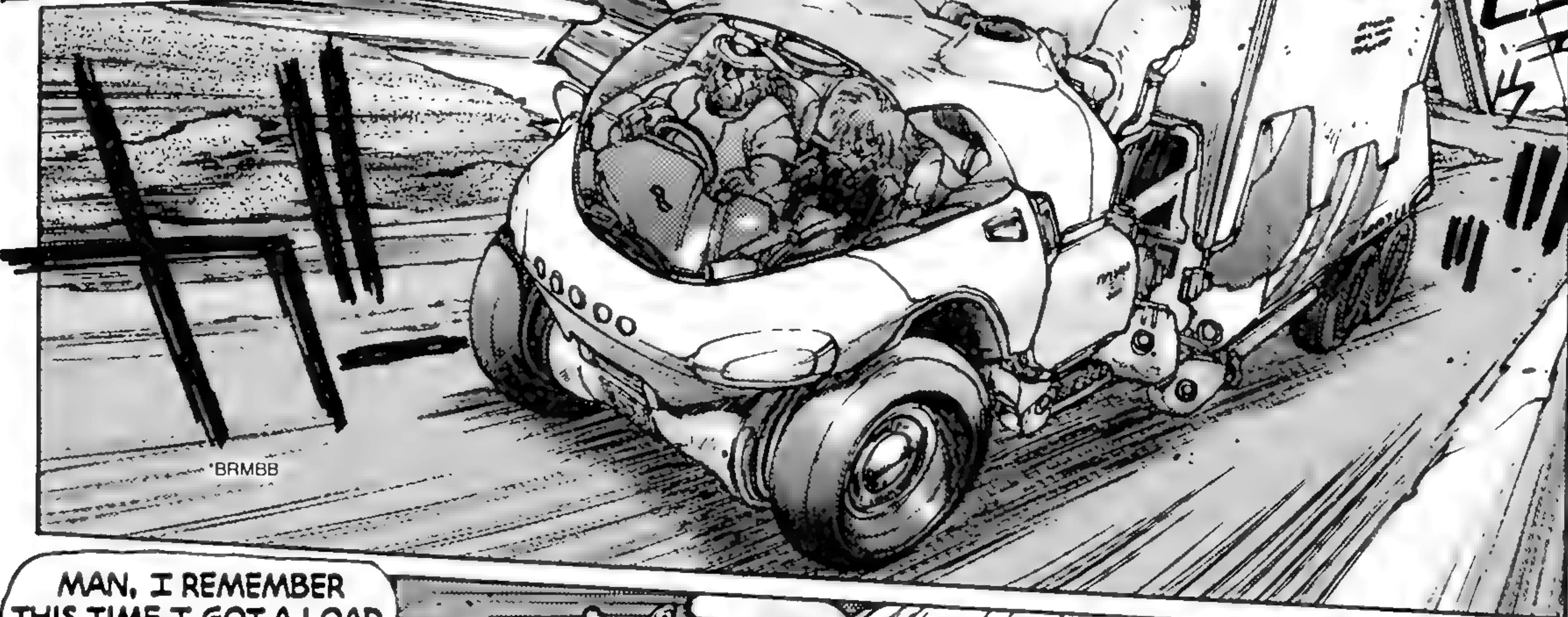
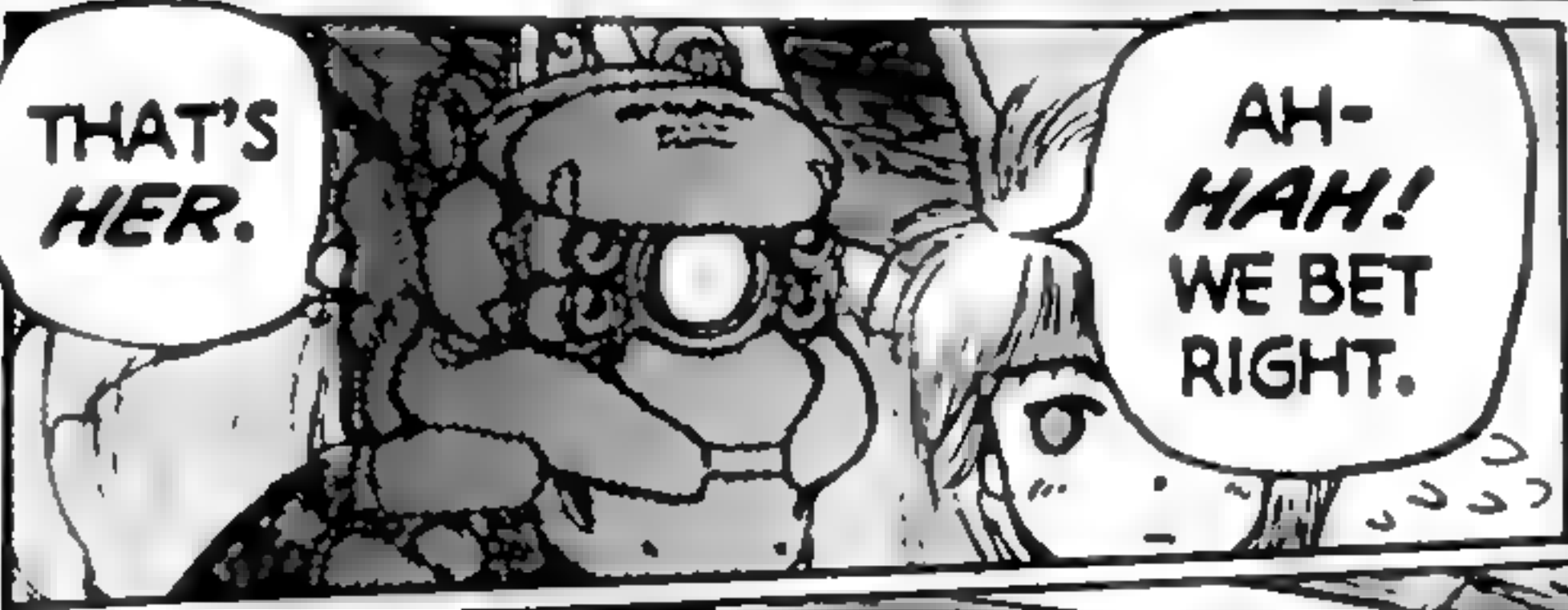
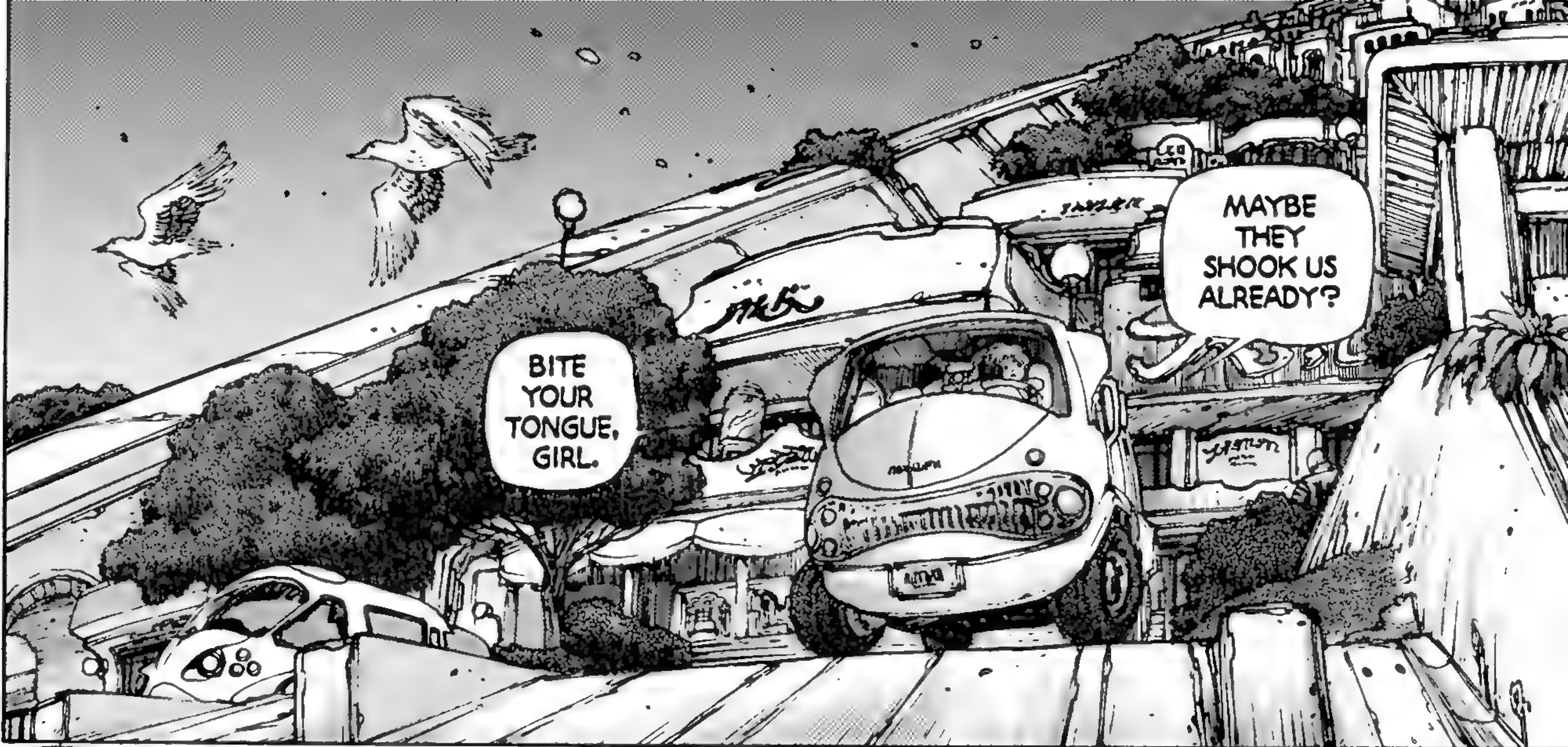
IT *COULD* BE A CYBORG WITH REMOVABLE FACE PLATES. SWITCHED MASKS.

THEN, LET'S GO WITH IT.

THEY WERE ALL THE RAGE WAY BACK WHEN.

In panel six, Deunan's wondering whether Bri's worried about her safety when he doesn't want to split up, and whether she should leave it alone, or if he's still worried that Lance underappreciates him...in which case, does she need to give him some positive reinforcement? "What should I do," she wonders.... And as to why she isn't watching the container yard exit from panels five all the way through panel eight, well...she's distracted by her concern for Bri. Shape up, girl!





Some of you may wonder why there's no airfoil for the front of the container, but not to worry. And why's the container all smooth like that? Good question. And while we're at it, the tail of that bird in panel one is truly weird, but... what, me worry?





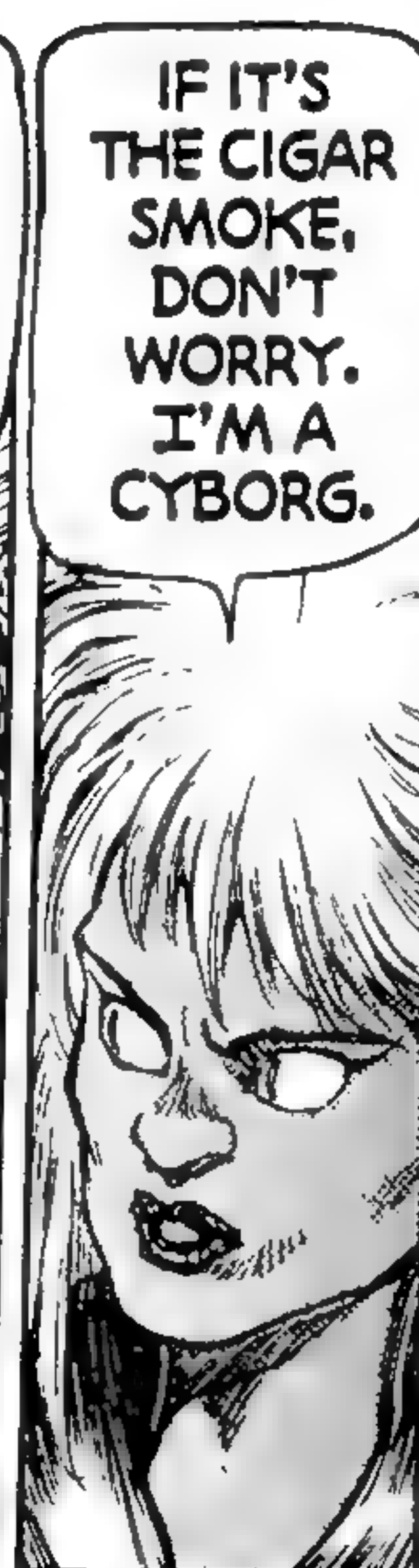
Automatic Drive Control System

NAW, IT'S THE ADCS.

CIGAR?! DAMN, NEVER EVEN THOUGHT A' THAT!

IF IT'S THE CIGAR SMOKE, DON'T WORRY. I'M A CYBORG.

WHOA, THERE... FORGOT TO FIRE UP THE SAFETY GIZMO. SORRY MA'AM.



SO YOU'RE THE CARGO'S "GOOD-LUCK CHARM"...?

DON'T USE IT MUCH, BUT...

BOOT THAT SUCKER UP, AND IT'S SAFE DRIVING ALL THE WAY HOME. **AUTOMATIC, TOO.**

OR MAYBE JUST BALLAST...



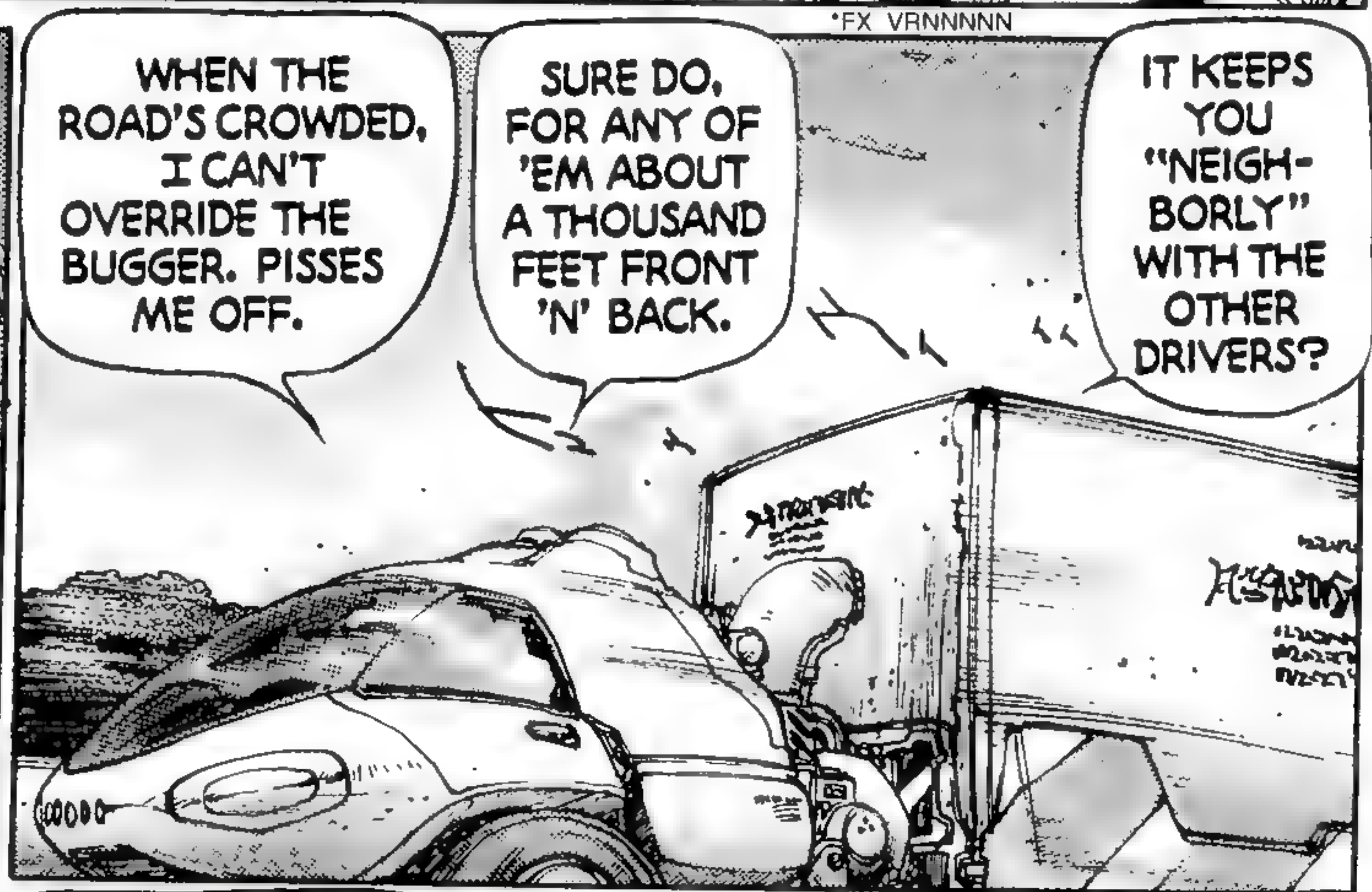
I DON'T KNOW. PERHAPS A CASE MAY HAVE BROKEN. STOP THE TRUCK AND I'LL CHECK.

WHUT THE HELL? "ABNORMAL CONDITIONS"...?! IT'S A LOAD A' DAMNED FOSSIL SPECIMENS!

WHEN THE ROAD'S CROWDED, I CAN'T OVERRIDE THE BUGGER. PISSSES ME OFF.

SURE DO, FOR ANY OF 'EM ABOUT A THOUSAND FEET FRONT 'N' BACK.

IT KEEPS YOU "NEIGHBORLY" WITH THE OTHER DRIVERS?

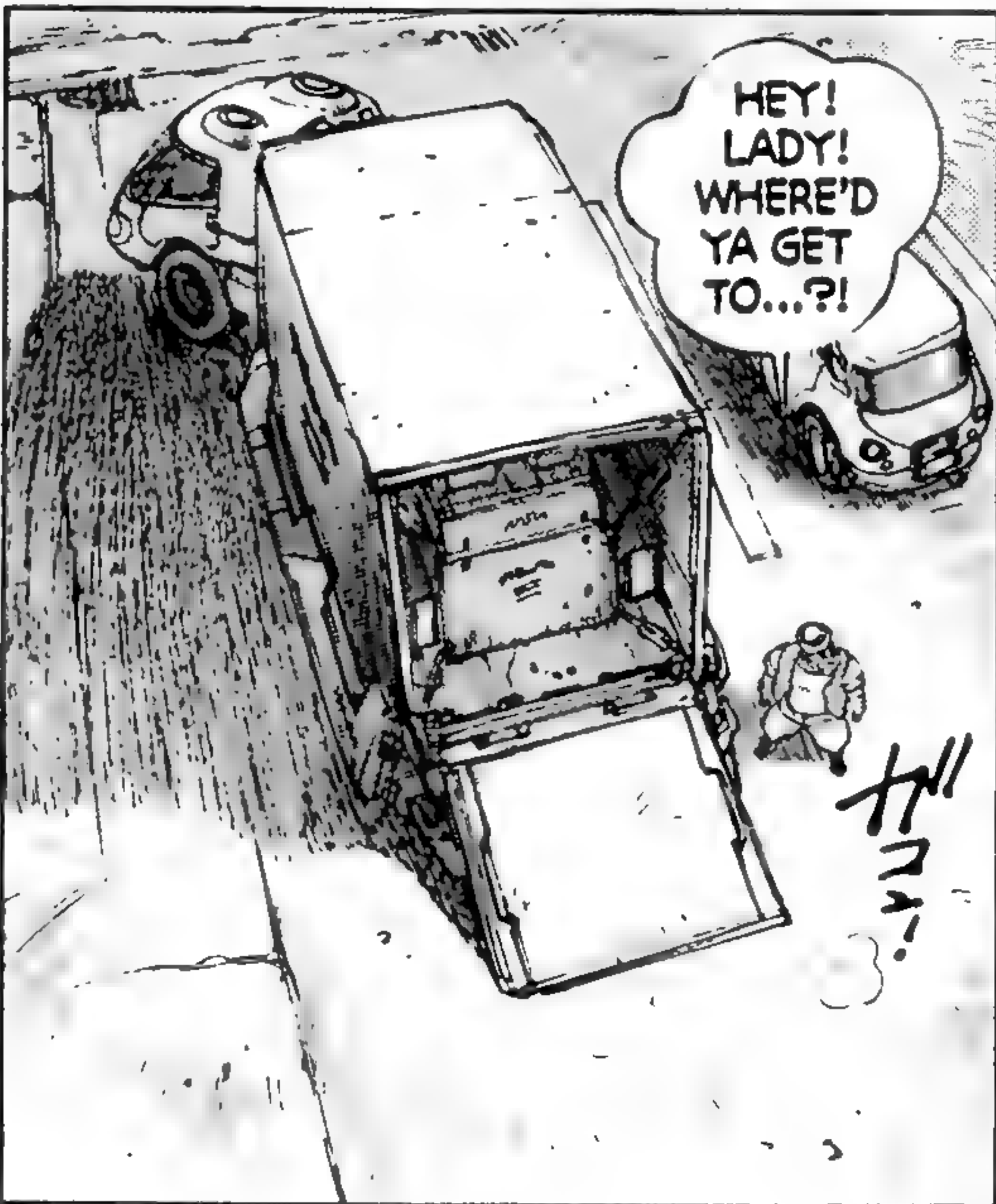
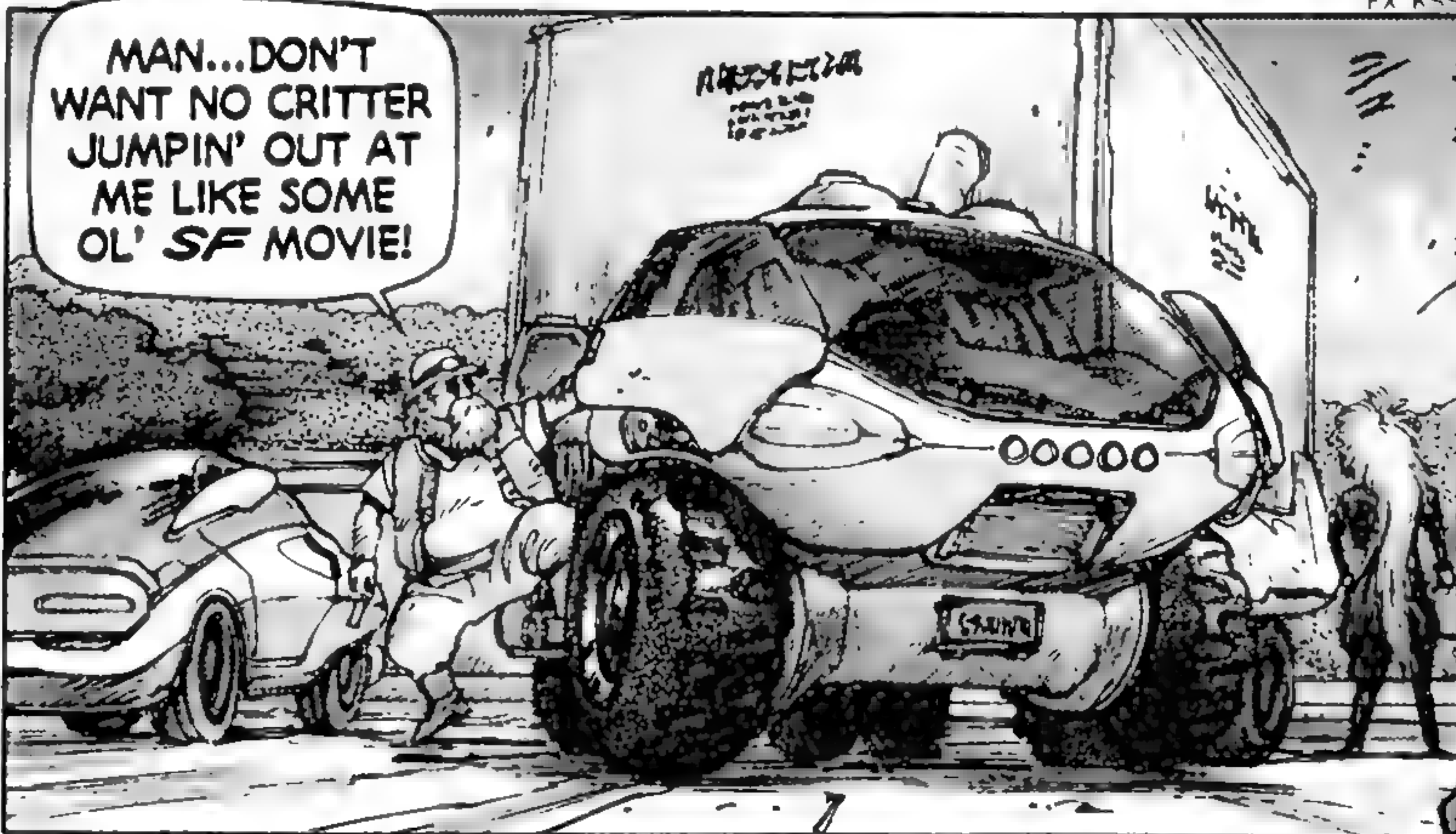
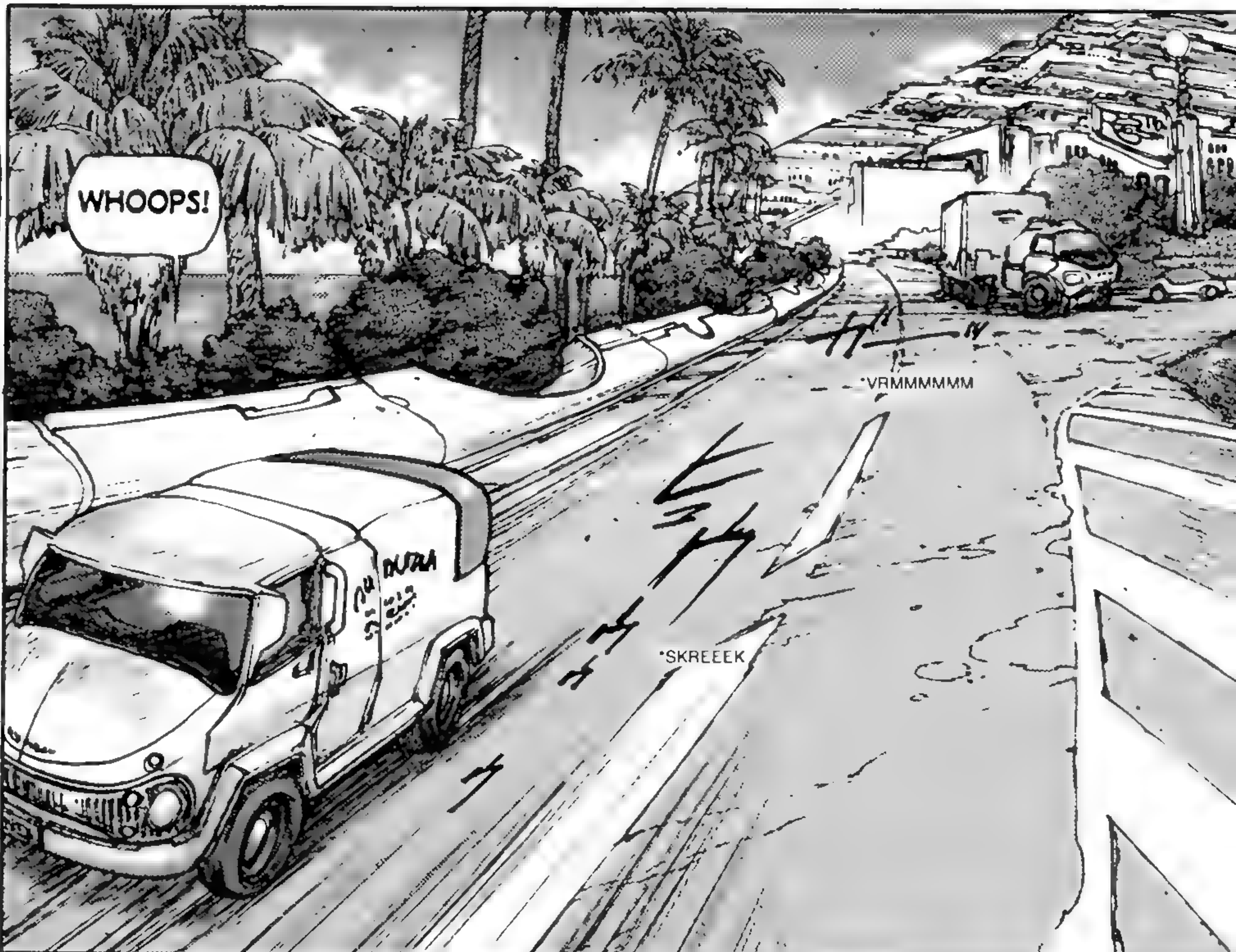
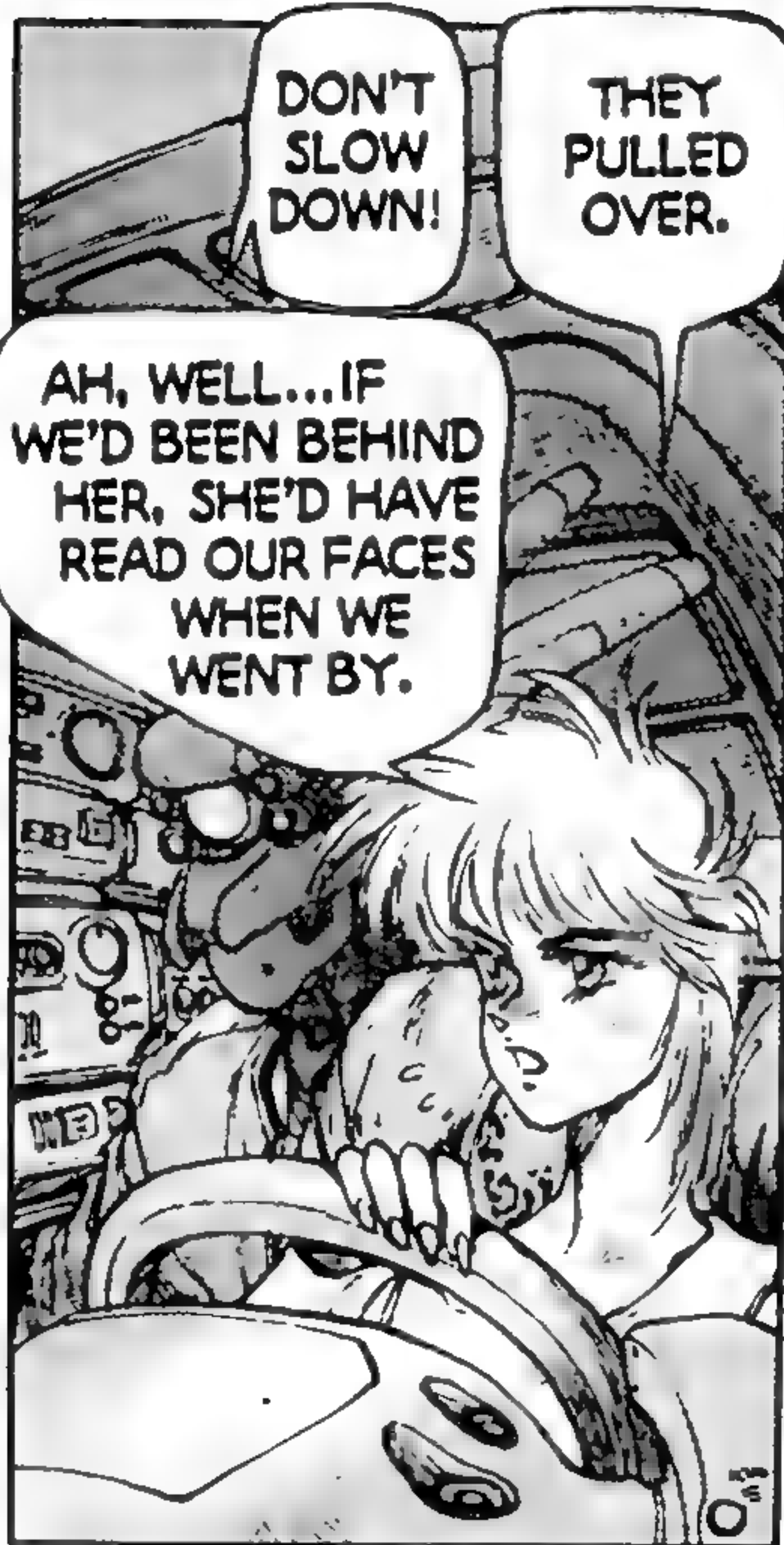


DRIVER! I'M GETTING A SIGNAL FROM THE CONTAINER... ABNORMAL CONDITIONS OF SOME KIND!

A SINGLE CAR ONE HUNDRED METERS AHEAD... HMM. LET'S PLAY IT SAFE.







Of course, Deinoa's aware of satellite surveillance. But since no satellite could catch her changing to the trailer truck in the container yard, she's assuming she's clear.





DAMN...  
IF I HAD A  
CAMO  
UNIT, I'D  
BAIL.

THREE HUNDRED  
METERS AHEAD!  
**FLOOR IT!**  
BUT DRIVE  
SAFE!

DID THEY  
FORGET TO BUILD  
ANY *EXITS*?!

NO, I'VE STILL GOT  
HER ON SATELLITE.  
SHE'S HEADED FOR  
THE SHOPPING  
DISTRICT.

EYES  
ON  
THE  
ROAD!

WANT  
*ME* TO  
JUMP  
OUT?

THIS SITUATION  
ISN'T FUNNY,  
THOUGH... WE'RE  
IN THE SHIT  
AND THAT'S  
FOR SURE.

ME  
NEITHER.

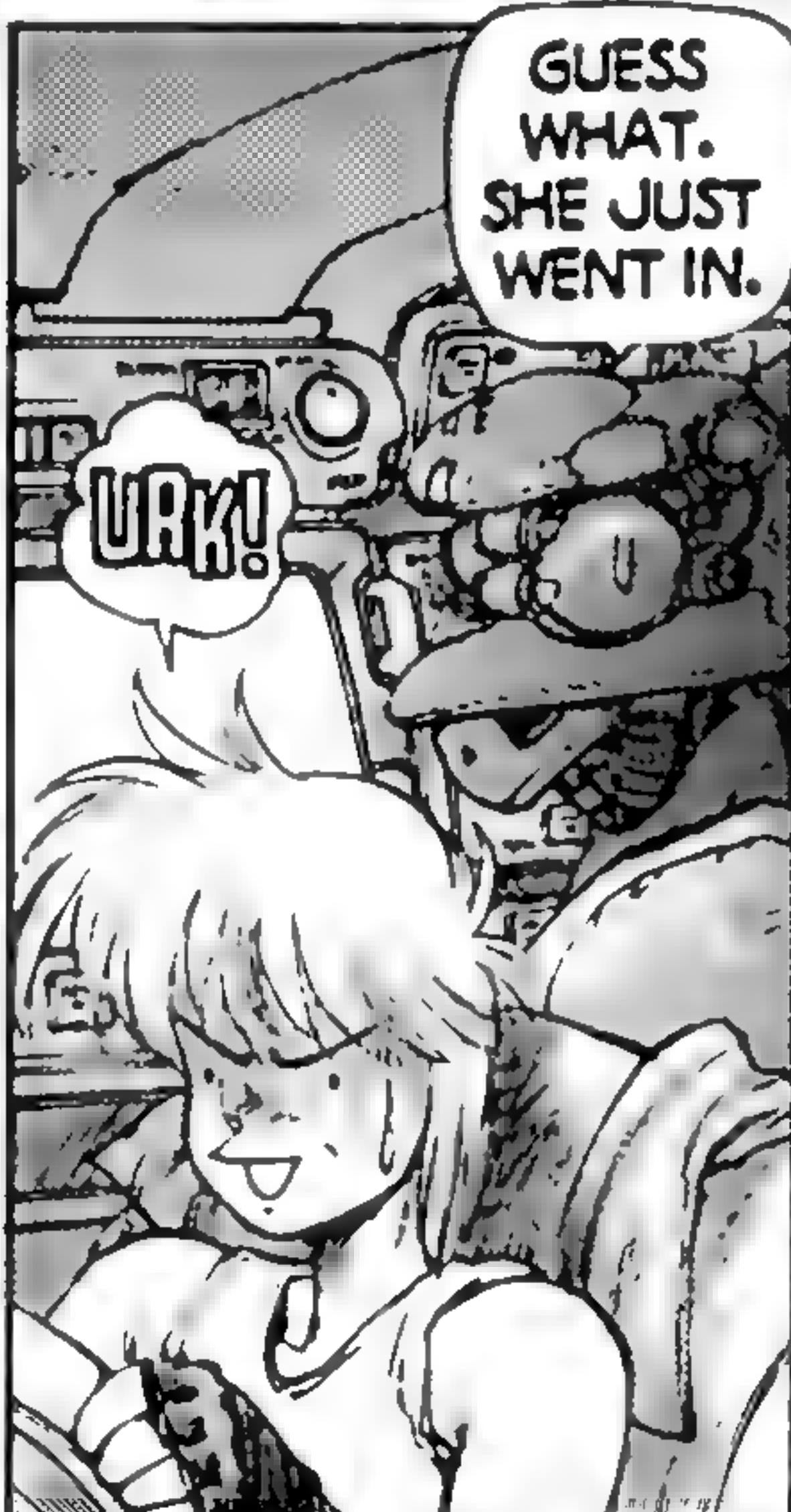
UHM...I DIDN'T  
REALLY *MEAN*  
THAT.



JUST RAN  
DOWN  
THE ALLEY,  
THROUGH  
THE PARK...

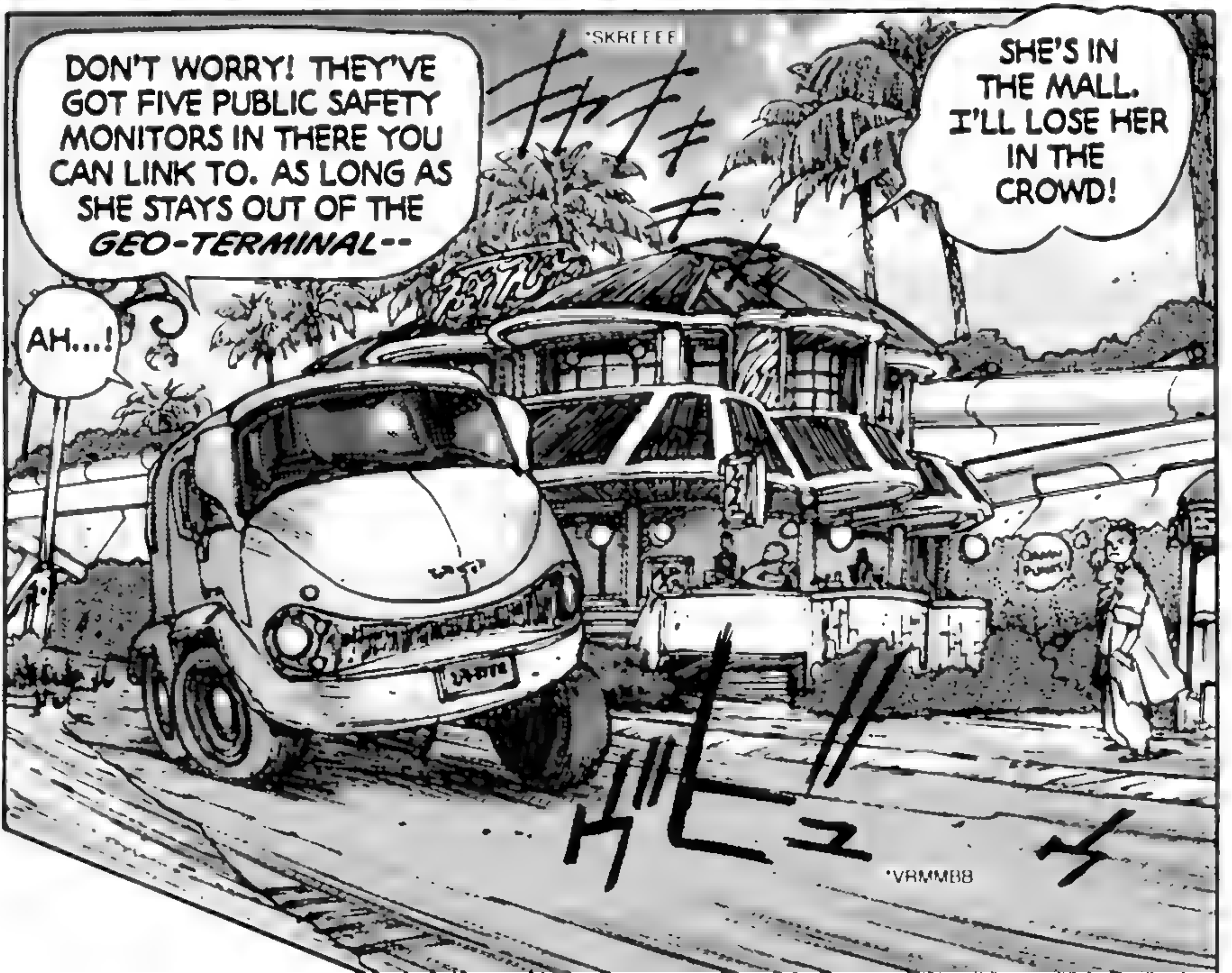
TOO  
DAMN  
*FAST!*

I ALREADY  
THOUGHT SO  
FROM THE WAY  
SHE WAS TAILING  
US...BUT NOW  
I'M *SURE* SHE'S  
A CYBORG.



GUESS  
WHAT.  
SHE JUST  
WENT IN.

URK!



DON'T WORRY! THEY'VE  
GOT FIVE PUBLIC SAFETY  
MONITORS IN THERE YOU  
CAN LINK TO. AS LONG AS  
SHE STAYS OUT OF THE  
*GEO-TERMINAL*--

AH...!

SHE'S IN  
THE MALL.  
I'LL LOSE HER  
IN THE  
CROWD!



# APPLESEED

NOTES





**p6** | About those mushroom-like structures I started inserting in the illustrations from *Appleseed* Volume Three on . . . they're modeled on a coral reef, so no, I didn't just lift them from the art album by Roger and Martyn Dean! The couple that's lost their way in the complex are characters from the (theoretical/planned) second volume of *Orion*. Those things flying by in the first panel do observe aerodynamic principles . . . don't they?

**p7** | In other words, the "Hope" (Erebus) plan continues to be implemented in stages. As for what *that* means . . . wait for future episodes!

**p8** | The sign above the window only reads "Hitom" because the voracious Artemis kids devoured the "i". There's significance to those "grasshopper cookies," too, but you'll find out more about that later (much later). Still, maybe we should think a bit more seriously about insect comestibles?

**p11** | They're not jacking directly into the computer to reduce the risk of reverse tracing or automatic counter-measures. One reason this world isn't packed to the gills with computers is because computerization has so many downsides.

**p12** | Olympus holds so many summits and diplomatic negotiations that the threat of terrorism is extremely high (not just terrorism against Olympus proper, but strife between the city's various "guests" as well).

**p13** | Judging from how peeved Gansui seems to be, he must have spent a lot of time on personal computerization in the past.

**p14** | What a sloppily conceived, improbable ship!!

**p16** | Knee-mounted vacuum cups, with built-in air pumps. Of course!

**p17** | This is an official ESWAT unit; Bri and Deunan are operating as regular ESWAT on this operation.

**p18** | Why not a Sebuo Gong? Well, she's packing a Gong, too—look closer. Deunan's rendering here is closer to her appearance in *Appleseed* Volumes One and Two than in Volumes Three and Four. Readers who

started from Volumes Three or Four may find it a bit disconcerting . . .

**p21** | Of course Bri and Deunan are using their own personal code-switching algorithm for their private conversation.

**p22** | Since they're using HALO (High Altitude, Low Opening), they should be at about 300 meters in panel one. The objects in the water in the last panel of page 21 are markers deployed by the submarine. Let's say they're designed to blind the ship's TASS (Towed Array Sonar System). Convinced . . . ? (TASS is a passive sonar system.) LAN stands for Local Area Network. In other words, they're not plugged into the Aegis system, but are connecting to local systems. Since they're also talking about rings, it must be a ring-like architecture, rather than bus or star-bus. The weapon system in panel three, page 20 is modeled on Goalkeeper (I prefer Phalanx, myself . . . ). I apologize to readers who are disturbed that the ship's chains don't have any studs, or that I didn't give it gooseneck



\*FX: BEEP BEEP BEEP



ventilation ports. But alas, I had to keep the revisions to a minimum when preparing this republished version.

**p23** | Those “ultra-aramid” fibers were first marketed as protective gear for folk in the forestry industry, I do believe.

**p24** | Infrared imaging (IFR) may evoke images of the movie *Predator*, but when you check out the Hummingbird “stealth” LD, you should get the picture.

**p25** | Yes, the ship’s hatches are bogus, but it’s not because I didn’t have any reference material to work from.

**p26** | “Shaped charges” are that stuff Sokak called “guts” in *Appleseed* Volume Four. Here I’ve returned to the classic triangular cross-section. I know the grip lever is still attached to the gas grenade on page 25, panel four, but let’s say that you only pull the pin itself on this model. Okay? They’re a bit like the S&W 2S.

**p27** | Let me just assure you that he wasn’t chopped up with a great big knife. The idea I’m using here isn’t such a big deal in any case, so don’t worry about it.

**p28** | I messed up in the first panel and wound up with this . . . forgot the darn leg hatches again, and the composition is a little “one, two, three” . . . I’ll just have to fix it in a later edition . . . sniff, sob . . .

**p30** | In reality, the smoke would be intensely black.

**p31** | Just mentioning it for those of you not in the know, but these things fly using an ultra-high frequency vibration anti-gravity technology called “Hermes” (see the entry in *Appleseed ID*). Those panels on their backs are not wings.

The central hull fin on the high-speed boat (the stabilizer) only extends halfway down the hull, and is meant to create air bubbles in the hull cavity for higher speeds. (This technology really exists.) The missile launcher is pretty slapdash, but I didn’t want to just copy *Seawolf* or *Sea Sparrow*. So I gave it hatches, okay? How the devil do they open, I wonder?! And if the launch tubes are square, then wouldn’t four fins fit better? Don’t think about it too much . . .

Those things Bri is ejecting here are decoys to fox the missiles. I don’t know if they’re what saved him, but I’m glad he’s okay.

**p32** | No, the boat hasn’t stopped dead in panel four. Ah, landing ships! You gotta love ’em!

**p34** | Come to think of it, there’s never been an illustration quite like this one before in all of *Appleseed* . . . weird feeling!

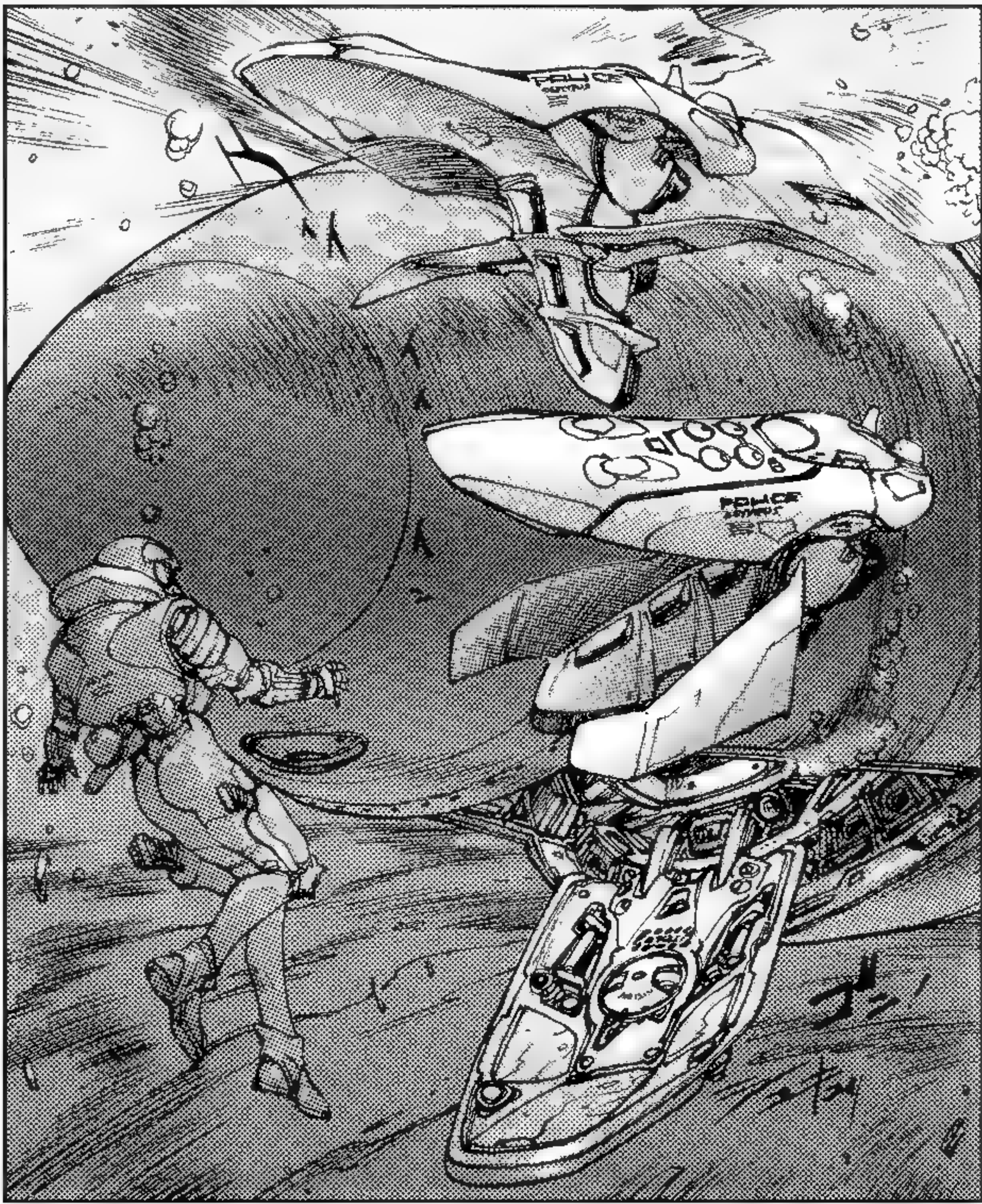
**p35** | Yes, the ship’s sinking, but the ocean surface still shouldn’t look like this . . .

Ships are actually remarkably fragile. They don’t have the rigidity of a solid naval architecture hull model. When they sink, they can no longer support their own weight and go to pieces.

That applies to spaceships, too. Keep them in space where they belong, and they’re fine. But over-stress them, and they break apart. That’s why I absolutely do not believe in space colonies (I agree with the idea in principle; it’s just those crazy giant cylinders I can’t stand). Wouldn’t it be better to build them like a tobacco mosaic virus (each space that would be protein in the virus would house a colony block) . . . ? Lose those giant wings (solar panels) and replace them with scales that flip open and closed. You’d probably want flexible joints as well. There’s that scene in the old *Macross* anime where an engine blows, but would a giant spacecraft *really* respond like that, even if it was made of some anti-gravity alloy . . . ? (As a side note, at the time, I knew everyone at the famous *dojinshi* Atlas because I was doing the







last clean-up work on my manga *Black Magic*, which first ran in its hallowed pages. Ah . . . my long lost twenties!) Back to the story . . . Bri, don't get water up your gun barrel!

**p36/37** | Those dots on the hull and the props aren't rivets. They're maskers that expel air bubbles to mask underwater noise emissions and deceive enemy sonar. Apparently the air also reduces corrosion and other damage to the hull. Really, I wonder . . . ? The props, of course, are variable pitch.

I did my best to suggest in the cross-section that this was a disguised military ship. The ship's sides are not vertical, but curved to improve its stealth characteristics, but maybe the art is too busy to make that out . . . ? The port and starboard screws spin in opposite directions to cancel out torque, but apparently they have to spin toward the outside of the hull rather than toward the keel. (Does that really make a difference? I suppose it does.) The reason the Garthim emits so few air bubbles is that it's outfitted with a small closed-circulation breathing apparatus. (This is an optional feature for marine ops.) The joints should compress under the pressure and be harder to move, though. The internal plant they refer to is the standard ESWAT-issue micromachine suite, including various different nanomachines for purging chemicals and viruses from the bloodstream and for emergency medical intervention. PE means plastic explosives (although Bri's playing pretty fast and loose with them). The thing like a washer on page 37, panel seven is an electric igniter plug (it's disposable).

**p38** | Brings back memories of the flying submarine from *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea* . . . ! I understand that back about the time my "assistant" Kotetsu Hagane was new upon this earth, his favorite toy was a rubber-band-drive *Seaview*. One day it "crash dived" into the inlet for the bathtub's hot water heater, and that was the end of that. In panel three, Deunan isn't as badly hurt as it might seem.

**p39** | About these water police Landmates—it would probably improve their stability if I extended the forward hull fin down to touch the water and added horizontal fins . . . okay. So they're unstable. But my mindset was to think of them like motorcycles, so go easy on me! (I'm afraid the bow is going to pitch and make them harder to control, though. Is that worth the improved maneuverability?)

Deunan! Don't take off that helmet until you're safely aboard! The front half of these helmets, the part approximating the facial bones, flips up from a point near the ear. When you close it, you wrap around the neck fastener, and seal.

**p40** | Bri . . . ! If you kiss her like that, Deunan will cut her lips on her own front teeth! *Gong!* goes your faceplate! *Goosh!* goes her blood . . . ! Yuck.

**p41** | "Swiss army boats" they're *not*. But those arms are pretty convenient, with space to store lots of things. Oops, I forgot to give the speed boat an anchor . . .

**p43** | I just stuck in these "prop wheels" for laughs. But if another materials revolution comes along and cheap space alloys start hitting the market, even these may not seem so laughable anymore.

When you look at the lines of the mecha in *Appleseed*, think of the peculiar weight, balance, tensile strength, etc. of new, hi-tech specialized materials. If you simply think of these designs like uniform objects molded out of clay, a lot of them will seem oddly unbalanced.

**p44** | The boat can't have been moving so fast that it would actually shatter like that . . . in which case, Bri could have attacked it after all, and . . . oh, heck. Sorry.

**p45/46** | Grenade launcher, right?

**p47/48** | In this scene she's suppressing the Hermes anti-grav effect so she can pin the enemy cyborg with the full weight of her Guges. Not a smart move, actually. Oh well, it was a snap decision, so



let's forgive her . . . My apologies for presenting you with such an unrealistic, manga-esque fight scene . . . If they were non-altered humans, her neck would have snapped (been dislocated), and end of story. BTW, that was Bri's nice shooting, there.

**p49** | The wire is made of a hard material to keep you from cutting yourself on it under normal conditions. If you don't apply a lot of force to it, it remains relatively (although not perfectly) straight.

**p50** | The hatch is on the right side, so she draws with her right hand. But in the next panel she's already shifted her grip to her left auxiliary hand (didn't draw every stage of that; sorry).

**p51** | That last illo reminds me of *Dominion* . . . It's not like I draw all my bad guys to look bad at first sight . . .

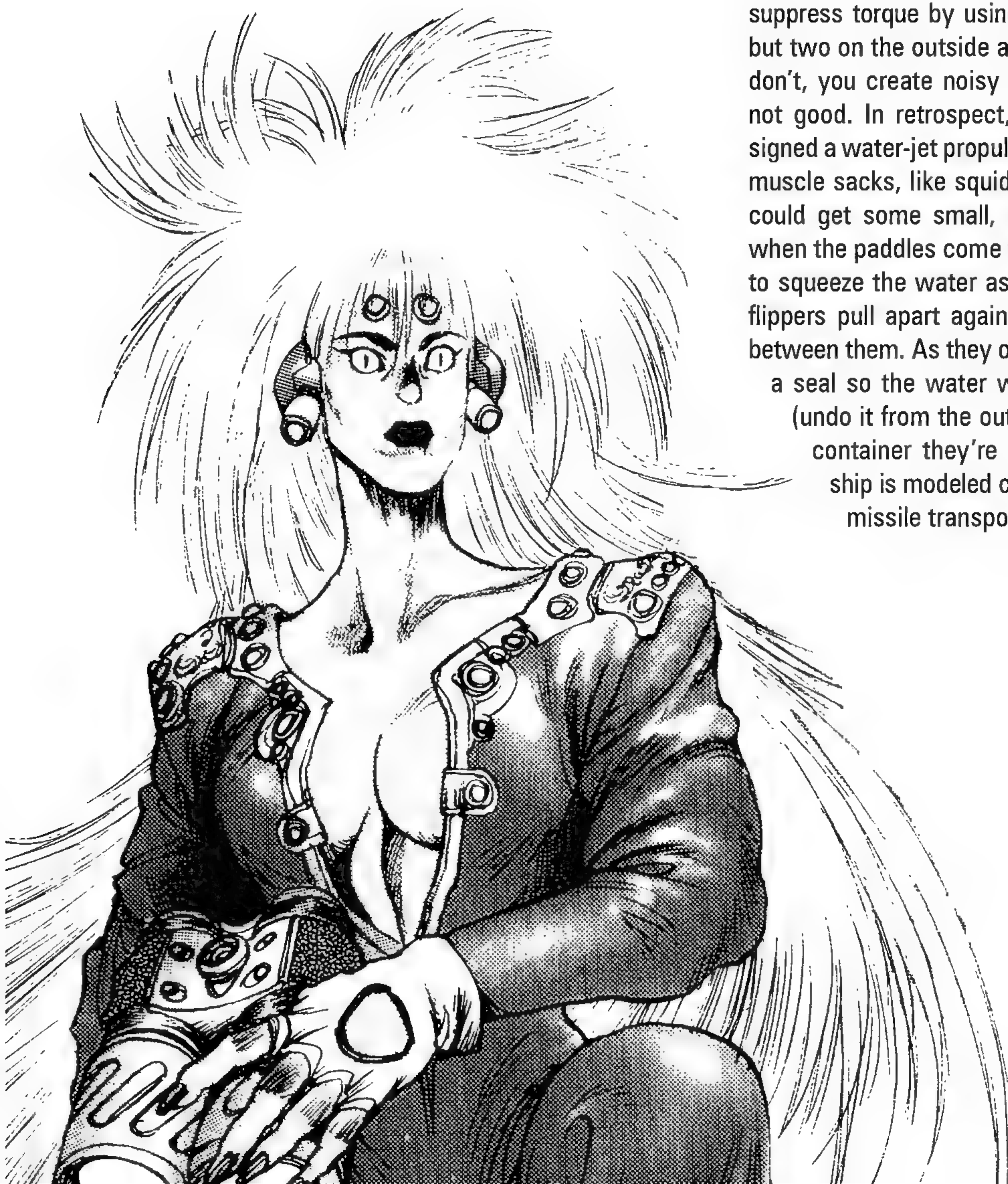
**p52/53** | Come on, ladies . . . if you're going to peek, be a *little* more discreet. That's what I feel like telling them. But if all three of them were stealthily observing the fight in full camouflage, it wouldn't make much of a drawing (if you can discern the wearer, then the camo's failed). So . . . I didn't do it.

The surveillance satellite should have nailed them, too. But since the satellites are zoomed in on the body and boat, they're not performing the broad area surveillance that would have caught our threesome. Or that's my working assumption, anyway.

The name of the third woman, by the way, is Pemphredo.

**p55** | The ship's gone down in what looks to be about two-hundred meters . . . but on the map, the ocean bed around Olympus island is four to six thousand meters down . . . whoops. Eh heh heh . . . sorry.

**p71** | Regarding the tail flippers of the mecha our three gals are using, I've given them four flippers to cancel out torque. In reality, though, they should suppress torque by using not two flippers together, but two on the outside and two on the inside. If you don't, you create noisy little whirlpools, and that's not good. In retrospect, maybe I should have designed a water-jet propulsion systems using artificial muscle sacks, like squids and octopi. Actually, you could get some small, added jet-propulsive effect when the paddles come together if they're designed to squeeze the water as they close. When the two flippers pull apart again, water flows into the gap between them. As they open, it could be like undoing a seal so the water would be almost forced out (undo it from the outside edges, perhaps?). The container they're retrieving from the sunken ship is modeled on an ASROC anti-submarine missile transport container.



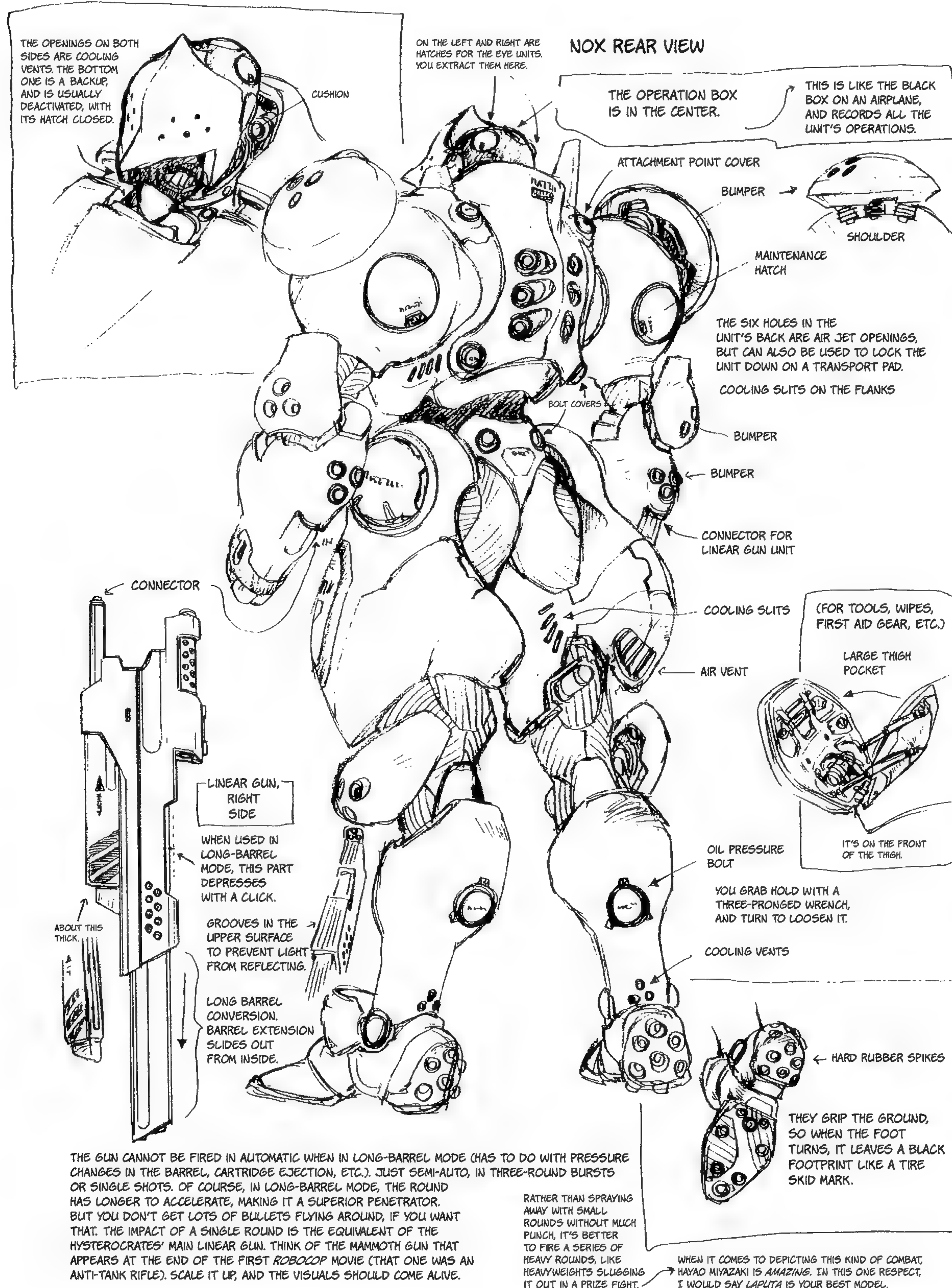


# APPLESEED

NOTES



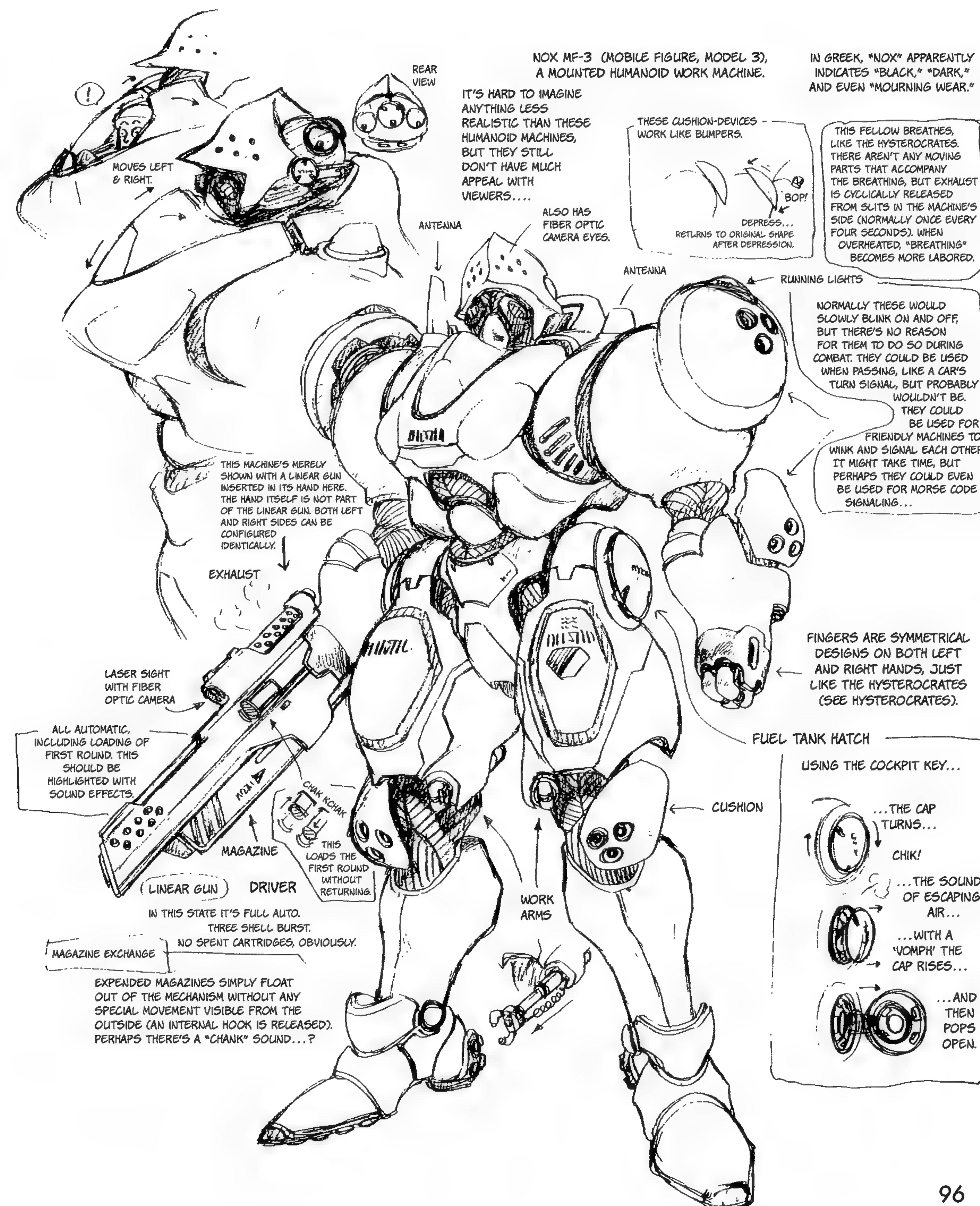




# MECHA DESIGN REFERENCE MATERIALS

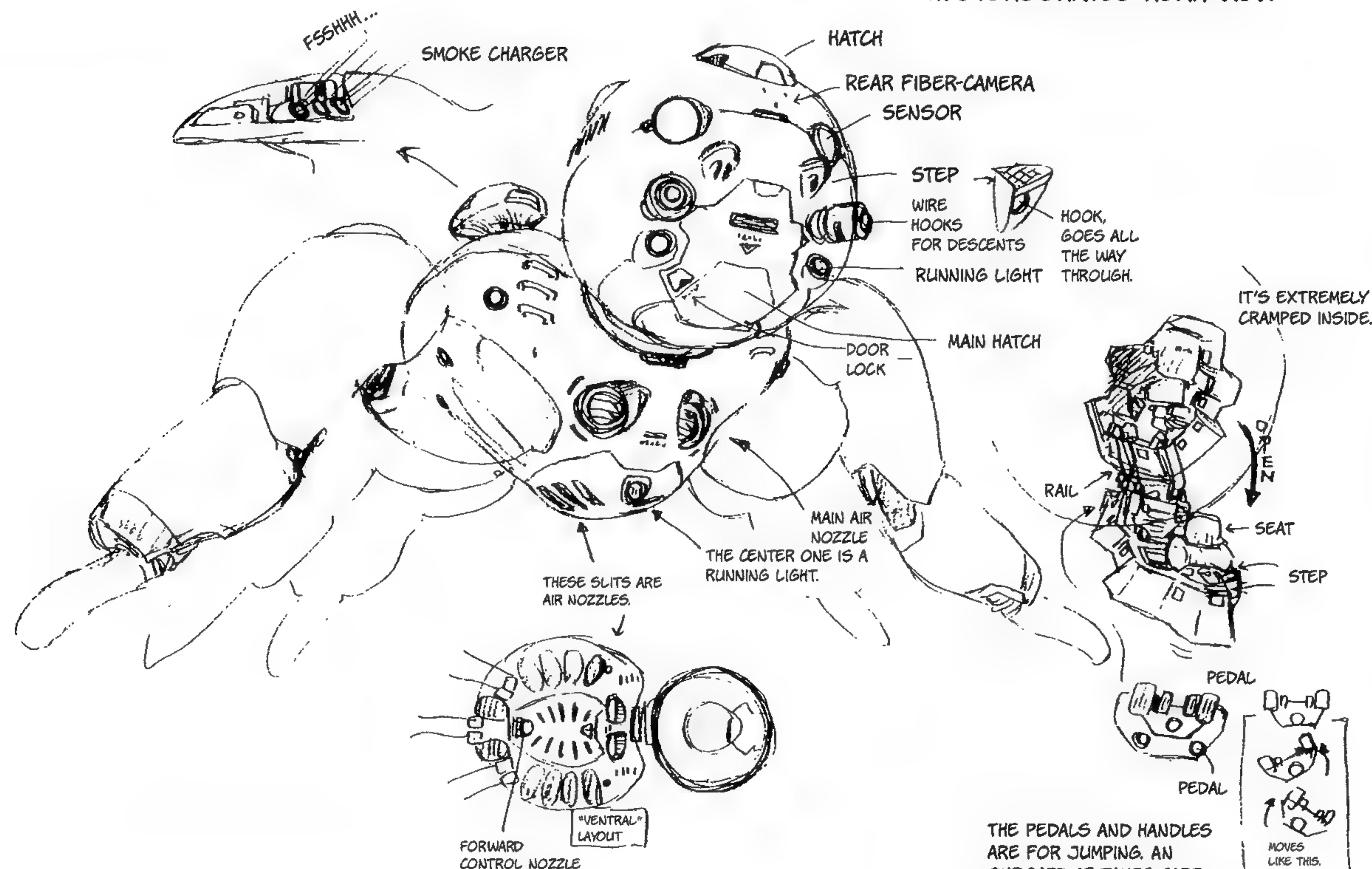
Masamune Shirow created these sketches and notes when he was asked to help design the mecha for *Bounty Dog*, a two-volume Original Video Animation marketed by Toho in 1994. This was only a request

for ideas, so some of the designs differ from those in the final video, and some do not appear at all. On the other hand, they are rendered much more freely and playfully than would often be the case with design sketches. (Text: Seishinsha Editorial Division)





## HYSTEROCRATES REAR VIEW



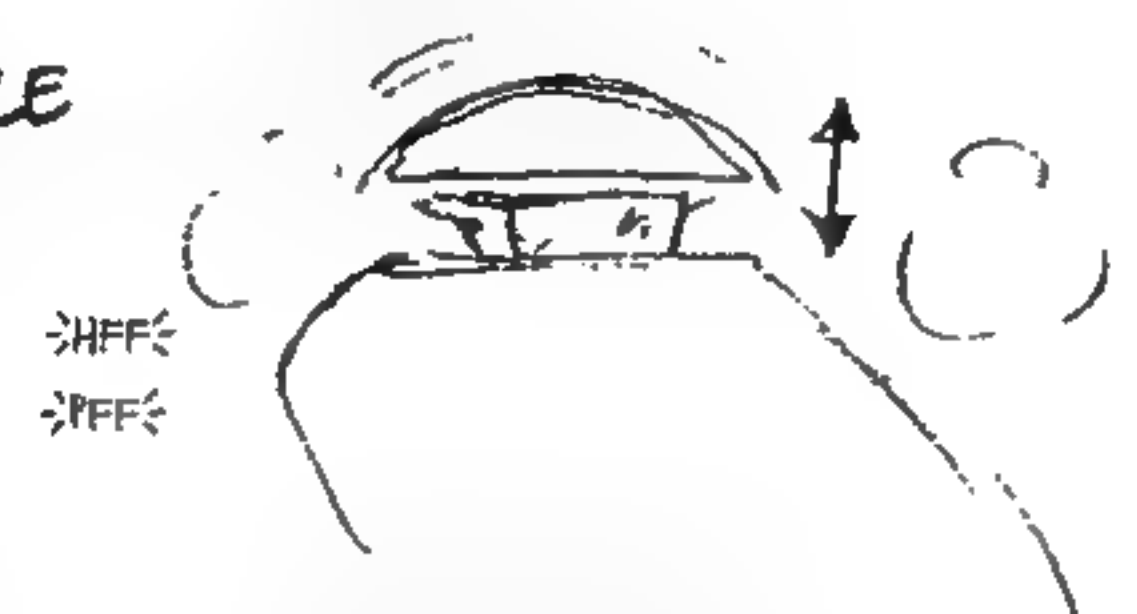
### THIS MECHA BREATHES!

FOR COOLING. (OUTSIDE THE CITY, ON THE LUNAR SURFACE, THE BREATHING IS EVEN MORE LABORED.) THE HYSTEROCRATES HAS SO MANY MOVING PARTS THAT IT'S CONSTANTLY BREATHING OUT THROUGH ITS SHOULDERS TO EXHAUST FRICTION HEAT.

THESE ROUND THINGS ARE THE COVERS. ONE CYCLE EVERY FOUR SECONDS.

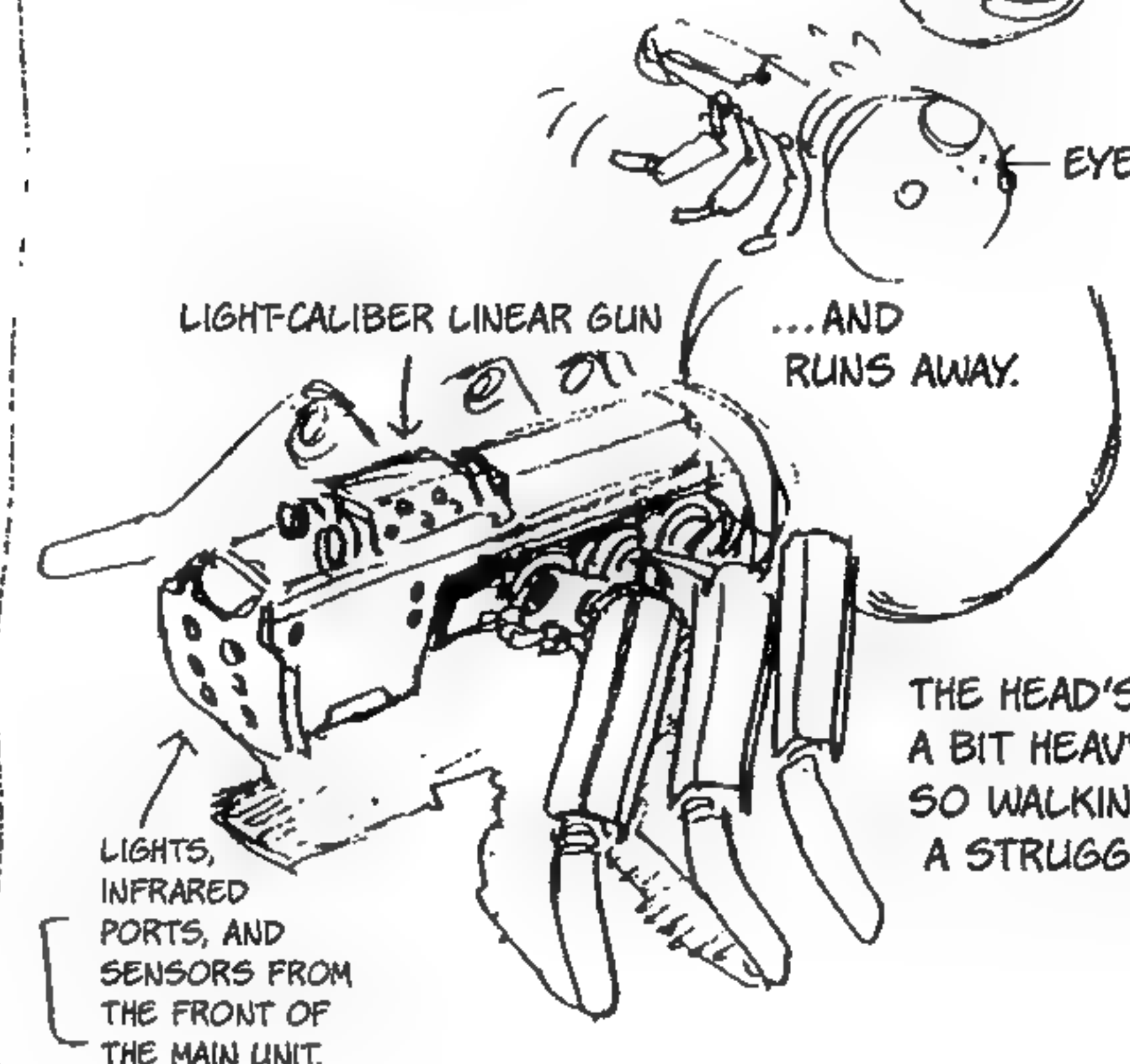
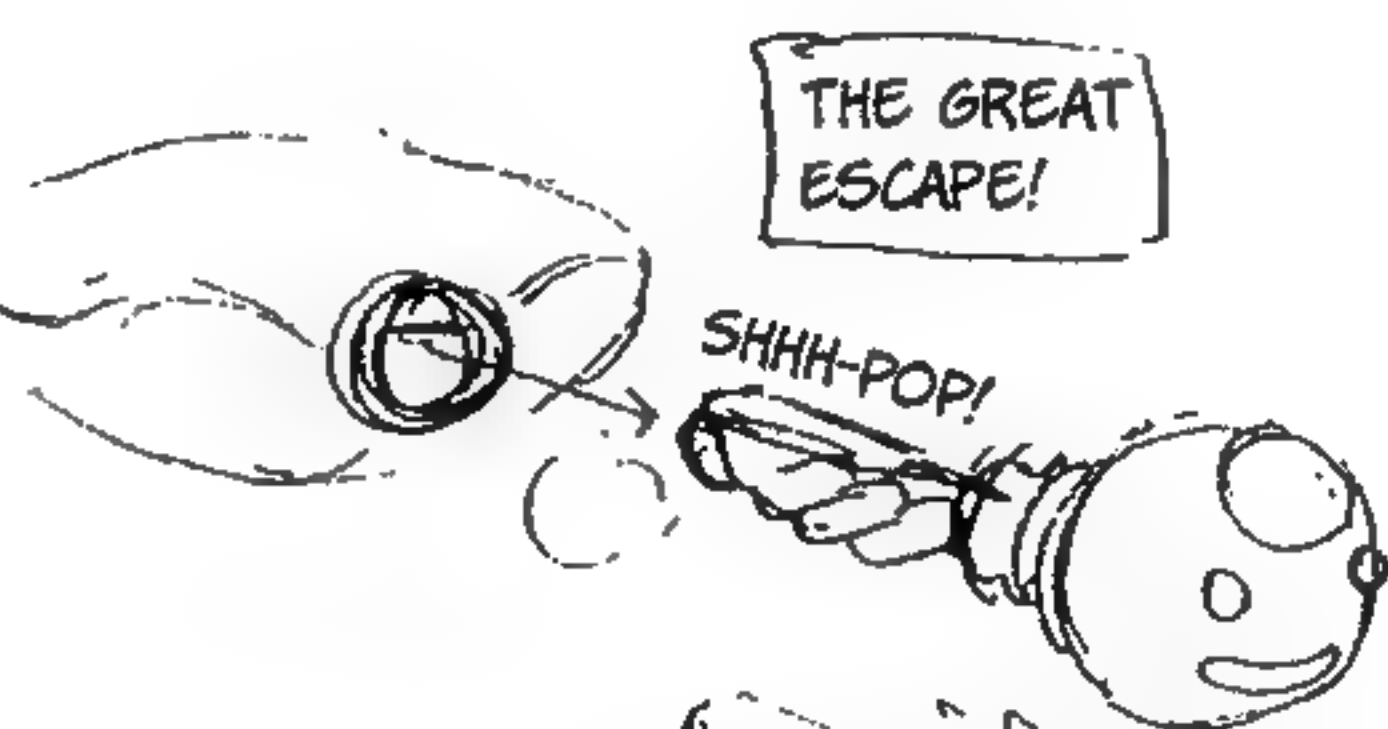


SO WHEN THEY'RE IN COMBAT AND BEGIN TO OVERHEAT, THEIR BREATHING BECOMES MORE FRANTIC. (APPROXIMATELY ONE CYCLE PER SECOND.)



INTERESTING TO WATCH, I THINK, BUT TIME-CONSUMING TO ANIMATE. LET THE DIRECTOR DECIDE WHETHER TO INCORPORATE THIS FEATURE OR NOT. IT'S ENOUGH TO INCLUDE IT IN JUST A FEW SCENES OR AT CRUCIAL MOMENTS.

YOU CAN TELL FROM THE SHOULDER/BREATHING ACTION HOW FATIGUED THE MACHINE IS. MACHINE FATIGUE AND PILOT FATIGUE ARE SEPARATE MATTERS. EVEN WHEN A MECHA ISN'T BREATHING HEAVILY, YOU CAN DISTINGUISH THE HOT ONES FROM THE COLD ONES WITH YOUR INFRARED, AND DETERMINE WHICH ARE MORE FATIGUED. THAT ALLOWS YOU TO MAKE CERTAIN TACTICAL DECISIONS ON THE BATTLEFIELD. FOR INSTANCE, IF YOU'RE FACING THREE UNITS, YOU CAN IGNORE THE ONES THAT ARE FATIGUED AND SLOW, AND HIT THE MORE ACTIVE ONES WITH SHORT, POP-UP ATTACKS.



CIVILIAN VERSIONS ARE PRODUCED IN BRILLIANT COLORS, AND CAN BE QUITE PRETTY. WHEN USING MILITARY COLORS, THE COLORIST WILL NEED TO BE SKILLFUL ENOUGH TO BRING OUT THE SENSE OF WEIGHT AND MASS DESPITE THE DRAB COLORATION.

I LEAVE THE LETTERING DECISIONS UP TO THE DIRECTOR, AS FOLLOWS:

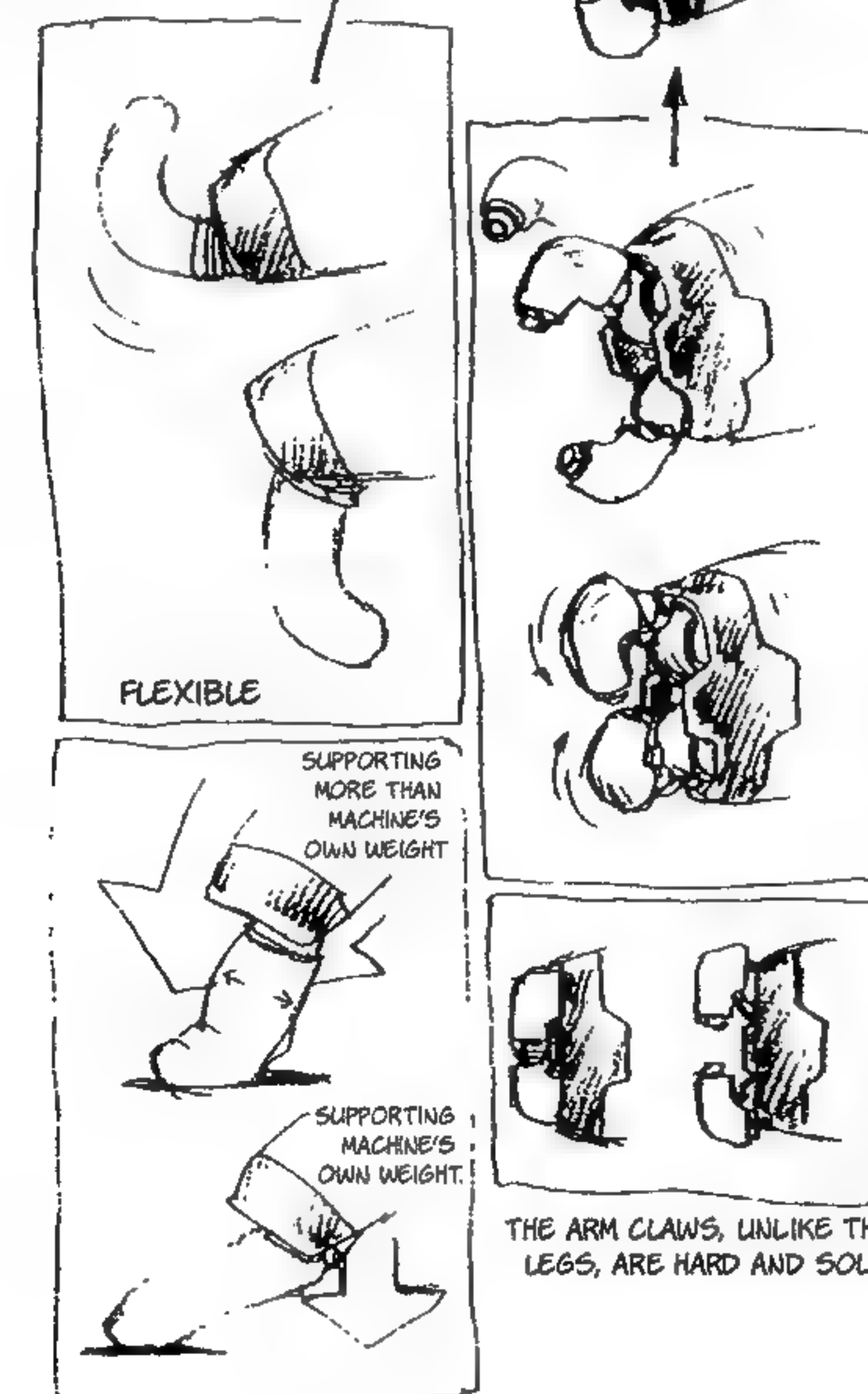
\*INCLUDE OR NOT INCLUDE?

\*IF LETTERING IS APPLIED, LIMIT IT TO JUST "AM-5"...

\*OR APPLY MILITARY MARKINGS? THE NAMES OF THE RESPECTIVE ARMIES?

\*OR NAMES OF COUNTRIES; OTHER AFFILIATIONS?

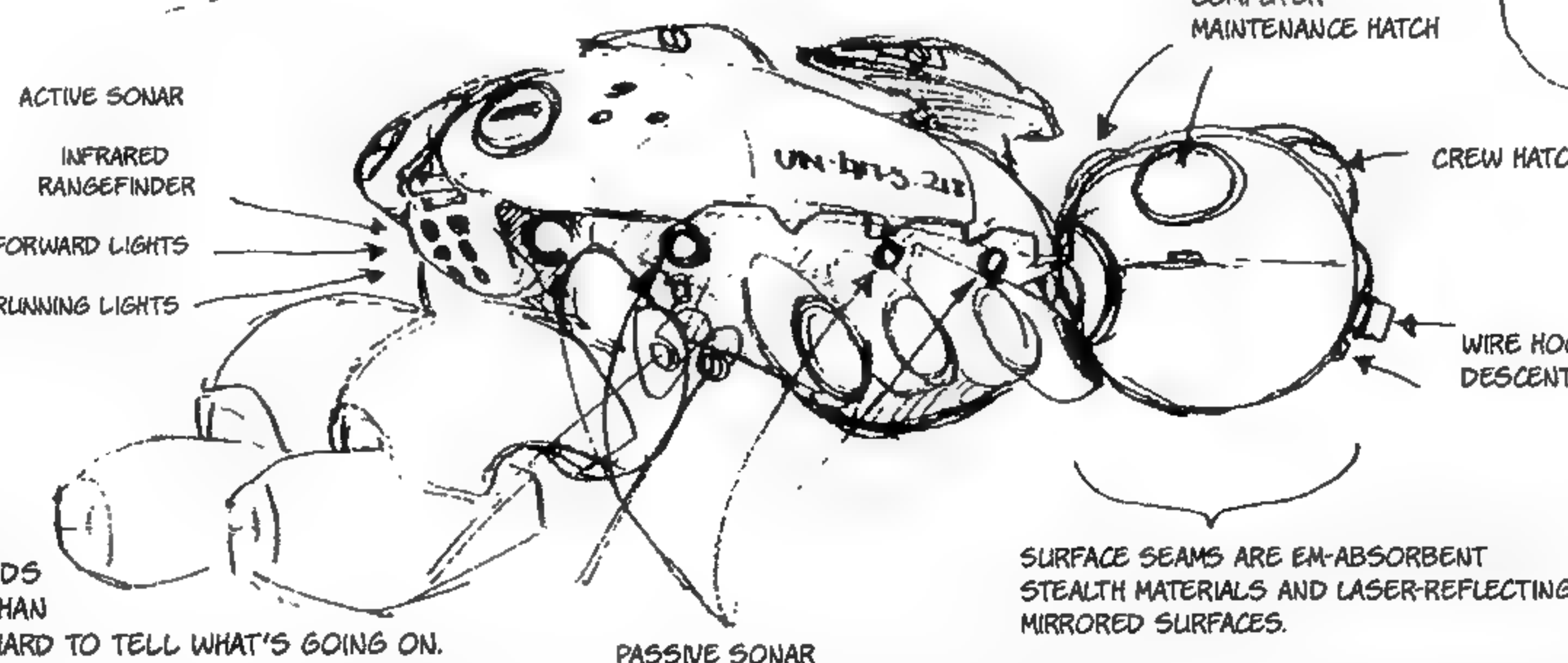
IN NORMAL OPERATIONS, IT MOVES LIKE A "FLYCATHER" SPIDER. WHEN IT CORNERS QUICKLY, HOWEVER, IT KICKS UP A CLOUD OF DUST, WHICH SHOULD HELP YOU CREATE A SENSE OF SPEED.



THE ARM CLAWS, UNLIKE THE LEGS, ARE HARD AND SOLID.

IF YOU'RE NOT SURE WHAT THIS IS, TAKE A LOOK AT THE BUILDING SCENE NEAR THE END OF THE MOVIE DARKMAN. INSTEAD OF MUZZLE FLASH, SO FOR PUFFS OF GAS. RAPID FIRE SHOULD OF COURSE BE FASTER THAN THE MAIN GUN, BUT STILL ONLY ABOUT SIX ROUNDS PER SECOND. FASTER THAN THAT, AND IT WILL BE HARD TO TELL WHAT'S GOING ON.

ACTIVE SONAR  
INFRARED RANGEFINDER  
FORWARD LIGHTS  
RUNNING LIGHTS



I'VE KEPT THE LINES SIMPLE BECAUSE I WANT YOU TO MAKE THESE GUYS REALLY MOVE. I'VE SIMPLIFIED THE LINES TO REDUCE THE BURDEN ON THE ANIMATORS, NOT SO THEY CAN BACK OFF AND RELAX, BUT TO MAKE IT EASIER FOR THEM TO INCLUDE A LOT OF MOVEMENT.

## THE CONSTANCE "WALKING MACHINE" HYSTEROCRATES AM-5 (FROM THE GREEK, MEANING "THE LAST RULER," ALSO THE NAME OF AN AFRICAN TARANTULA.)

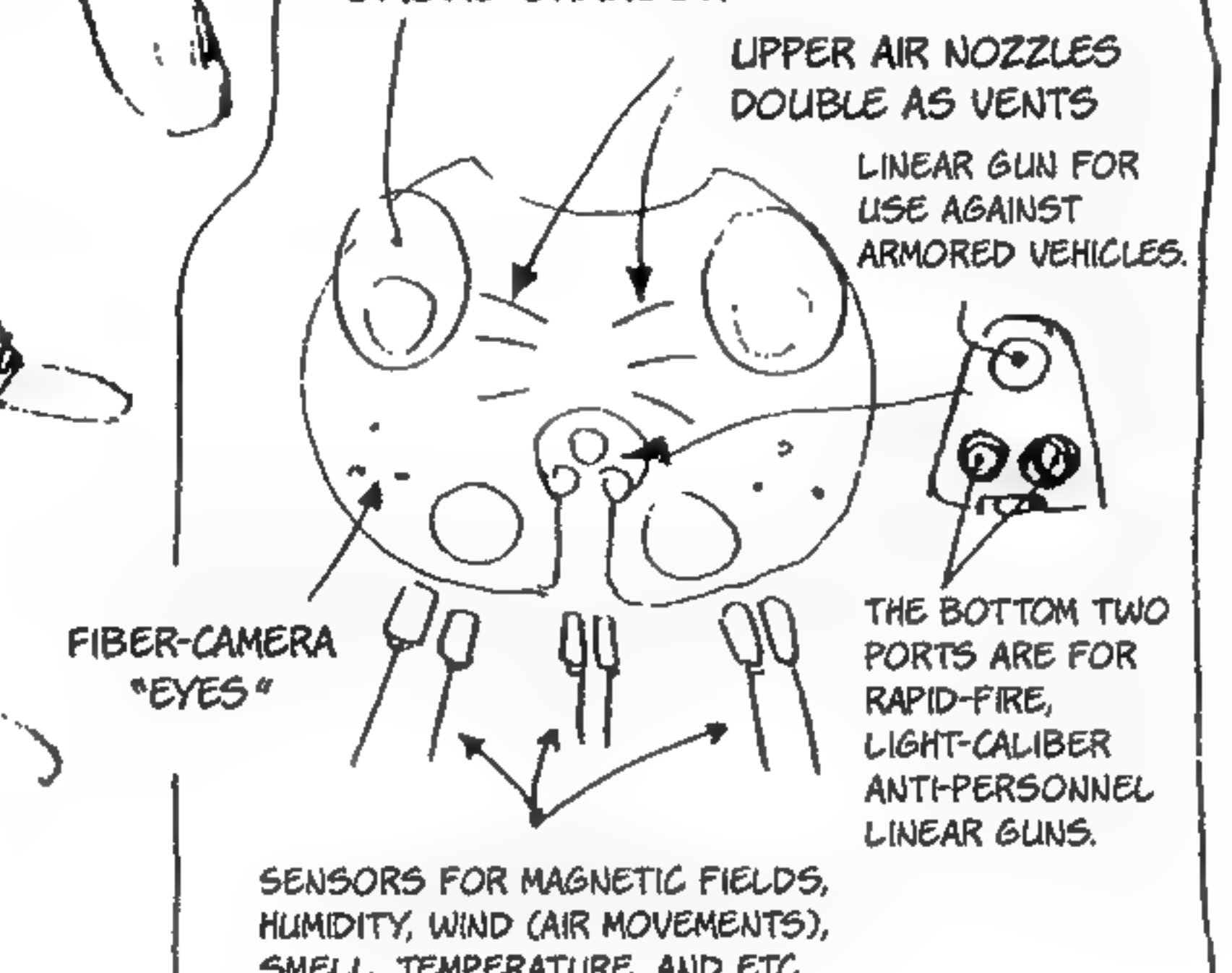
- THE ENGINE AND TRANSMISSION ARE IN THE ABDOMEN.
- THE "STOMACH" IS THE COCKPIT, A TITANIUM BALL WITH FORTY-CENTIMETER ARMOR.

THIS WOULD MAKE IT IMPROVISED TO YOUR AVERAGE BALLISTIC WEAPONS AND LASERS. THE COCKPIT SHOULD EVEN SURVIVE THE TOTAL DESTRUCTION OF THE MAIN BODY. BUT IF YOU KEEP POUNDING AWAY AT THE BALL, THE HATCH COULD PRESUMABLY WARP, TRAPPING THE PILOT INSIDE. EVEN IF THE MAIN BODY EXPLODES, THIS METAL BALL SHOULD BE A-OK. (IT'S TOO BAD THE PILOT INSIDE WOULD BE POUNDED TO MUSH BY THE G-FORCES.)

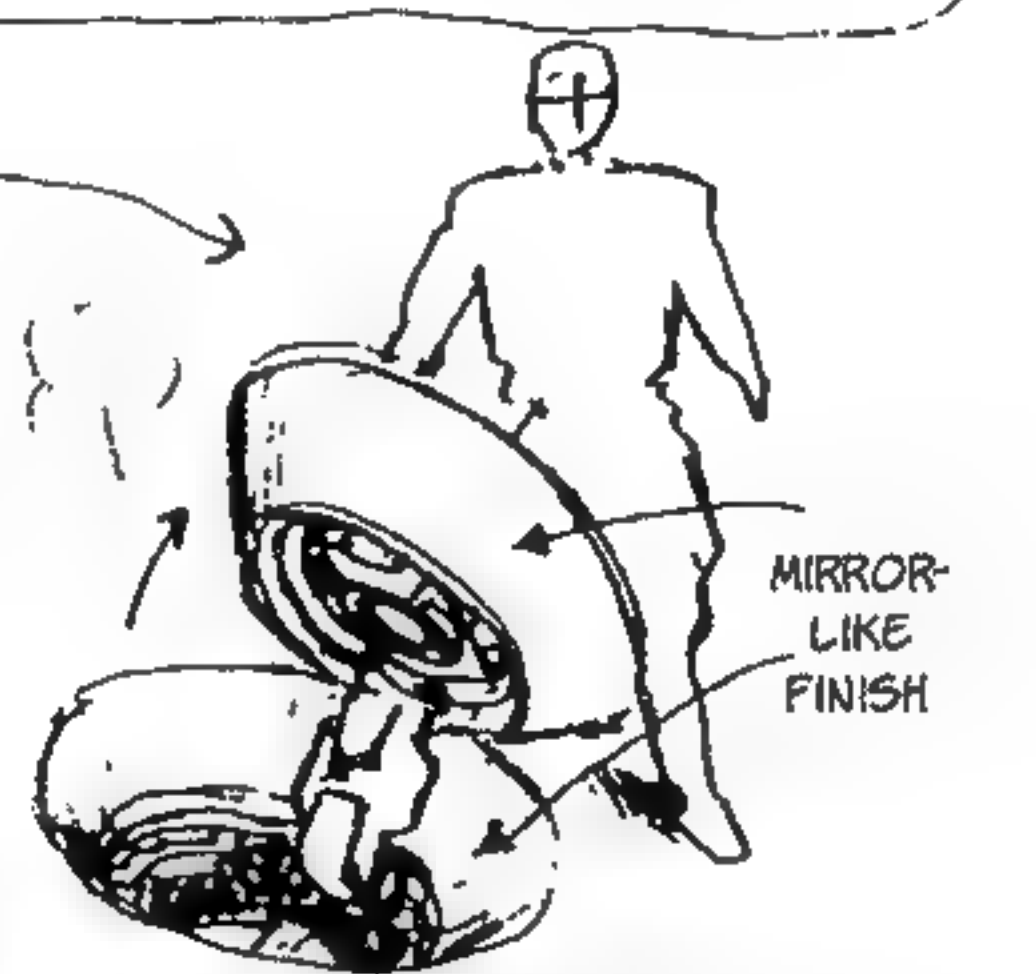
THE "A" IN AM-5 STANDS FOR "ARACHNO." "M" IS FOR "MORFUE." IN OTHER WORDS, THE "SPIDER-TYPE MACHINE," MARK FIVE.

OR MAYBE IT SHOULD MEAN "ARACHNO-MOBILE"...

### LIGHT AND SMOKE CHARGER



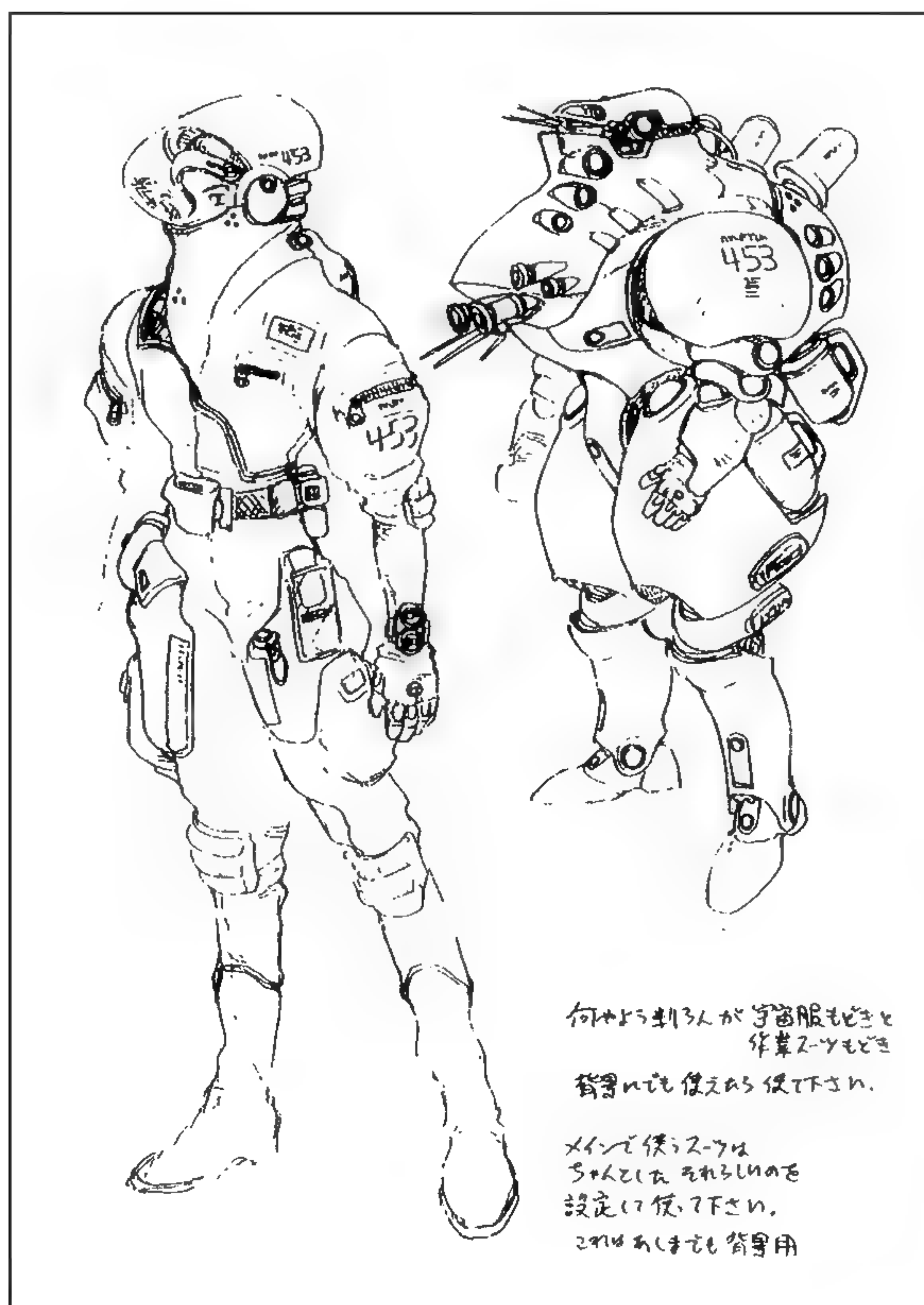
FLEXIBLE AND BOUNCY. USUALLY HANGING DOWN SLIGHTLY.



THE INTERIOR MAINTAINS A SLIGHT OVERPRESSURE, SO WHEN THE HATCH IS FIRST OPENED THERE'S A PUFF OF AIR, FOLLOWED BY A CONTINUOUS GENTLE BREEZE BLOWING OUT THROUGH THE HATCH.



**A short storyboard sequence describing the way the Hysterochrates units move (just enjoy the art . . . the tiny writing is unreadable!). Below are two spacesuit designs.**

[illegible][illegible]

カット 番号	絵	内容	音	セリフ	秒数
参④		ハエリガサ 採の 方向テンカン			
		と一瞬ず 方向テンカン 向数カトでいいが 軌道変えよう			
		中れて (中れ少し 多い) バウが ちや、とホコリ でた アツサは ちや少し バウが ちや、とホコリ でた 足の先 地面と ちや、と ちや、と	ちや、とホコリ でた ちや、とホコリ でた ちや、とホコリ でた		
参⑤		ハチオーブン ガコと内カスに フレスコ。とアツサ 1 2			
		オープン シューと空気の音が たつ シューと空気の音が たつ シューと空気の音が たつ			

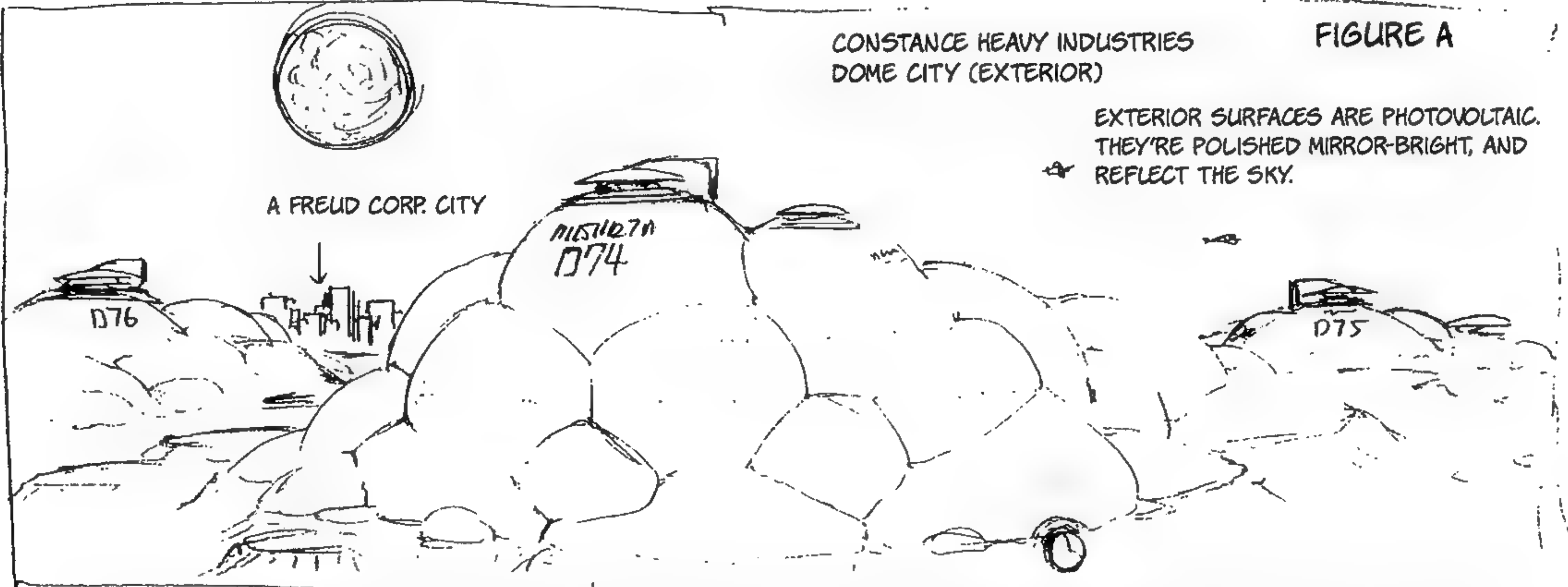


Dome cluster city for lunar surface (a Constance Heavy Industries product). The dome interior concept differs from the final video version. The video only used the exterior designs.

LUNAR CITY

CITIES ON THE LUNAR SURFACE ARE ALL DESIGNED BY EITHER CONSTANCE H. I. OR BY FREUD CORPORATION.

THE FREUD CORPORATION CITIES RESEMBLE THE *BLADE RUNNER*-ESQUE STRUCTURES IN THE ORIGINAL DESIGN CONCEPT, ONLY SMALLER. CONSTANCE H. I. BUILDS HIGH-TECH CITIES COMPOSED OF SELF-REPLICATING DOMES ERECTED BY MICROMACHINES. THESE ARE MASSIVE CONSTRUCTIONS, CURRENTLY COVERING HALF THE MOON'S SURFACE.

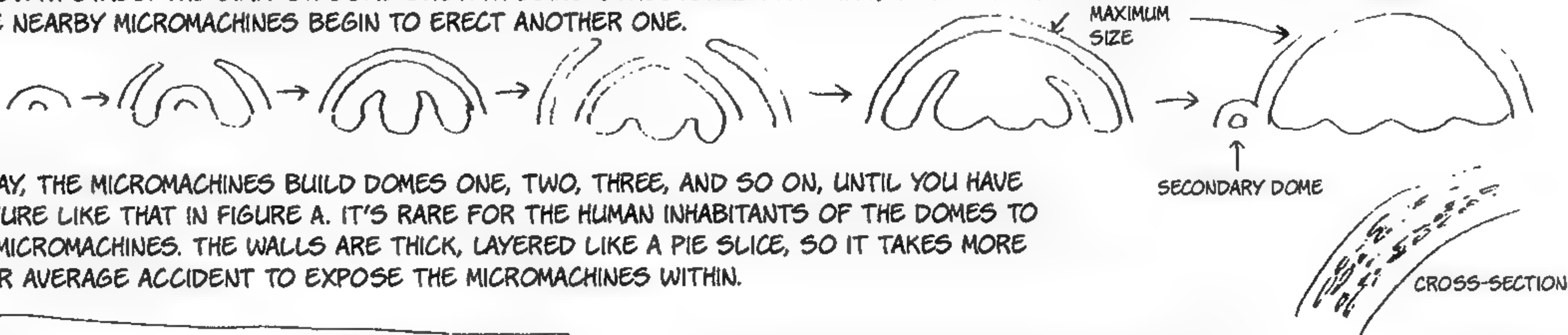


CONSTANCE HEAVY INDUSTRIES  
DOME CITY (EXTERIOR)

FIGURE A

EXTERIOR SURFACES ARE PHOTOVOLTAIC. THEY'RE POLISHED MIRROR-BRIGHT, AND REFLECT THE SKY.

A CLUSTER OF DOMES NEAR THE CENTRAL HOLLOW. CONSIDER IT A HIVE OF MICROMACHINES. WHILE I CALL THEM MICROMACHINES, THEY'RE ACTUALLY A COLONY (COLONY, IN THE SENSE OF A TERMITE COLONY) OF HI-TECH WORMS SEVERAL CENTIMETERS LONG. THEY REPRODUCE, CONTROL THEIR TOTAL MASS, AND BUILD DOME-SHAPED HIVES. HEIGHT IS LIMITED BY THE STRUCTURAL INTEGRITY OF THE BUILDING MATERIAL USED (IN THIS CASE, THE LUNAR SURFACE ITSELF): NO SKYSCRAPERS HERE! THE FIGURE ABOVE SHOWS THREE BLOCKS, WHICH IS TO SAY, THREE HIVE GROUPS. THE HIVES ARE CONNECTED BY THE AIRPORTS ON TOP OF THE STRUCTURES. SURFACE ROADS WITHIN THE BLOCKS DO NOT CONNECT WITH OTHER BLOCKS (THIS IS BECAUSE THE DOMES ARE STILL GROWING, AND OVER TIME, THE BLOCKS WILL MERGE INTO ONE ANOTHER). THE SMALL DOMES ON THE EDGES OF THE BLOCKS ARE STILL IN THEIR GROWTH STAGE. THE LIMIT ON DOME GROWTH BEING STRUCTURAL INTEGRITY, ONCE A DOME REACHES ITS MAXIMUM STABLE SIZE, THE NEARBY MICROMACHINES BEGIN TO ERECT ANOTHER ONE.



IN THIS WAY, THE MICROMACHINES BUILD DOMES ONE, TWO, THREE, AND SO ON, UNTIL YOU HAVE A STRUCTURE LIKE THAT IN FIGURE A. IT'S RARE FOR THE HUMAN INHABITANTS OF THE DOMES TO SEE THE MICROMACHINES. THE WALLS ARE THICK, LAYERED LIKE A PIE SLICE, SO IT TAKES MORE THAN YOUR AVERAGE ACCIDENT TO EXPOSE THE MICROMACHINES WITHIN.

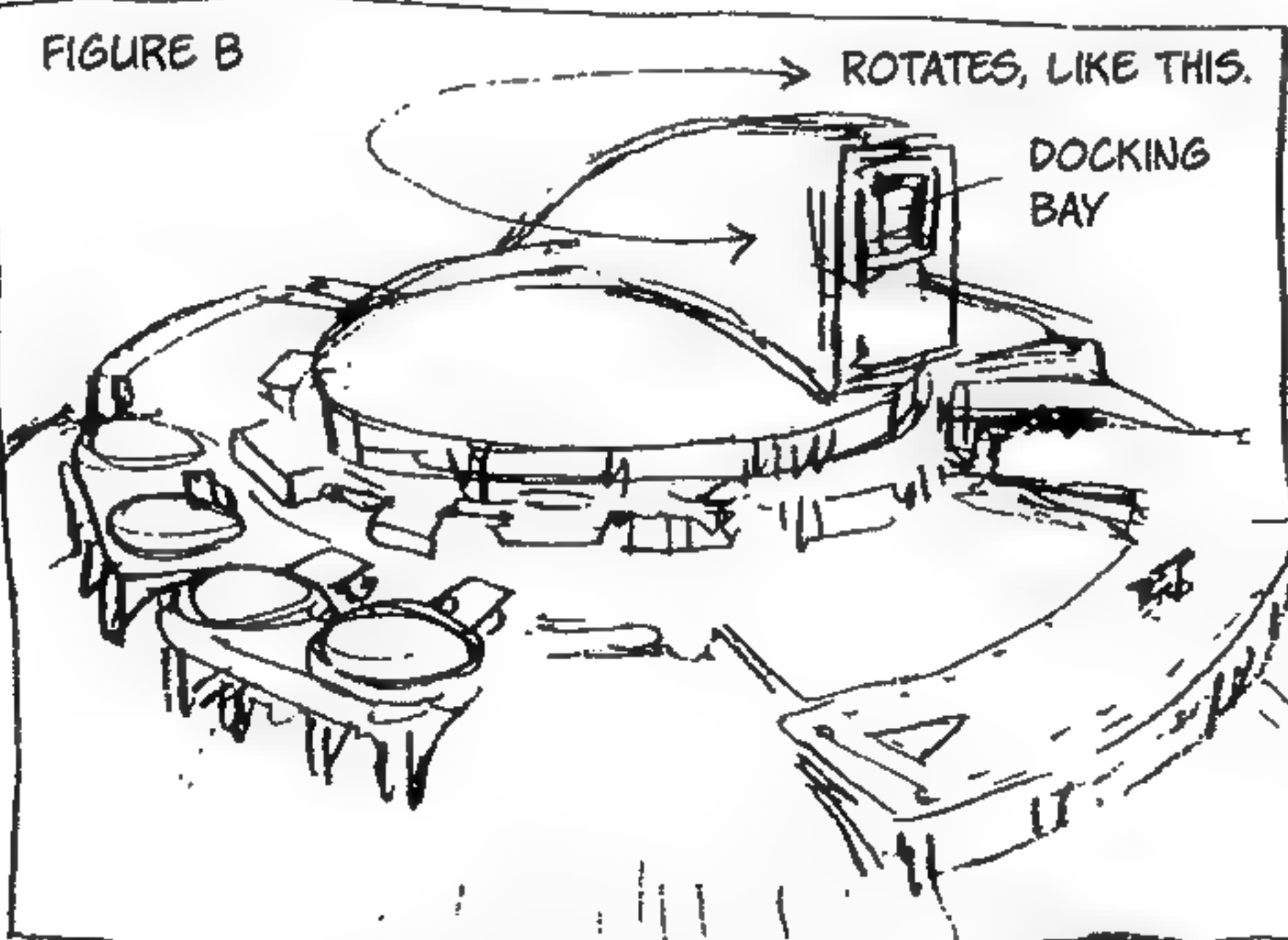


FIGURE B

IN THE OLDER SETTLEMENTS, THERE ARE MAMMOTH DOME COMPLEXES WHERE TEN OR TWENTY BLOCKS HAVE ALREADY FUSED TOGETHER. IN FIGURE A, THE BLOCKS ARE STILL SCATTERED, INDICATING THAT IT'S A RELATIVELY NEW CITY.

OUT IN THE BOONIES WHERE THE CONSTANCE SURVEY TEAMS ARE STILL AT WORK, THE DOMES ARE EVEN MORE SCATTERED.

RUNWAY/APRON

SPACE BUSES USE THE DOCKING BAYS. THEY LOOK A BIT LIKE THIS:



MONORAIL TRACKS AND FREEWAYS FOLLOW THE OUTER WALLS OF THE DOMES, LIKE THIS.



FIGURE C:  
DOME  
INTERIOR

THE TOP OF THE DOME LOOKS LIKE THIS:

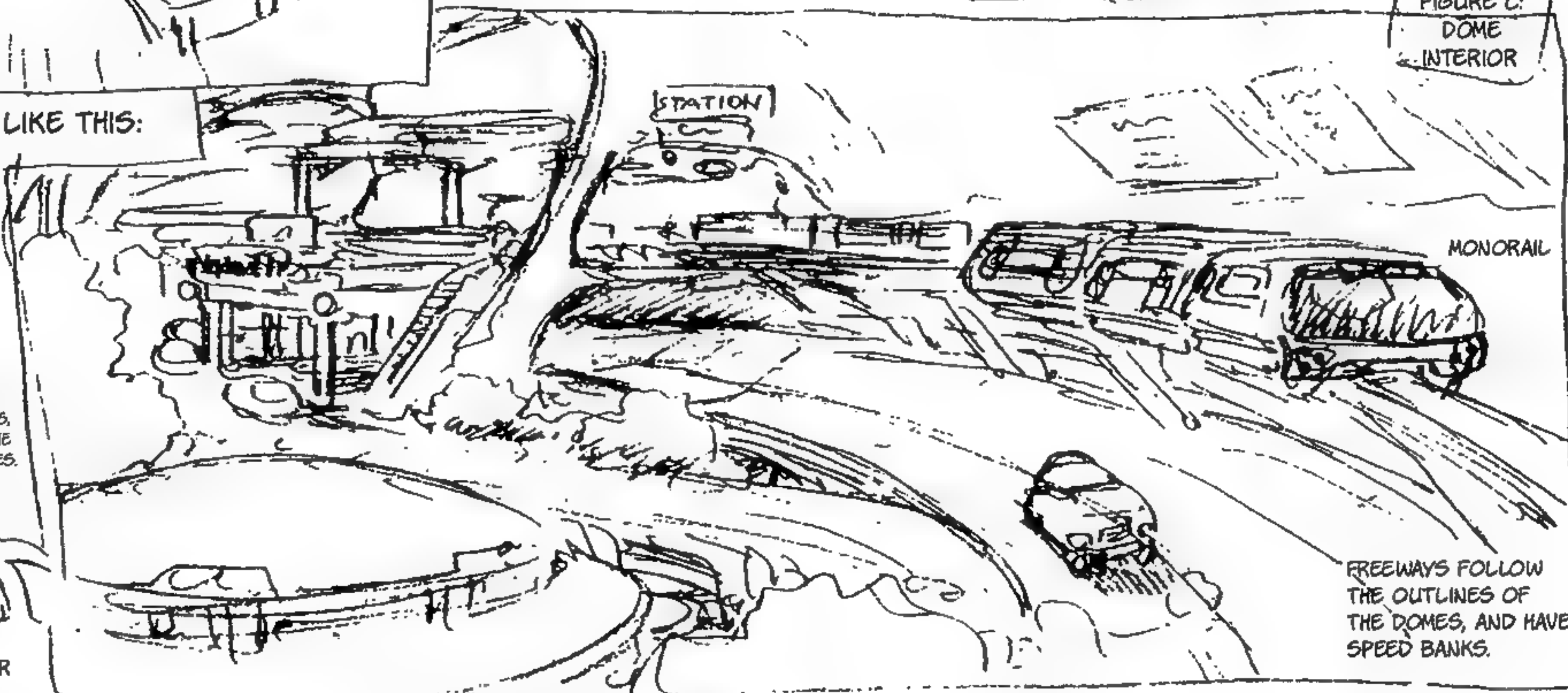
THE DOME INTERIORS ARE MULTI-LEVELLED. A TYPICAL LEVEL LOOKS LIKE THIS

THE AVERAGE DOME IS BETWEEN 200 AND 300 METERS IN DIAMETER.

MAN-MADE STRUCTURES, ERECTED INSIDE THE CEBOT-BUILT DOMES.



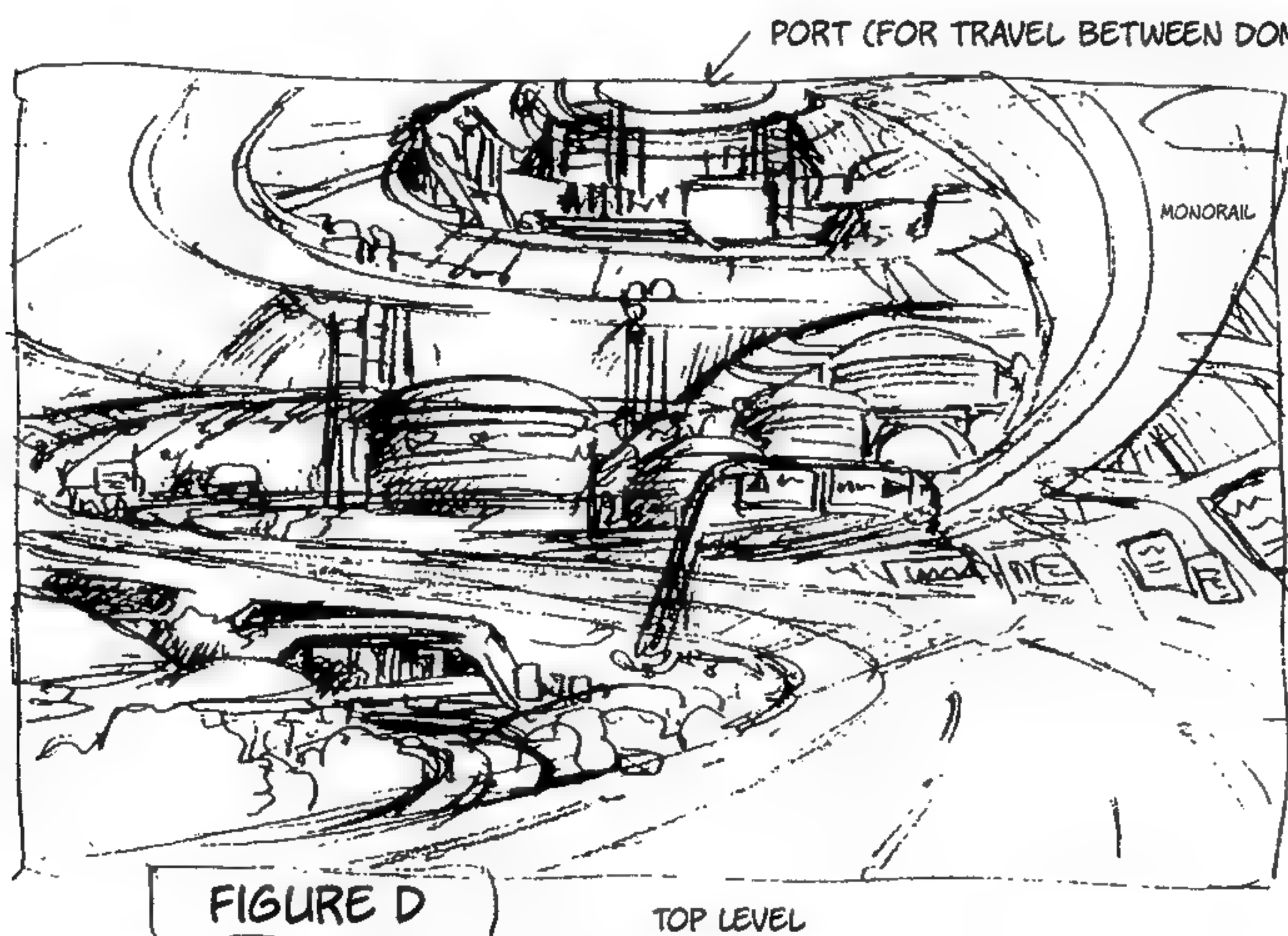
THE LARGER DIVIDING WALLS IN THE INTERIOR WOULD LOOK LIKE THIS.



LET'S STOP CALLING THESE "MICROMACHINES," AND USE A CONTRACTION OF "CENTIMETER ROBOTS" INSTEAD. TO WIT, "CEBOTS."

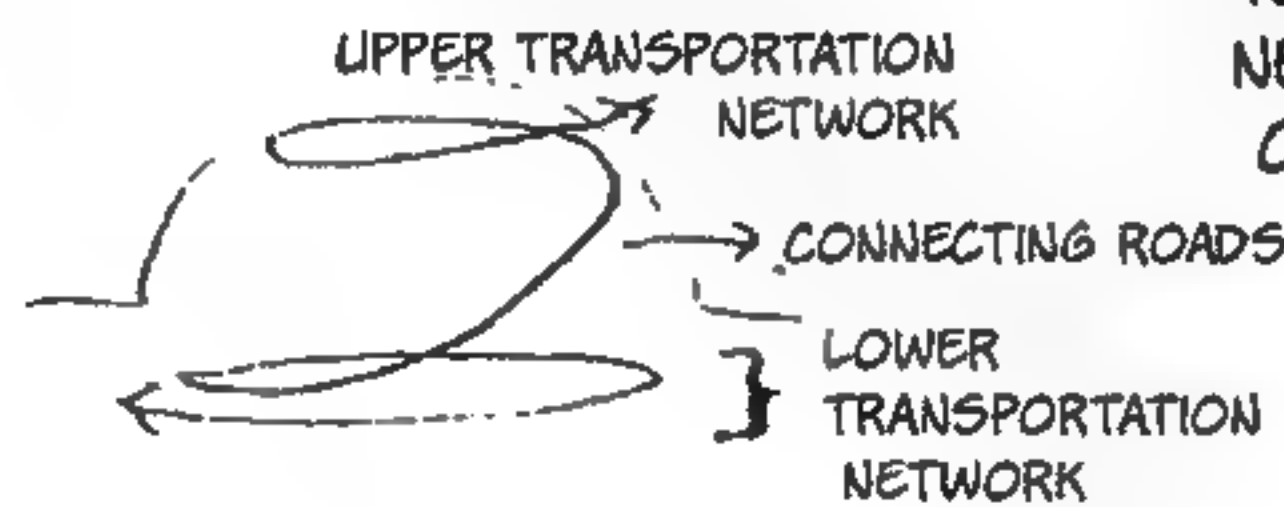
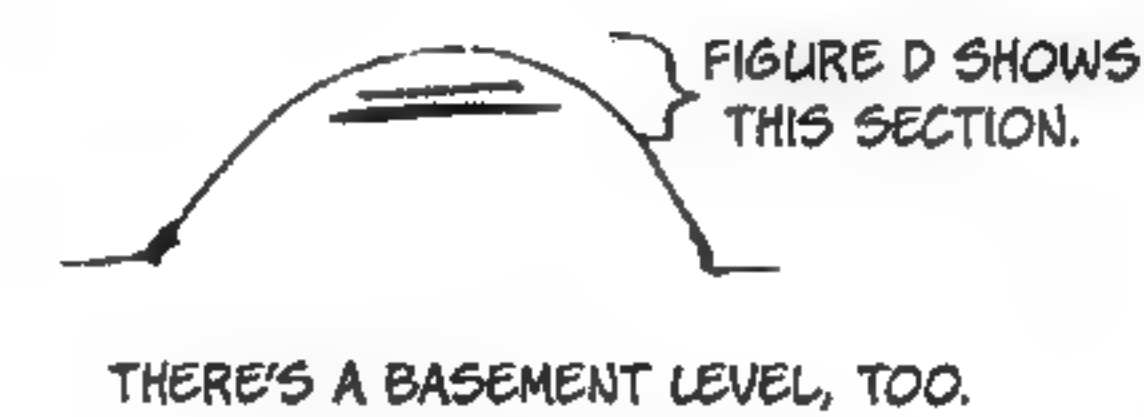


Lunar city interior layout.

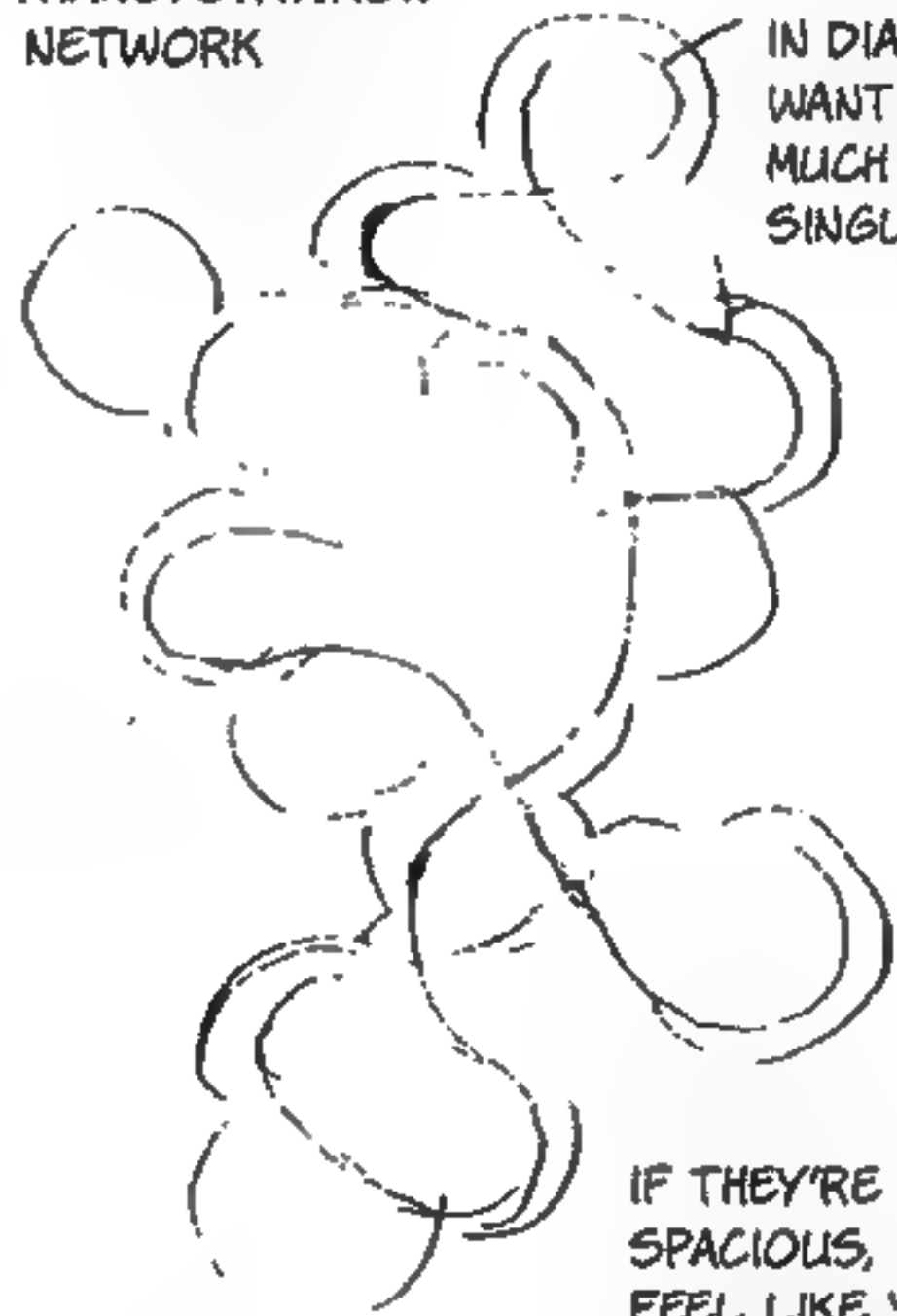


THE UNDERGROUND TRANSPORTATION NETWORK IS USED PRIMARILY FOR CARGO. TRAFFIC IS MOSTLY TRUCKS AND OFFICIAL VEHICLES.

THE UPPER LEVELS ARE HOME TO RESIDENCES, BUSINESS OFFICES, AND LABORATORIES. HERE YOU FIND MORE PRIVATE AND CORPORATE CARS, AND TOURIST BUSES. THE ROADS NEAR THE PORT CAN GET CONGESTED.



EACH DOME BEING 200 TO 300 METERS IN DIAMETER, YOU'D WANT ABOUT THIS MUCH SPACE FOR A SINGLE BLOCK.



STILL, A 100 METER HIGH, 200 TO 300 METER WIDE DOME IS PRETTY DARN BIG.

PLEASE COME UP WITH SOME DECENT DESIGNS FOR THE INTERIOR BUILDINGS. NOT THESE SLOPPY SCRIBBLES...

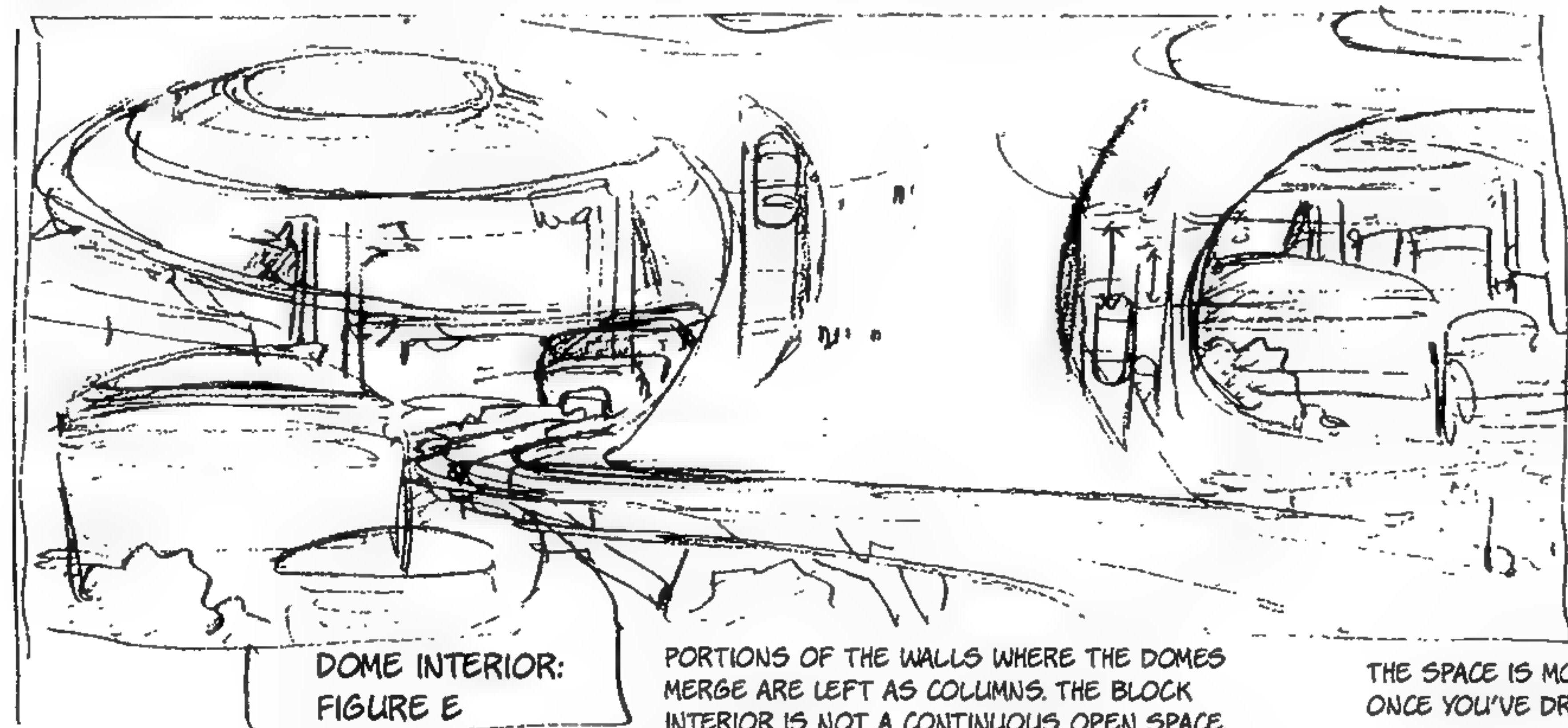
I THINK YOU CAN SHOW THE FOLLOWING MOVEMENTS IN THE VIDEO:

- \* FROM LANDING ON THE MOON, TO THE CONSTANCE LABS — PORT TO UPPER LEVEL.
- \* FIRST CHASE SCENE — FROM THE CENTRAL LEVEL TO THE BASEMENT LEVEL.

SINCE THE CHARACTERS ARE ENTERING A REMOTE DOME CONNECTED TO THE FACILITY FOR ALIEN SPECIES, WE CAN EASILY DEPICT THE DOME'S INTERIOR IF THEY TAKE THE CONNECTING ROAD FROM THE UPPER TO LOWER LEVEL AFTER ARRIVING AT THE PORT.

IT WOULD ALSO BE INTERESTING TO USE THE CONNECTOR ROADS DURING CHASE SCENES.

JUDGING FROM THE STORY SETTINGS YOU'VE SENT ME, YOU SEEM TO BE CONSIDERING CHASE SCENES LIKE A DIRECT-CONTACT BATTLE RACE. I THINK YOU CAN PRODUCE SOME INTERESTING EFFECTS AND ENHANCE THE SENSE OF SPEED IF YOU STAGE THE CLOSE-IN COMBAT ON THESE CURVING ROADS (ALMOST EVERY ROAD IN THE DOME IS CURVED) RUNNING THROUGH AN INTERIOR SPACE LIKE A GIGANTIC DEPARTMENT STORE ATRIUM, ONLY THREE TIMES AGAIN AS LARGE.



THERE'S A BOOK ON DOME CITIES THAT, WHILE RATHER DIFFERENT IN IMAGE, COULD BE A USEFUL REFERENCE WORK:

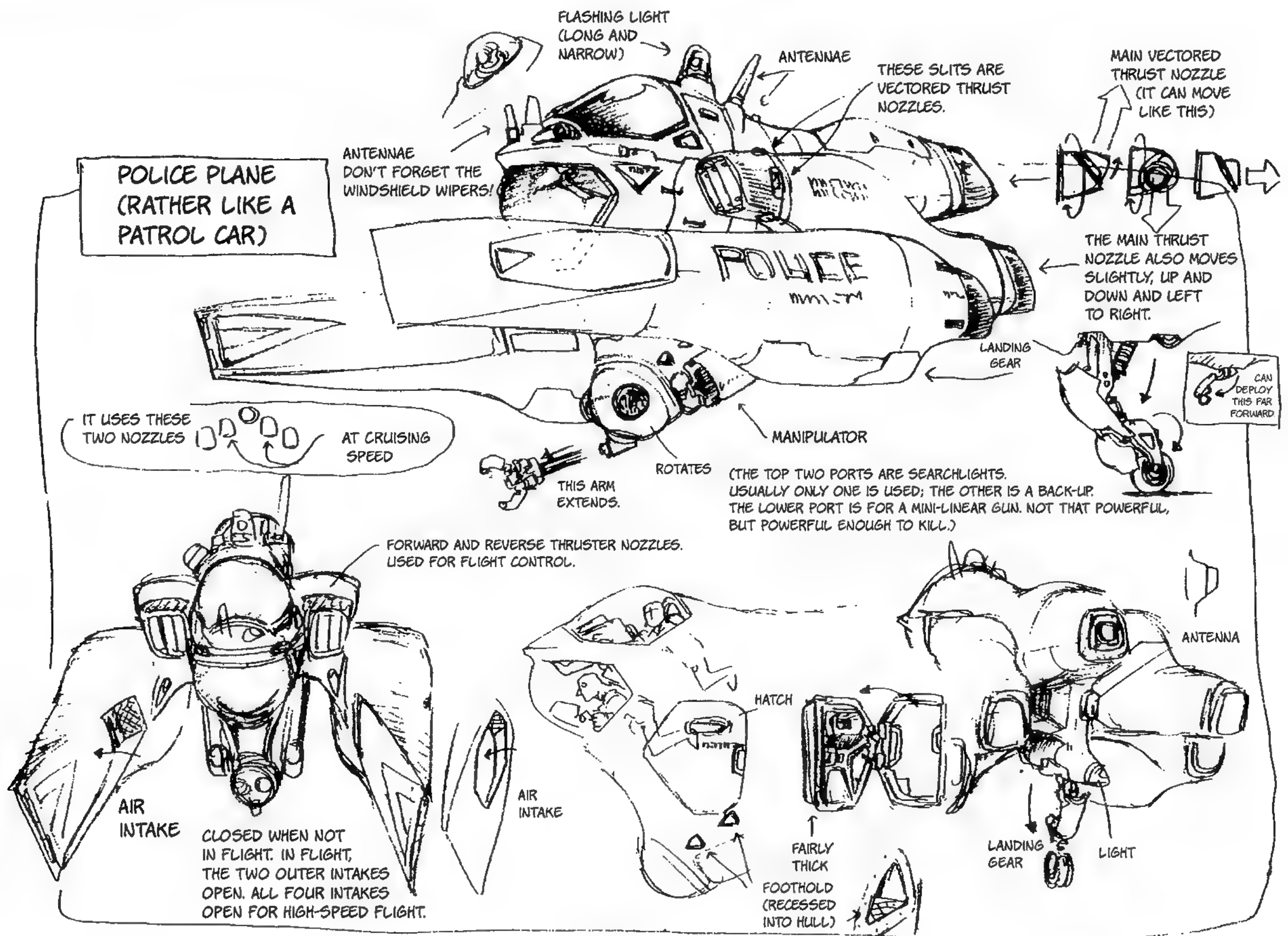
**MAGNETIC STORM**, BY ROGER AND MARTYN DEAN, PUBLISHED BY PAPER TIGER PUBLISHING COMPANY. (YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO FIND IT IN ANY LARGE BOOKSTORE. IT'S SQUARISH IN SHAPE, ABOUT A FOOT ON A SIDE.)

IN THE SECOND HALF OF THE BOOK, YOU'LL FIND PLANS OF HOUSES USING DOMES (RATHER LIKE MUSHROOMS) AND A CITY. IT SHOULD COME IN HANDY FOR CONCEPTS AND IDEAS... BUT WITHOUT INFRINGING COPYRIGHT, PLEASE! LIFTING THEM DIRECTLY OUT OF THE BOOK WOULD BE A CRIME, SO BE CAREFUL! I THINK YOU'LL FIND LOTS OF OTHER INSPIRATIONAL ART IN THERE IN ADDITION TO THE MATERIAL ON DOMES.

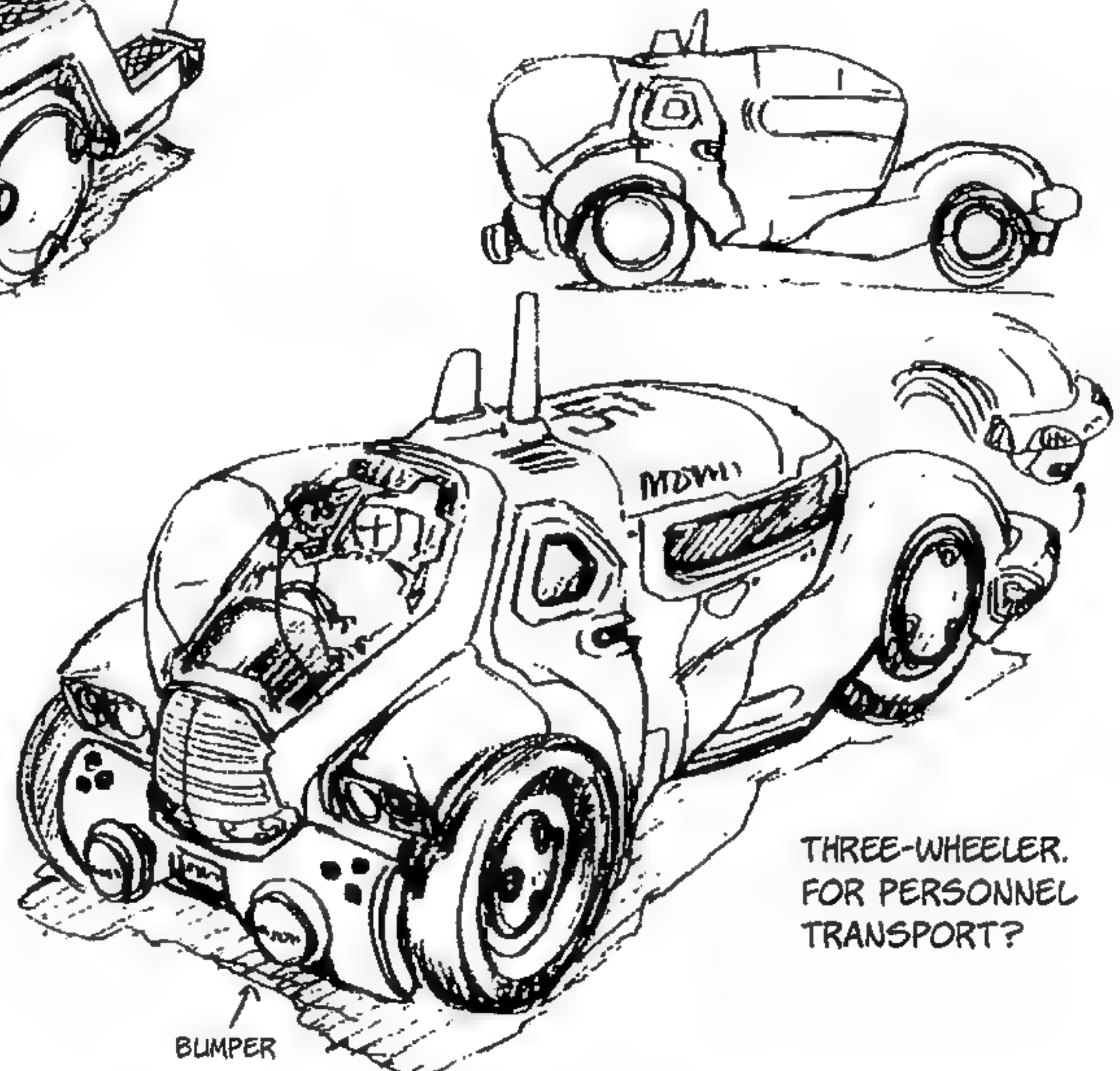
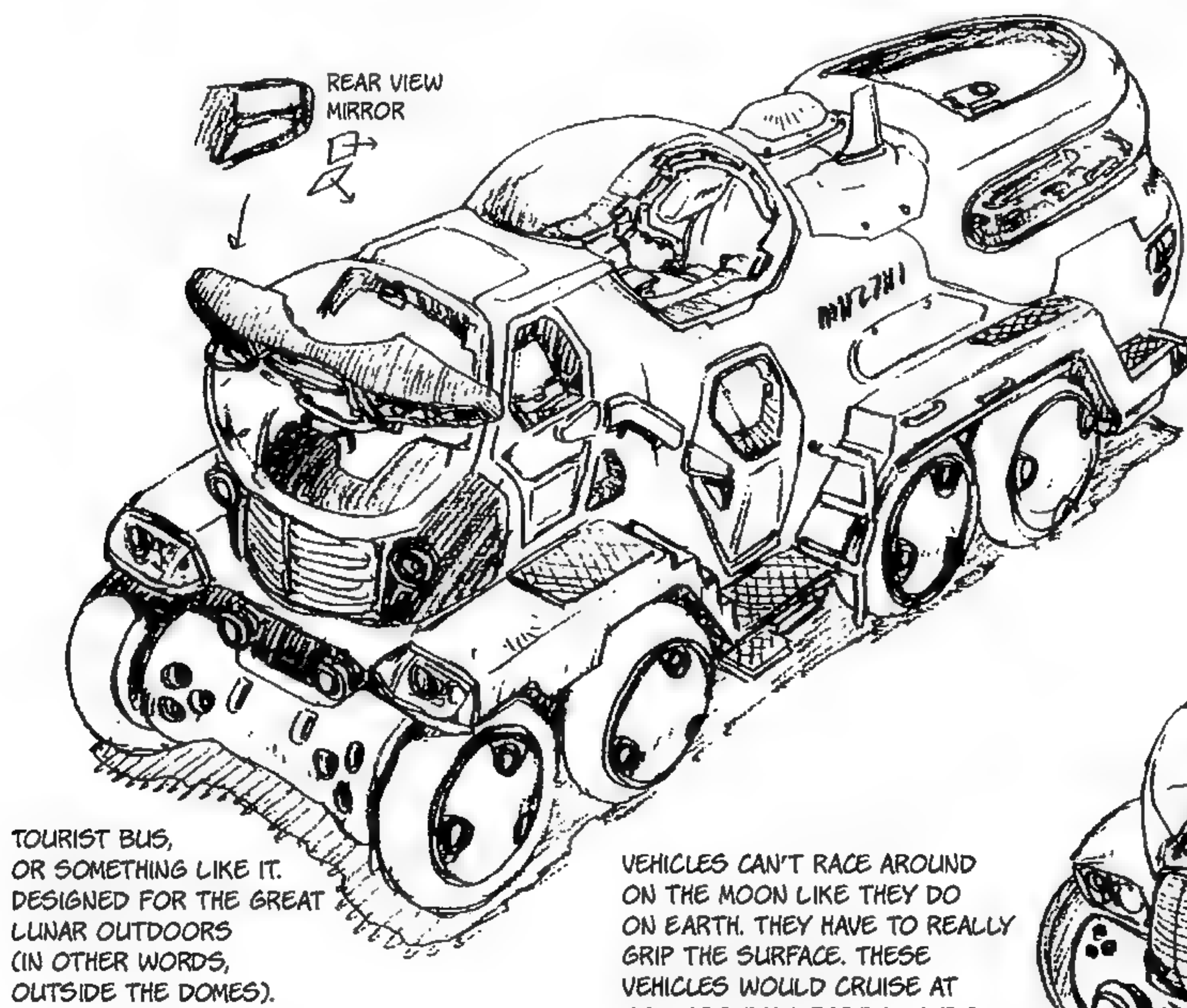
IT MIGHT HELP YOU TO UNIFY YOUR IMAGES WHEN YOU'RE ORDERING OUT OTHER DESIGN CONCEPT SHEETS AND CONSULTING WITH THE DIRECTOR.

SINCE THIS STORY IS A VARIATION ON THE "PRINCESS KAGUYA" LEGEND, IT WOULD BE NICE TO HAVE A CITYSCAPE THAT EVOKES A GROVE OF BAMBOO. FOR INSTANCE, INCREASING THE NUMBER OF ELEVATOR COLUMNS IN FIGURE E, SO THEY LOOK LIKE A BUNDLE OF BAMBOO.



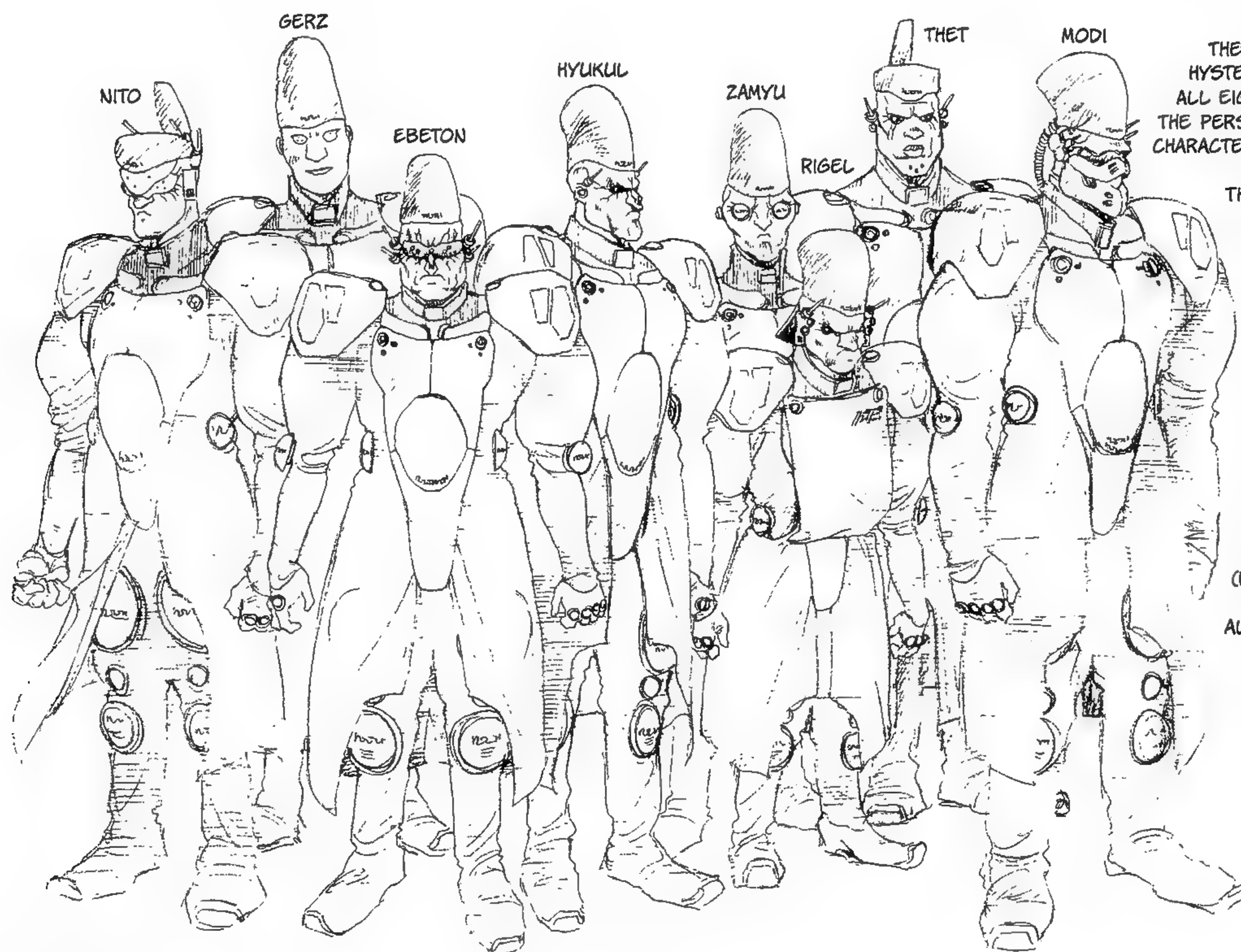


## OTHER VEHICLES





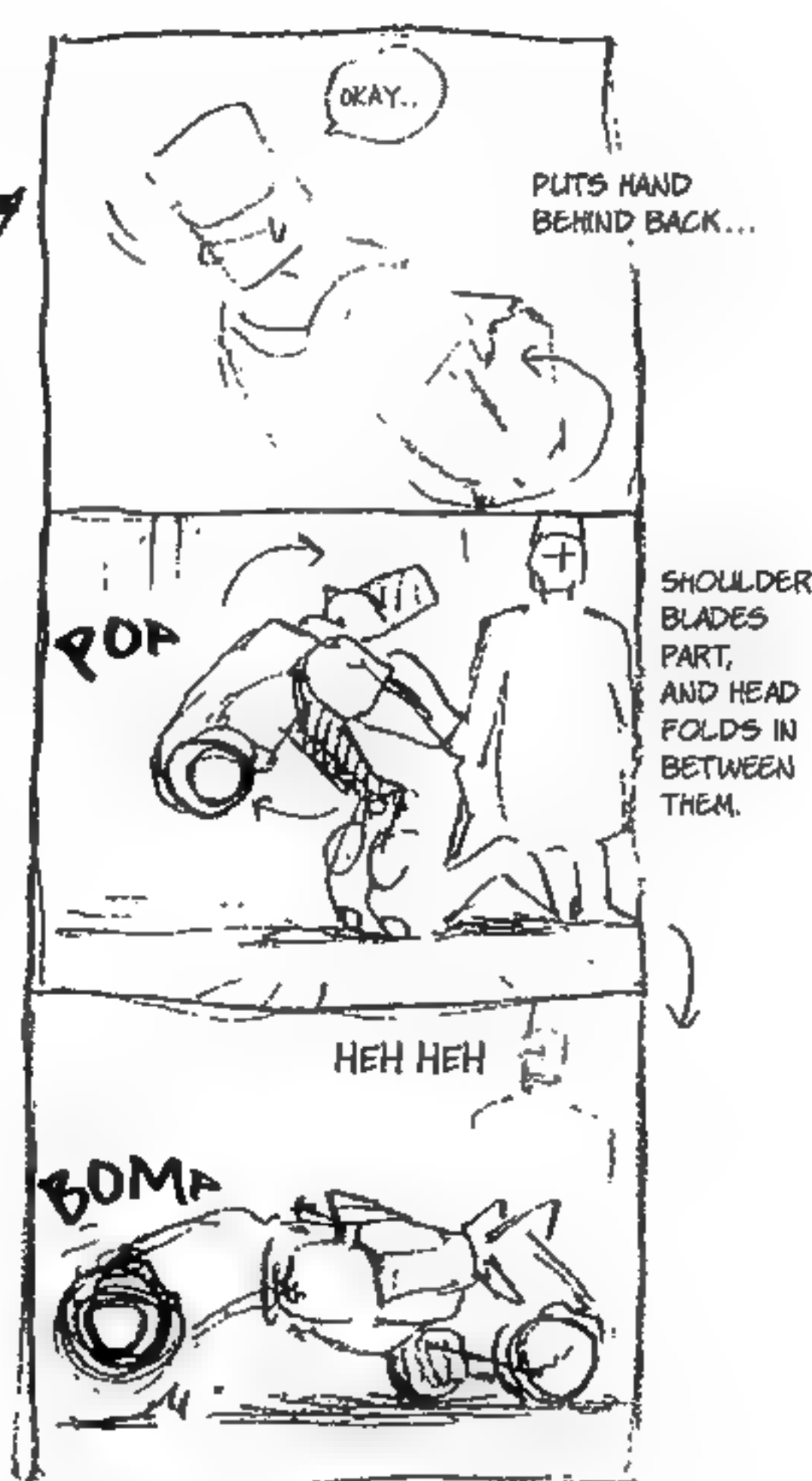
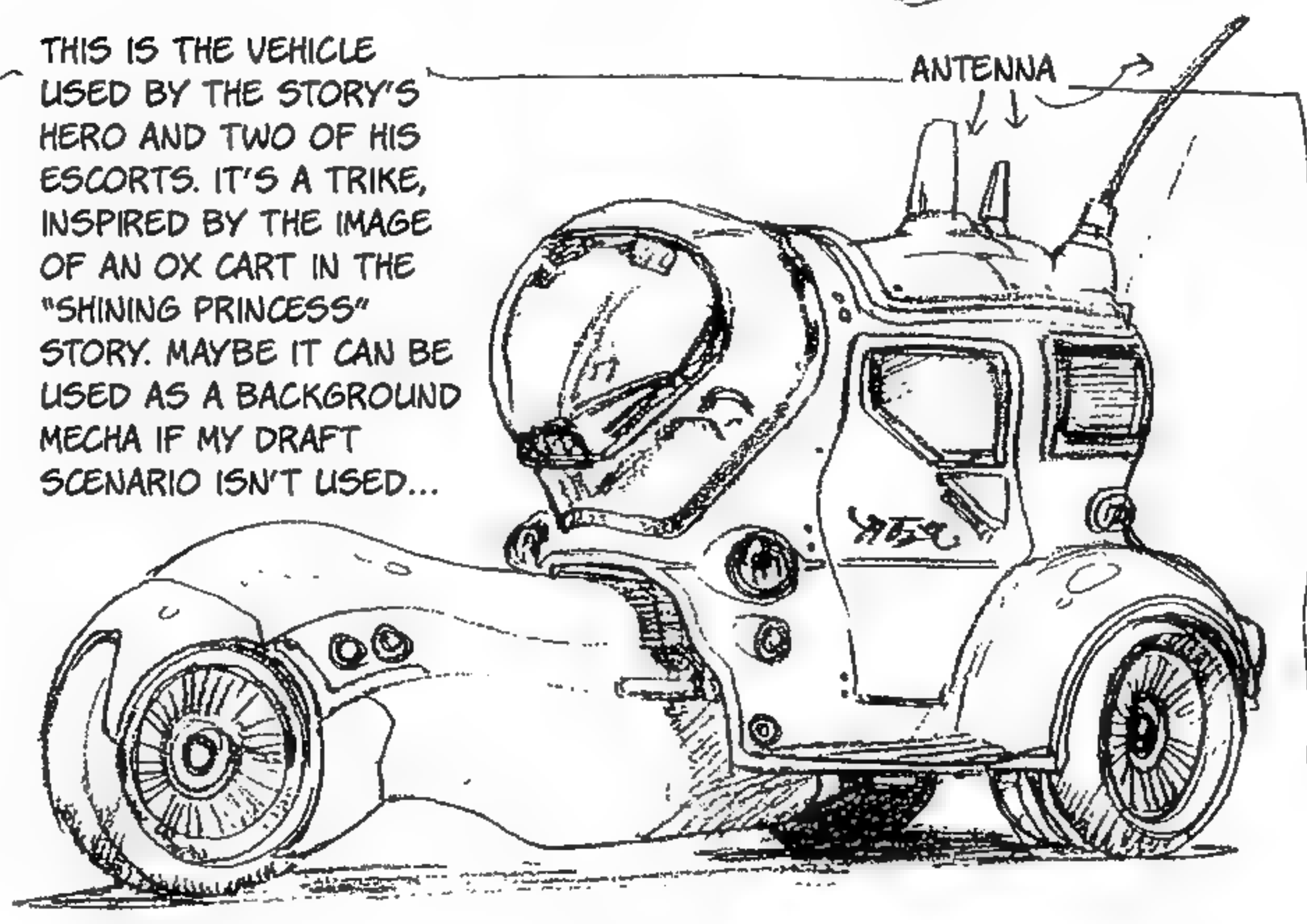
These drawings didn't appear in the video. They show the eight men under the hero's command. The trike transforms.



THESE EIGHT MEN ARE HYSTEROCRATES PILOTS. ALL EIGHT ARE CYBORGS. THE PERSON IN CHARGE OF CHARACTER DESIGN SHOULD MAKE SURE THAT THE FACES, ETC., ARE NOT IN CONFLICT WITH THE "HERO" CHARACTER.

BASICALLY, I'VE MADE THEM ALL LOOK LIKE NOBILITY IN THE HEIAN PERIOD, FROM THE KAGUYA HIME ("SHINING PRINCESS") TALE. (PERHAPS IT WOULD BE OKAY TO GIVE ALL OF THEM TUNICS LIKE RIGEL'S.)

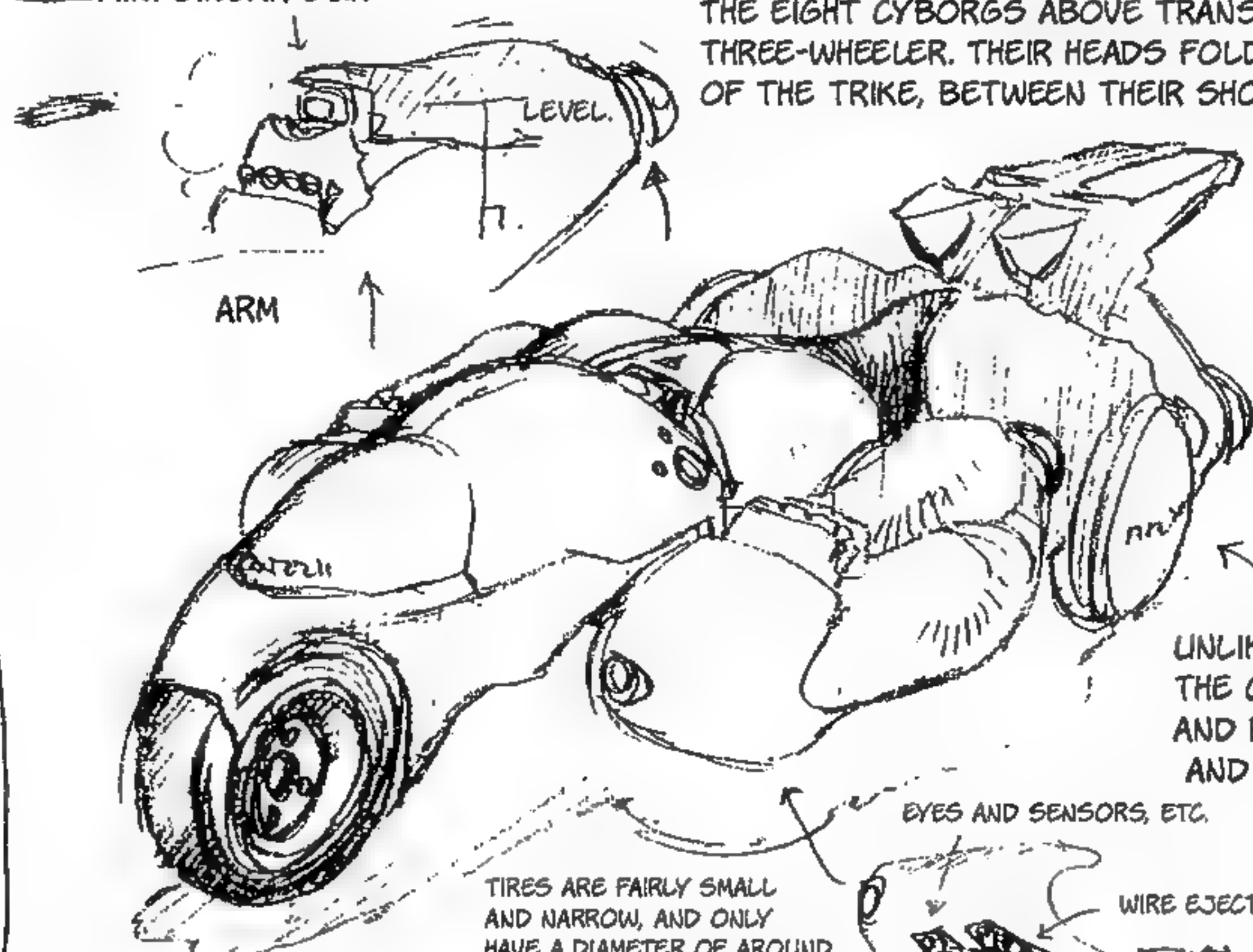
THIS IS THE VEHICLE USED BY THE STORY'S HERO AND TWO OF HIS ESCORTS. IT'S A TRIKE, INSPIRED BY THE IMAGE OF AN OX CART IN THE "SHINING PRINCESS" STORY. MAYBE IT CAN BE USED AS A BACKGROUND MECHA IF MY DRAFT SCENARIO ISN'T USED...



LEGS FOLD THREE TIMES AND TURN. SAUCERS ALSO SLANT.



MINI LINEAR GUN



THE EIGHT CYBORGS ABOVE TRANSFORM INTO THIS THREE-WHEELER. THEIR HEADS FOLD INTO THE BODY OF THE TRIKE, BETWEEN THEIR SHOULDER BLADES.

UNLIKE HUMANS, THE CYBORGS HAVE THIGHS AND SHINS THAT CAN BEND AND REVOLVE. THEIR CLOTHES DON'T GET TORN UP, AND ARE MERELY FOLDED INSIDE.

EYES AND SENSORS, ETC.

WIRE EJECTORS

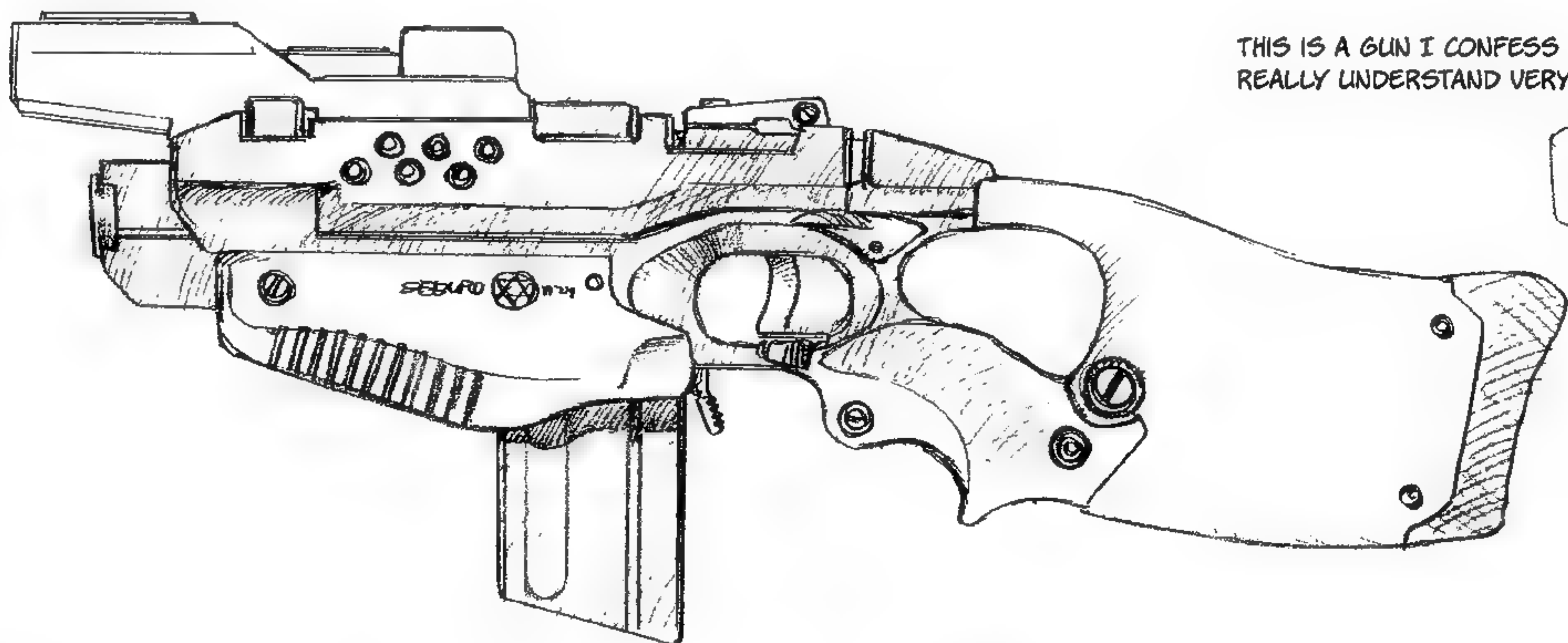
TIRES ARE FAIRLY SMALL AND NARROW, AND ONLY HAVE A DIAMETER OF AROUND 30 TO 40 CENTIMETERS.

CHASE SCENE: MINIMUM NEEDS

INES' DESTRUCTION AND CONFUSION WITH KEY MAN (THIS SEEMS ODD EVEN TO ME.) YAYOI BEGINS TO REVEAL SECRETS (ONE IS OF INES; MUST RETURN TO "INES PRIME," ETC.



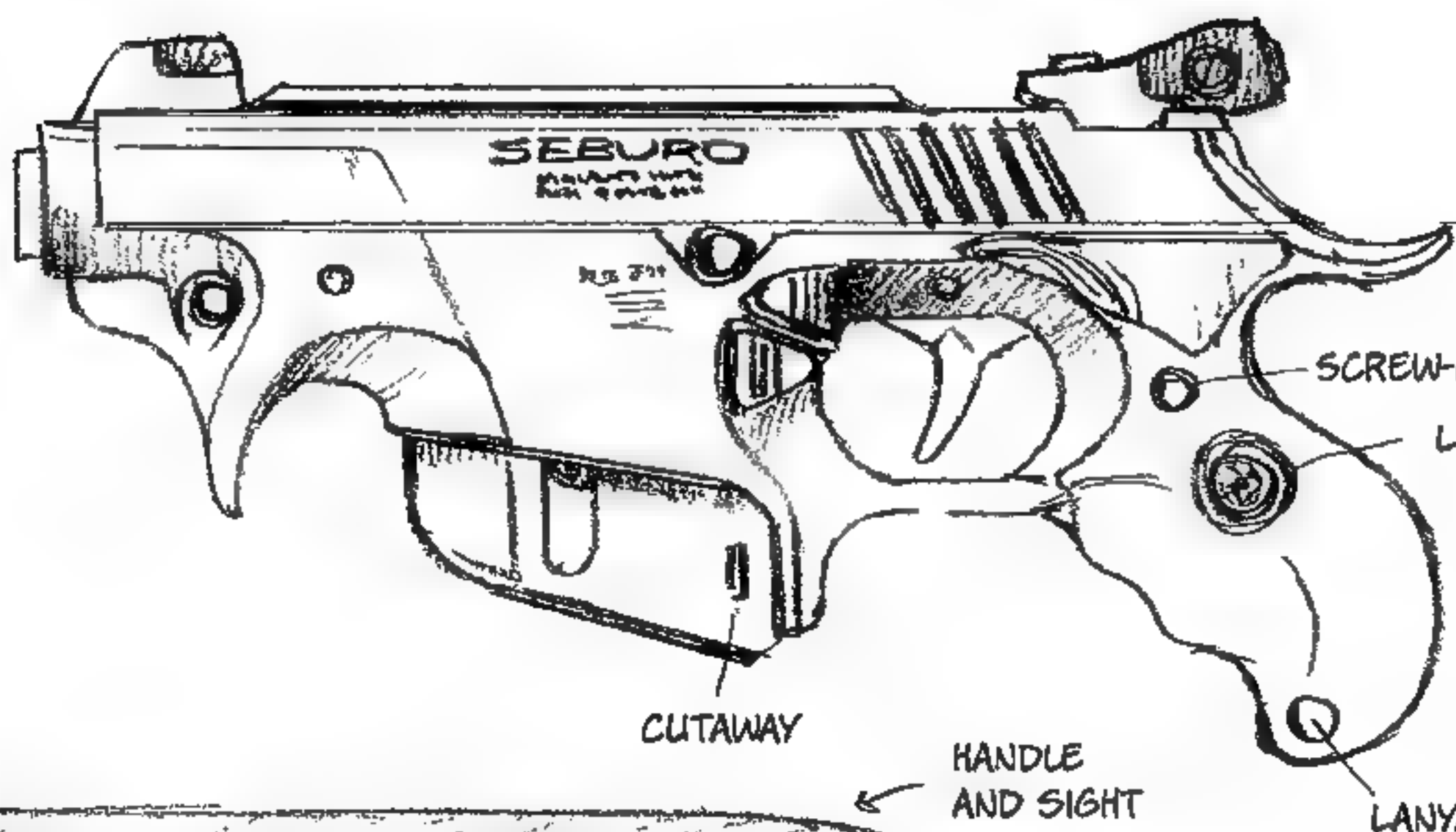
The sketches below illustrate various gun designs. On the surface of the Moon there's no fall-off in the initial velocity of bullets, so there's little need for long barrels.



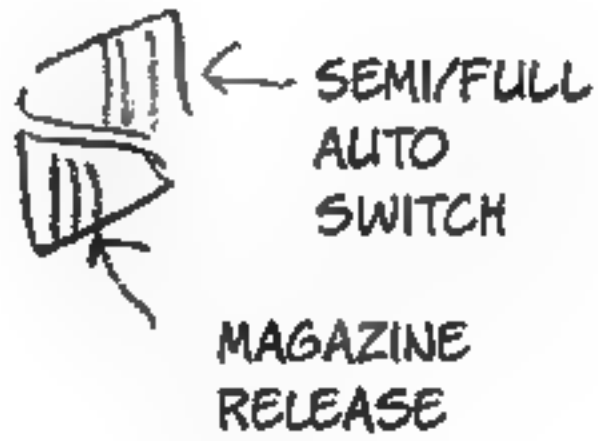
THIS IS A GUN I CONFESS I DON'T REALLY UNDERSTAND VERY WELL...

MODEL "A" GUN

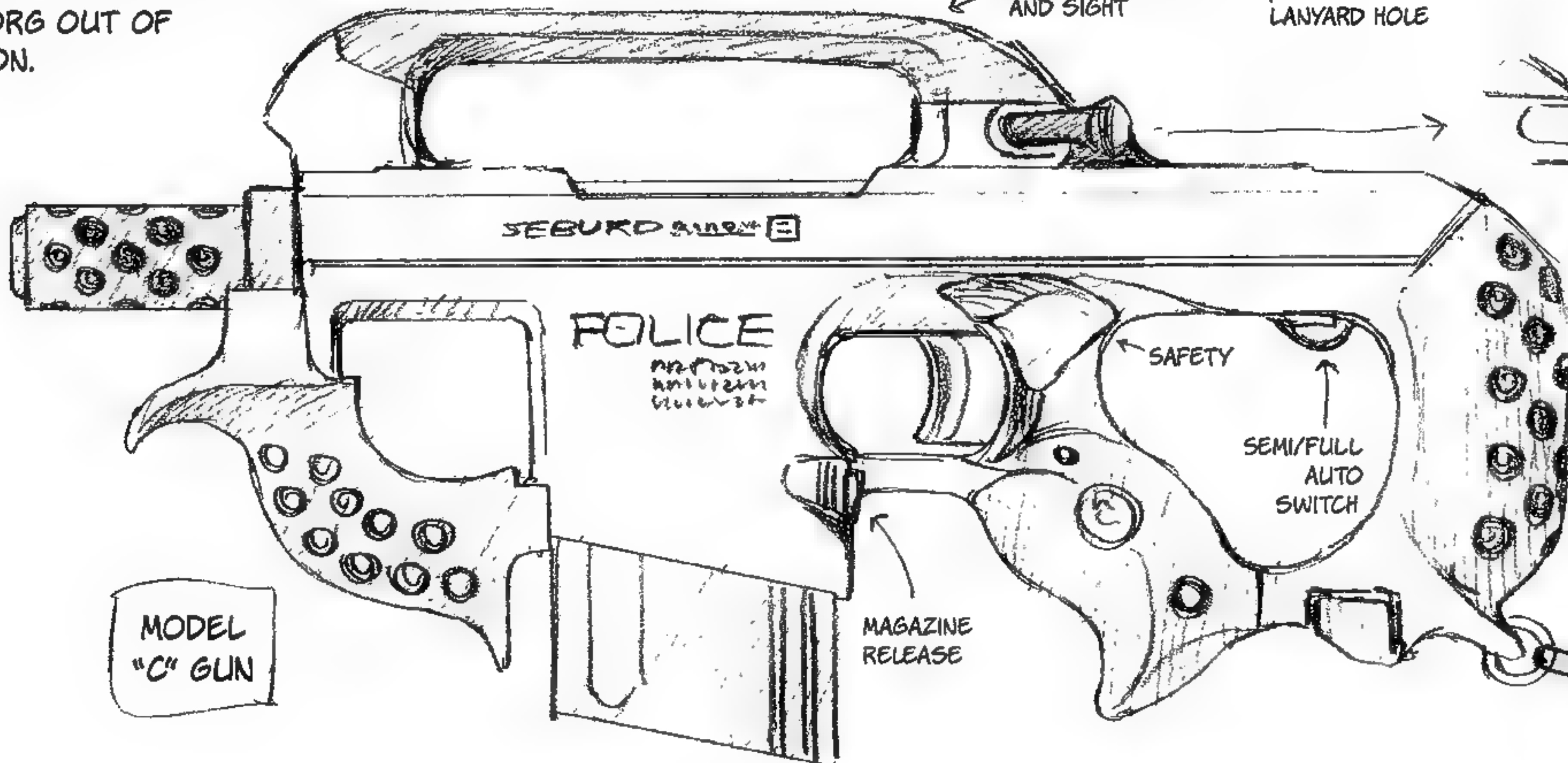
THIS MAY LOOK LIKE A MID-SIZED HANDGUN, BUT IT ACTUALLY FALLS INTO THE CATEGORY OF MACHINE PISTOL OR SUBMACHINE GUN. IT CAN BE USED IN SEMI-AUTO OR FULL-AUTO MODE. THE AMMO IS THE SMALL CALIBER SABOT TYPE. IT'S NOT QUITE A FLECHETTE GUN. FOUR OR FIVE SHOTS, HOWEVER, CAN PUT A CYBORG OUT OF ACTION.



MODEL "B" GUN

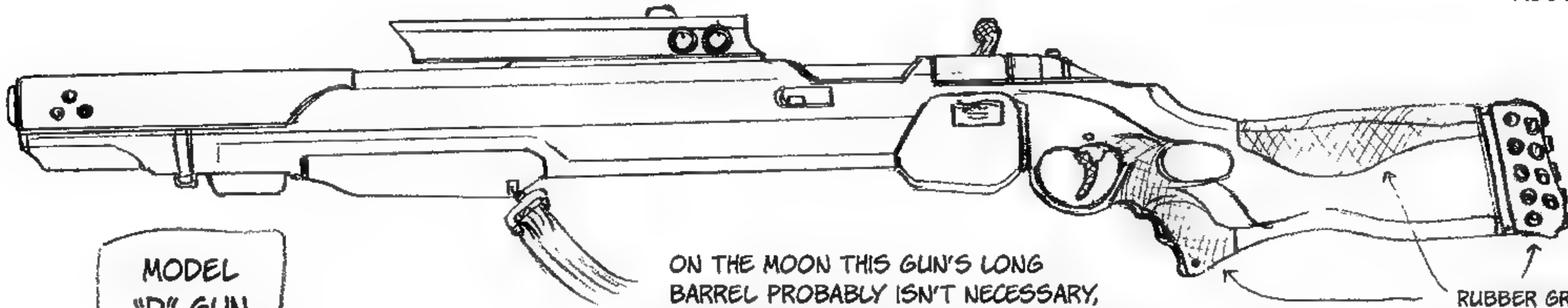


CUTAWAY HANDLE AND SIGHT LANYARD HOLE



MODEL "C" GUN

THIS GUN CAN BE USED AT FAIRLY CLOSE RANGE WHEN ACCURACY ISN'T CRITICAL AND ONE JUST NEEDS TO SPRAY BULLETS. IT'S RUGGED AND CAN WITHSTAND ROUGH HANDLING. IT'S A PRECISION GUN, AND IN THE HANDS OF A SKILLED SHOOTER CAN BE QUICKLY TRANSFORMED INTO A FRIGHTENINGLY ACCURATE WEAPON. IT'S FAR MORE POWERFUL THAN THE "MODEL B" GUN.

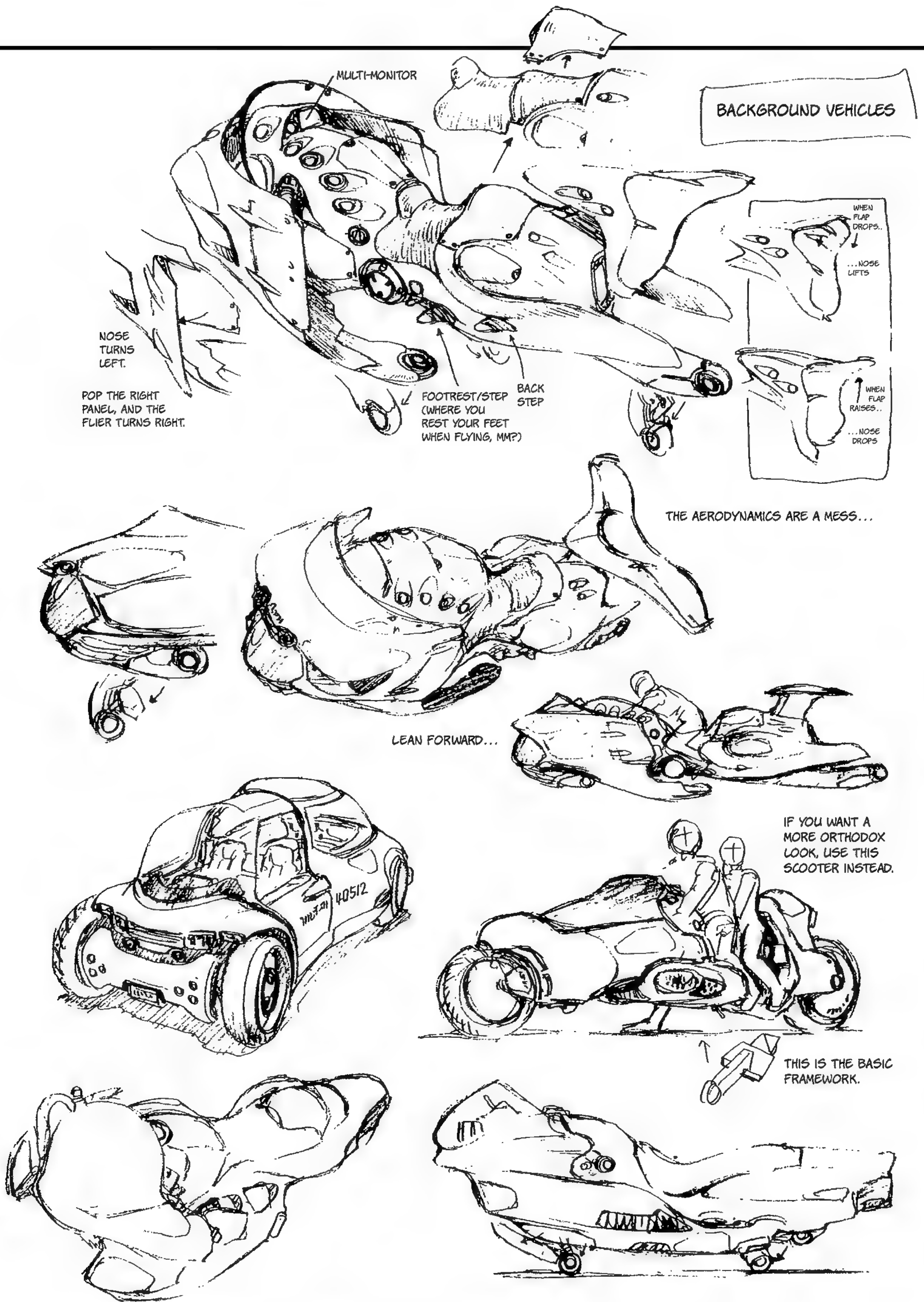


MODEL "D" GUN

ON THE MOON THIS GUN'S LONG BARREL PROBABLY ISN'T NECESSARY, BUT I'VE DRAWN ONE ANYWAY. THE GUN IS FOR SNIPING. IT HAS TO BE HANDLED AS THOUGH MADE OF GLASS. ROUGH HANDLING OR ANY SORT OF SERIOUS SHOCK TO IT WOULD MAKE IT WORTHLESS. IT SHOULD BE WRAPPED IN FINE CLOTH WITH A LITTLE OIL, AND TRANSPORTED WITH GREAT CARE. THE BOLT MECHANISM, ALSO, MUST BE HANDLED VERY GINGERLY. MAYBE HAVE SHOKO USE IT? PERHAPS IT'S BEST DESCRIBED AS LIKE A VIOLIN IN THE HANDS OF A SKILLED VIOLINIST. IT'S DELICATE, BUT POWERFUL. IT'S USED MAINLY WHEN ONE NEEDS TO SHOOT SECRETLY FROM FAR AWAY AND THEN ESCAPE. IT CAN ALSO BE USED FOR LONG DISTANCE FIRE SUPPORT. (AH, WHAT A WASTE!)

RUBBER GRIPS





WE CAN ASSUME THERE WON'T BE A WHOLE LOT OF DIFFERENT CARS AND MOTORCYCLES IN A LUNAR CITY. IN THE WORST CASE, THERE MIGHT BE ONLY ONE MODEL (GIVING YOU A CITYSCAPE LIKE EASTERN EUROPE NOT ALL THAT LONG AGO). THERE SHOULD BE A GOOD VARIETY OF WORK AND SPECIAL-PURPOSE VEHICLES, HOWEVER.



The facing page features designs for background vehicles.  
This page features design concepts for the orbital space plane and space bus.

## SPACE PLANE

THIS IS A FORM OF SPACE SHUTTLE.

UPPER ATMOSPHERE CARGO PLANE

SPACE BUS

EARTH

SPACE

ATMOSPHERE

EARTH'S SURFACE

BOOSTER

CARGO BAYS OPEN TO THE LEFT AND RIGHT.

BELLY FIN

THIS AIRCRAFT DOESN'T GO INTO SPACE ITSELF, BUT ITS DESCENT PROFILE APPROXIMATES ATMOSPHERIC RE-ENTRY. THUS THE ECCENTRIC WING SHAPE, IMPOSED BY AERODYNAMIC CONSIDERATIONS.

## SPACE BUS

THE PROTRUSIONS ON THE "HEAD" ARE VARIOUS ANTENNAE.

THE SMALL PAIRED PORTS ARE FOR MINI-LINEAR GUNS, OSTENSIBLY FOR DESTROYING DRIFTING ROCKS AND OTHER SPACE DEBRIS.

THE TRIPLE SLITS ARE AIR NOZZLES.

MANIPULATOR ARMS

THESE ARMS GRAB ONTO THE DOCK WHEN LANDING IN A PORT

WING-LIKE SOLAR PANELS DEPLOY LEFT AND RIGHT.

IT'S FAIRLY CRAMPED INSIDE. THE SIZE OF A SMALL SCHOOL GYM, WITH A LOWER ROOF.

IF IT WAS I CALLING THE SHOTS:

A) WHEN THERE WAS SOMETHING ON THE MOON THAT NEEDED INVESTIGATION, OR...

B) SOMETHING HAPPENED UP THERE THAT MIGHT BE ACCIDENTAL, BUT MIGHT ALSO BE TERRORISM OR ANOTHER DELIBERATE ACT OF MAN...

I WOULD SEND A UNIT CONSISTING OF EIGHT SPIDERS, EIGHT PILOTS, TWELVE MAINTENANCE TECHS, AND ONE COMMANDER (WHO CAN DOUBLE AS A PILOT). IN SHORT, ABOUT A PLATOON. YOU'RE LIMITED BY THE TIGHT SPACE ABOARD THE BUS...

DON'T FORGET THAT THE NOX IS FIRST AND FOREMOST A WORK SUIT. THE SPIDERS, TOO, ARE OSTENSIBLY WORK GEAR, BUT IN FACT HAVE A COMBAT ROLE.

THESE POP OPEN TO EXTEND LOCKING PINS.

The drawings presented here are primarily mecha designs, and don't have any direct bearing on the storyline. But to clarify the background assumptions behind the designs, here's a short plot summary:

Sometime in the future: Yoshiyuki and his colleagues in a federal intelligence agency known as the "Bounty Dog Investigation Unit" are studying lunar ruins that Constance Corporation (the giant industrial group that basically controls lunar society) calls "The Sleeper." Yoshiyuki

is confronted by a young woman named Ines, a dead-ringer for his old love, Yayoi, who died a year earlier. Ines begs him to "kill the true me that's sleeping in the ruins." The "ruins" are in fact an alien facility that is home to Ines Prime, a being that looks exactly like Ines and Yayoi. Ines Prime awakens in a massive burst of energy. Ines reveals to Yoshiyuki and his companions the shocking truth about the Moon and its connection with the Earth...

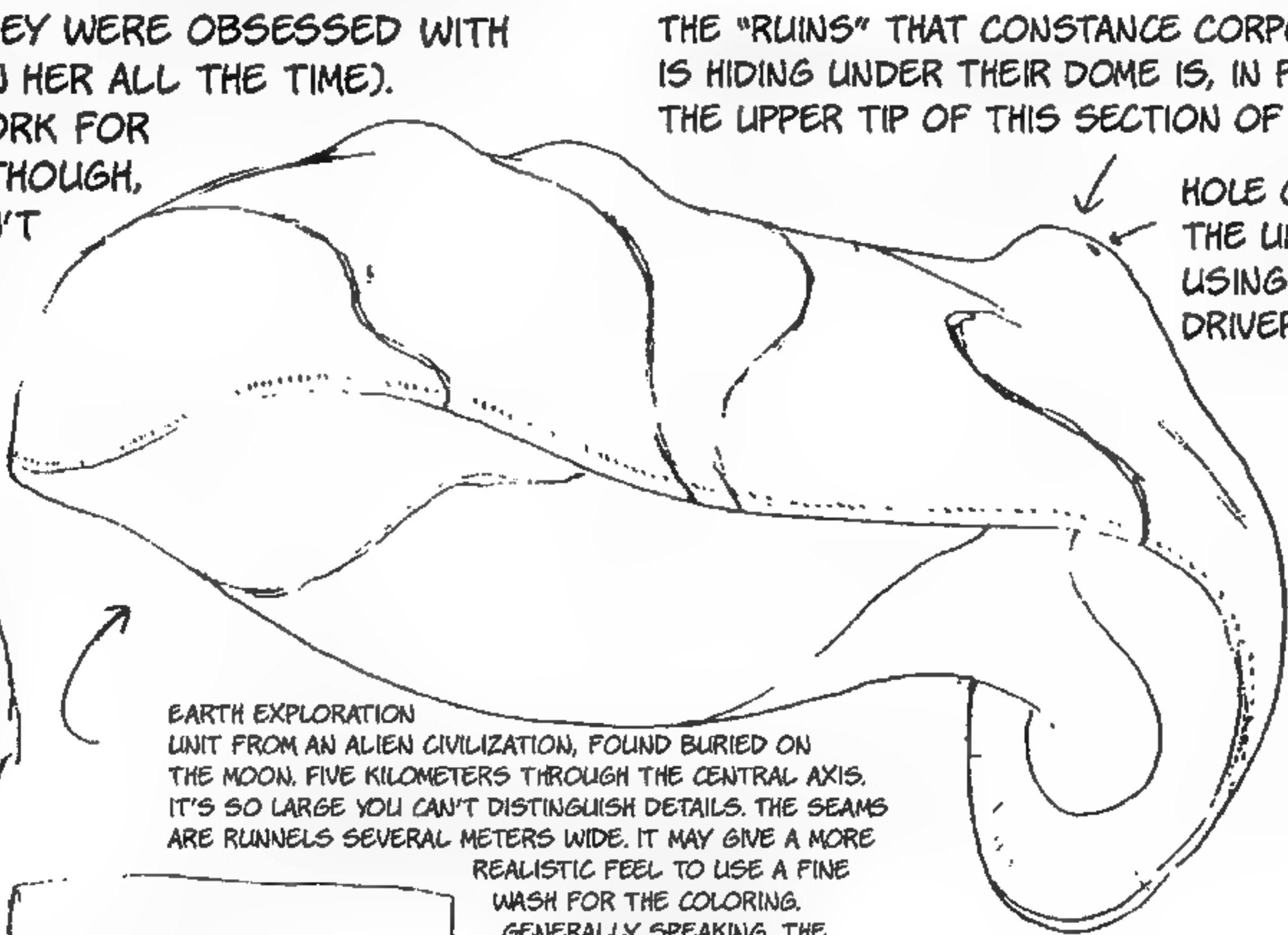


Designs for "Ines Prime" and "The Sleeper" ruins. Don't trust them! They're very different from the video.

DIPLOMAT INES COSTUME DESIGN



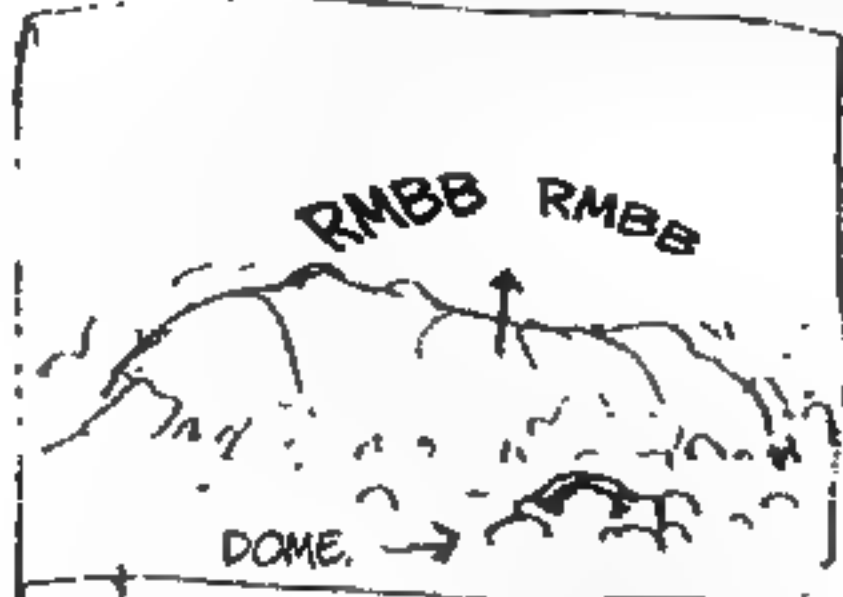
IN A LOW-GRAVITY ENVIRONMENT, LIGHT, GAUZY FABRICS LIKE THESE WOULD BE FLOATING AND WHISPERING CONSTANTLY AGAINST EACH OTHER. THIS COULD BE QUITE BEAUTIFUL, LIKE THE SHAMANESS IN THE MOVIE TENKU NO KEN (IN THAT MOVIE THEY WERE OBSESSED WITH BLOWING WIND ON HER ALL THE TIME). IT'S A LOT OF WORK FOR THE ANIMATORS, THOUGH, SO IT WOULDN'T USUALLY BE DONE.



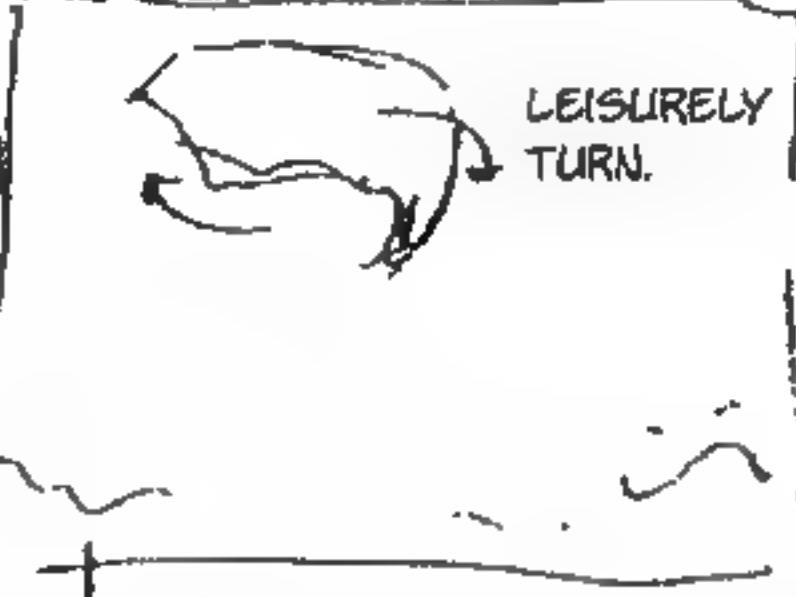
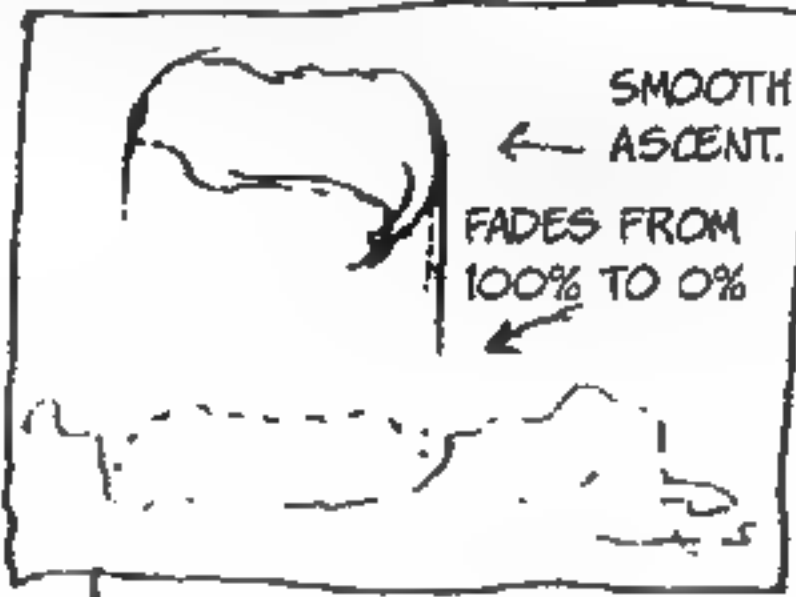
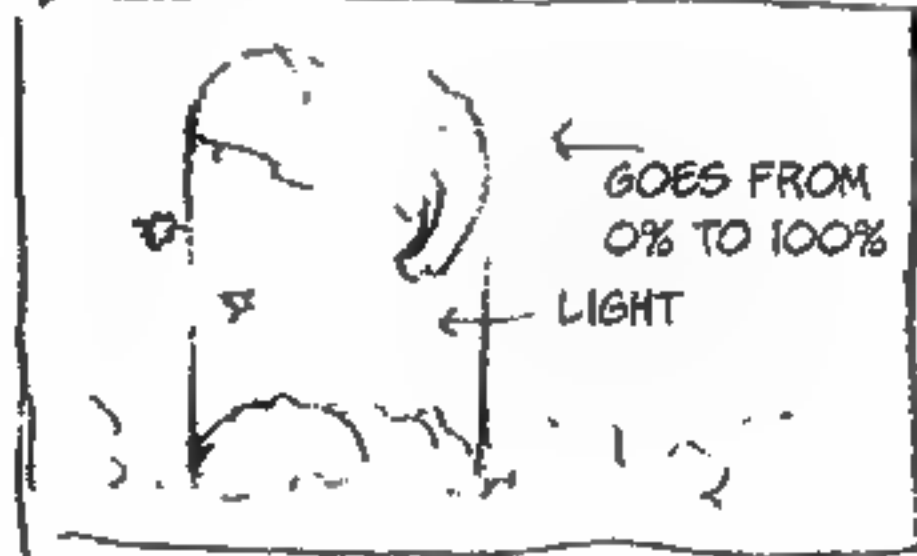
THE "RUINS" THAT CONSTANCE CORPORATION IS HIDING UNDER THEIR DOME IS, IN FACT, JUST THE UPPER TIP OF THIS SECTION OF THE UNIT.

HOLE OPENED IN THE UNIT'S HULL USING A MASS DRIVER.

EARTH EXPLORATION UNIT FROM AN ALIEN CIVILIZATION, FOUND BURIED ON THE MOON. FIVE KILOMETERS THROUGH THE CENTRAL AXIS. IT'S SO LARGE YOU CAN'T DISTINGUISH DETAILS. THE SEAMS ARE RUNNELS SEVERAL METERS WIDE. IT MAY GIVE A MORE REALISTIC FEEL TO USE A FINE WASH FOR THE COLORING. GENERALLY SPEAKING, THE THINNER THE WASH, THE STRONGER THE SHADOWS.



OPENS UP. LIGHT SHOOT'S STRAIGHT UP FROM HULL.



SHIP DWINDLES TO THE POINT WHERE YOU THINK, "OH, IT'S GOING TO DISAPPEAR!" THEN IT WINKS OUT.

THINK: THREE SECONDS OF LIGHT, FOUR SECONDS FROM SHADOW TO FULL HULL ILLUMINATION... THEN, AFTER A FEW SECONDS' PAUSE, THE UNIT BEGINS TO ROTATE, VERY SLOWLY.

OF COURSE, YOU'LL PROBABLY HAVE TO CUT TO THE CHARACTERS, THE COLLAPSING DOME, ETCETERA, DURING ALL OF THIS. THE POOR ANIMATORS ARE GOING TO DIE!

ONE DEPICTION OF LUNAR CITIES IS KATO'S DEPICTION OF COMBAT ON THE MOON IN HIS MANGA, ARMS. IT MIGHT PROVIDE SOME HINTS FOR THE "FEEL" OF THE LUNAR SURFACE. THE DIRECTOR SHOULD CHECK IT OUT.

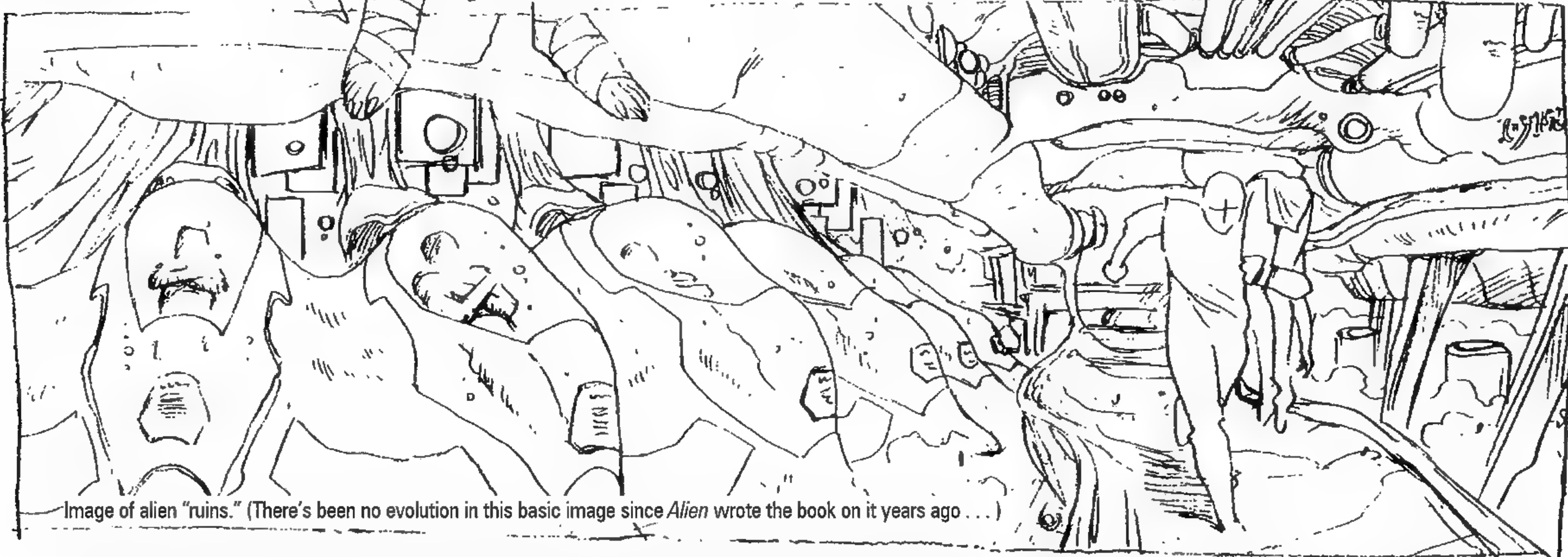
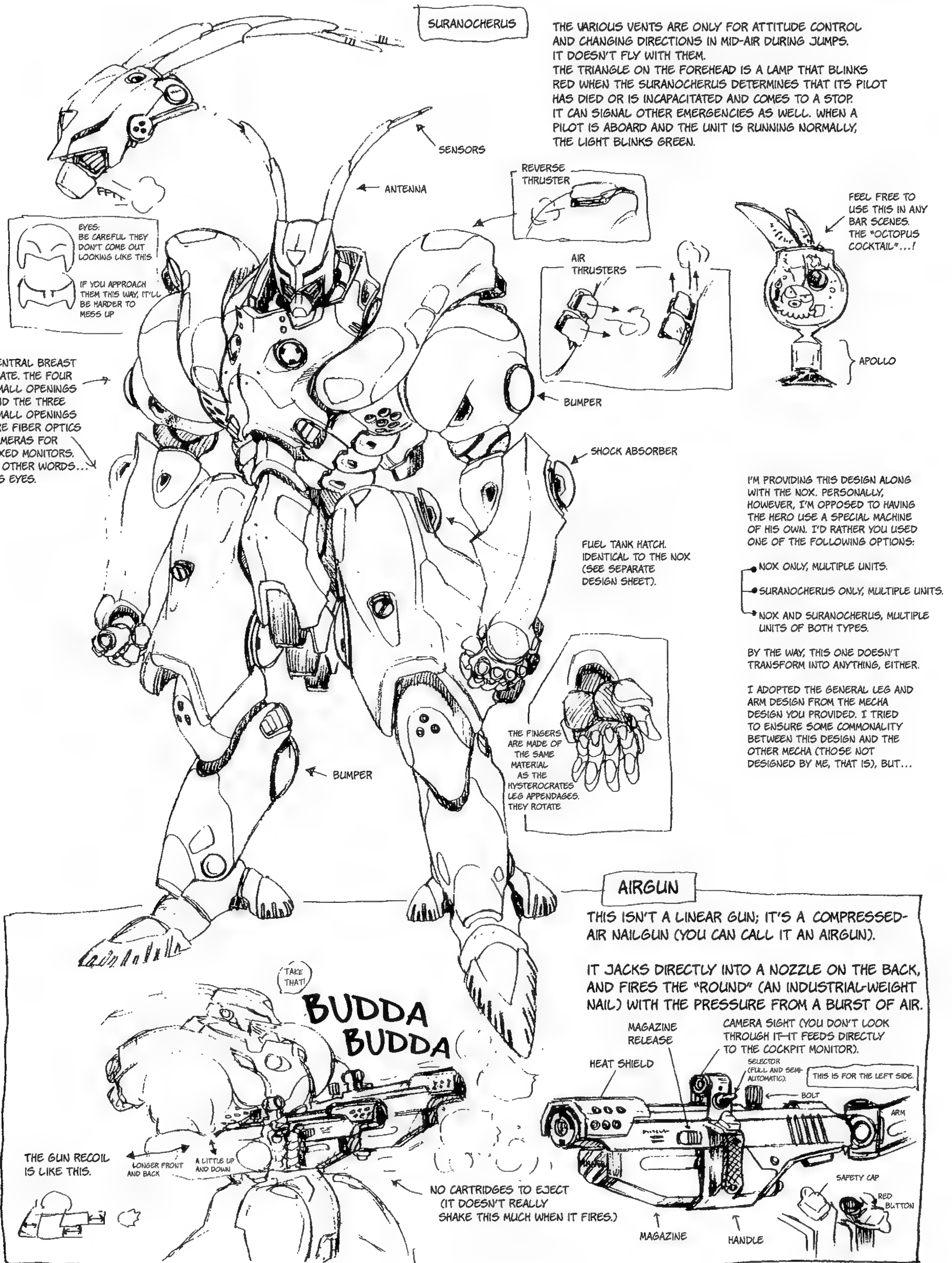


Image of alien "ruins." (There's been no evolution in this basic image since *Alien* wrote the book on it years ago...)

THE HERO FLEEING WITH A STOLEN INES CLONE FROM "THE CRYPT OF THE SLEEPING INESSES"... THIS IS AN IMAGE SKETCH FOR THE SCENE WHERE YOSHIYUKI, AFTER DESTROYING INES PRIME'S SELF-DESTRUCT NERVES TO PREVENT AN EXPLOSION, IS TOLD THAT SHE IS LEAVING THE MOON AND HE SHOULD EVACUATE. HERE, HE'S STOLEN ONE OF THE INES CLONES TO "IMPLANT" YAYOI INTO ITS BODY IN THE FACILITY'S UPLOAD LAB. DURING THE TRANSFER, OF COURSE, THE VILLAIN YOSHIYUKI THOUGHT HE FINISHED OFF DURING THE EARLIER COMBAT SCENE WILL REAPPEAR FOR A FINAL DEATH MATCH. DELAYED BY THE FIGHT, YOSHIYUKI WILL HAVE TO RACE AGAINST TIME TO ESCAPE THE EXPLORATION UNIT BEFORE IT LIFTS OFF. THERE WILL BE THE VILLAIN'S GRAND DEATH SCENE, YOSHIYUKI'S REUNION WITH THE RE-EMBODIED YAYOI, THE GREAT ESCAPE, THE ALIEN SHIP LIFT-OFF SPECTACLE, THE SHIP'S LIGHT-SPEED DEPARTURE, FINAL SCENE... THE END! OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT, EH? ORTHODOX, BUT IT SHOULD DO.



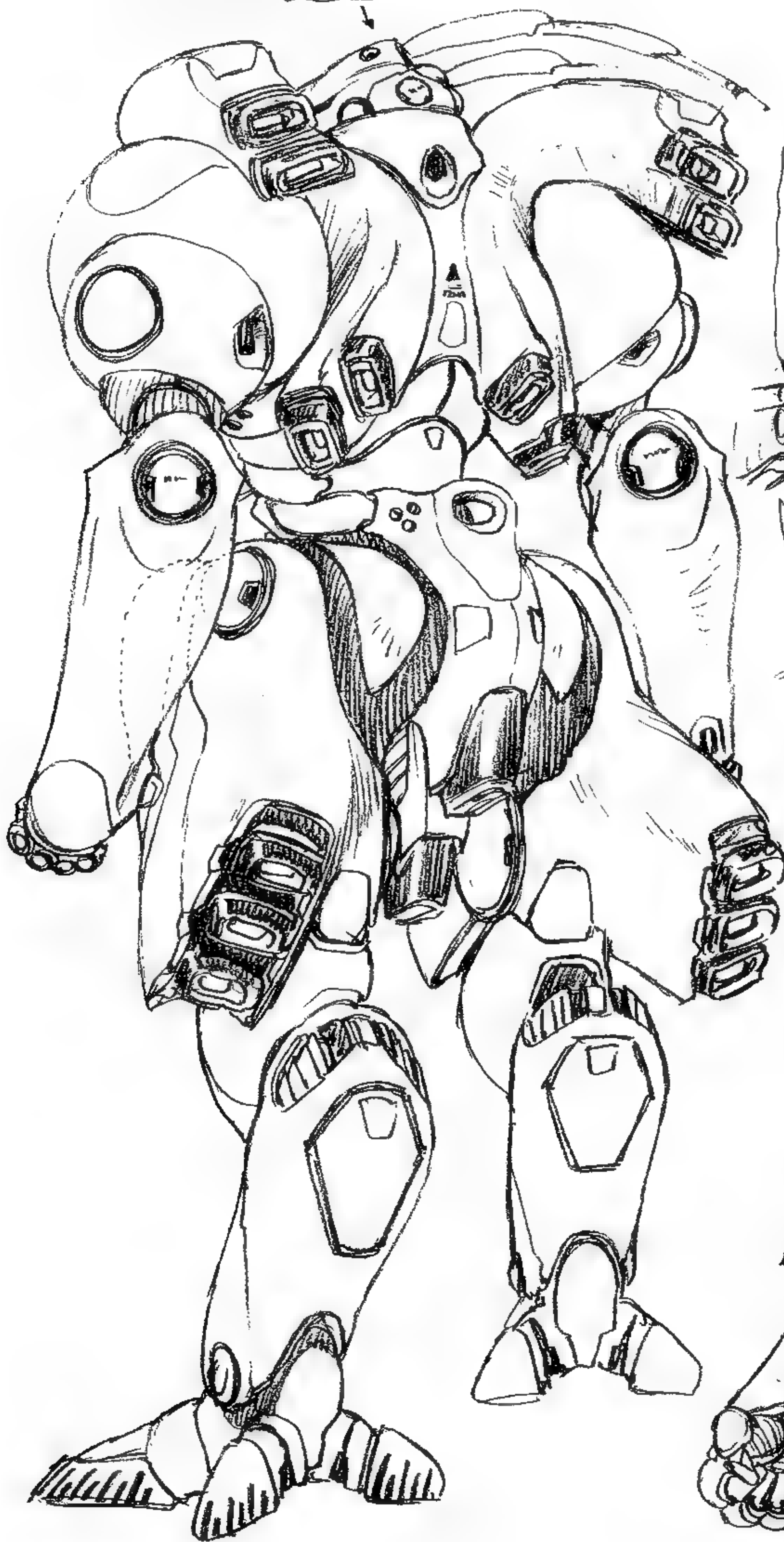
Designs for the Suranocherus, which was cut out of the actual video. It may be used in another project.



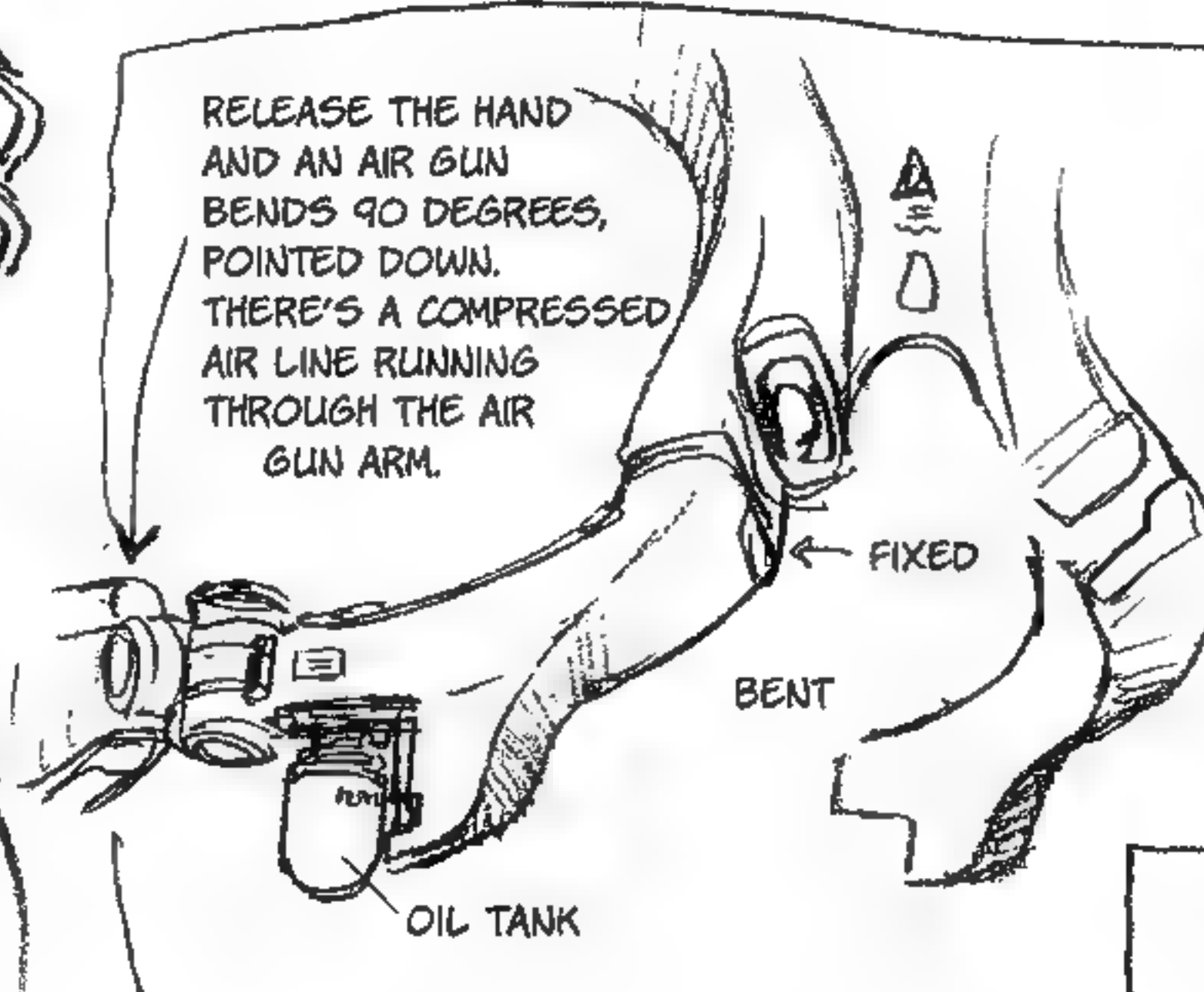


## SURANOCHERUS

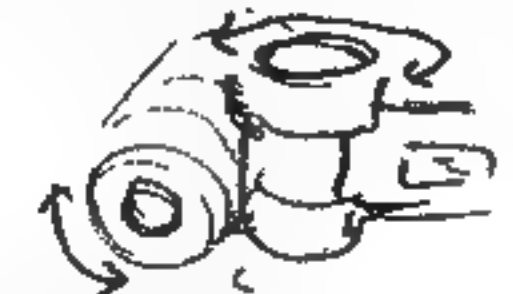
OCCIPITAL  
REGION OF HEAD



RELEASE THE HAND  
AND AN AIR GUN  
BENDS 90 DEGREES,  
POINTED DOWN.  
THERE'S A COMPRESSED  
AIR LINE RUNNING  
THROUGH THE AIR  
GUN ARM.



SINCE IT ISN'T REALLY MEANT FOR  
COMBAT, THE GUN DOESN'T HAVE MANY  
DEGREES OF FREEDOM. BASICALLY THE  
BODY TURNS IN THE DIRECTION OF THE  
TARGET AND FIRES. THE GUN AND  
JOINT ARMS ARE MOVABLE, BUT THE  
FULCRUM ITSELF IS FIXED.



OPEN HATCH DRAWING

THE "MASTER STICK" AND  
THE "MASTER GLOVES" ARE  
LOCATED IN FRONT OF THE  
PILOT'S CHEST

EACH JOINT HERE IS  
LINKED TO THE EXTERNAL  
ARM CONTROL.



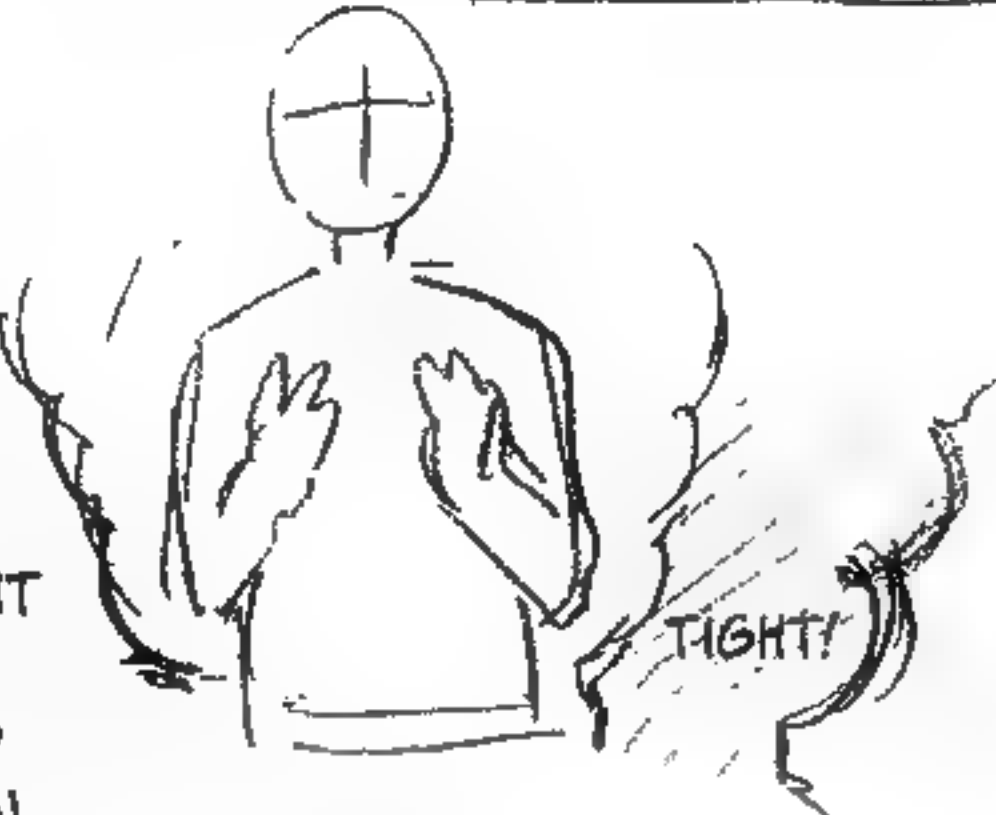
THERE ARE SPEAKERS  
LOCATED ABOUT THE  
PILOT'S HEAD AND  
TO THE SIDES OF IT.  
LOTS OF SPEAKERS  
ARE USED TO HELP  
LOCATE THE SOURCE  
OF SOUNDS  
ACCURATELY. THE  
HOLES IN THE  
PILLOW ARE  
FOR AIR  
CLEANING.

SAFETY BELT  
(LIKE IN  
A CAR)

THESE ARE DESIGNED  
LIKE SKI BOOTS, WITH  
LOCKING SCREWS,  
AND LOCK RELEASE  
BUTTONS (PUSHING  
ONE RELEASES THE  
MECHANISM AND  
ALLOWS IT  
TO OPEN).

POP

AS YOU CAN SEE FROM THE  
DRAWING ON THE RIGHT,  
WHEN THE PILOT GETS IN  
THE MECHANISM, HE OR SHE  
IS IN A VERY TIGHT SPACE,  
WITH ALMOST NO ROOM TO  
MOVE. THERE IS ONLY ABOUT  
20 TO 30 CENTIMETERS OF  
SPACE, BUT IT ISN'T SO BAD  
BECAUSE THE WHOLE AREA IN  
FRONT OF THE EYES IS TAKEN UP BY MONITORS.  
THE MONITORS PROJECT IMAGES FROM SEVEN FIBER  
OPTIC CAMERAS LOCATED IN THE CHEST AND ABDOMEN REGIONS.



THE EYES, OR CAMERAS, ON THE SURANOCHERUS' FACE ARE LINKED TO  
THE MOVEMENT OF THE PILOT'S FACE, AND CAN BE SIGHTED AND ZOOMED.

IN OTHER WORDS, WHEN THE PILOT MOVES HIS OR HER FACE,  
THE IMAGE ON THE MAIN MONITOR FIRST STAYS THE SAME, BUT THE  
FACE OF THE SURANOCHERUS MOVES. IT'S THE SIGHTING AND THE  
"SPOT SQUARE" IN THE MAIN MONITOR DISPLAY THAT CHANGE IN  
ACCORDANCE WITH THE MOVEMENT OF THE PILOT'S HEAD...

OTHER THAN THE SLAVE ARM, SYSTEM ON/OFF FUNCTIONS (USING INFRARED  
AND ATTACH/REMOVE) ARE OPERATED BY VOICE COMMAND. LIKE A SEEING-EYE DOG, THE  
SYSTEM IS CAPABLE OF DISCRIMINATING EASY VOICE COMMANDS. "AIR-BOOSTER ON" IS VOICE  
ACTIVATED. DIRECTION AND OUTPUT, HOWEVER, ARE CONTROLLED WITH THE MASTER STICK.

THE FASCIA  
HERE CAN STRETCH  
AND CONTRACT.

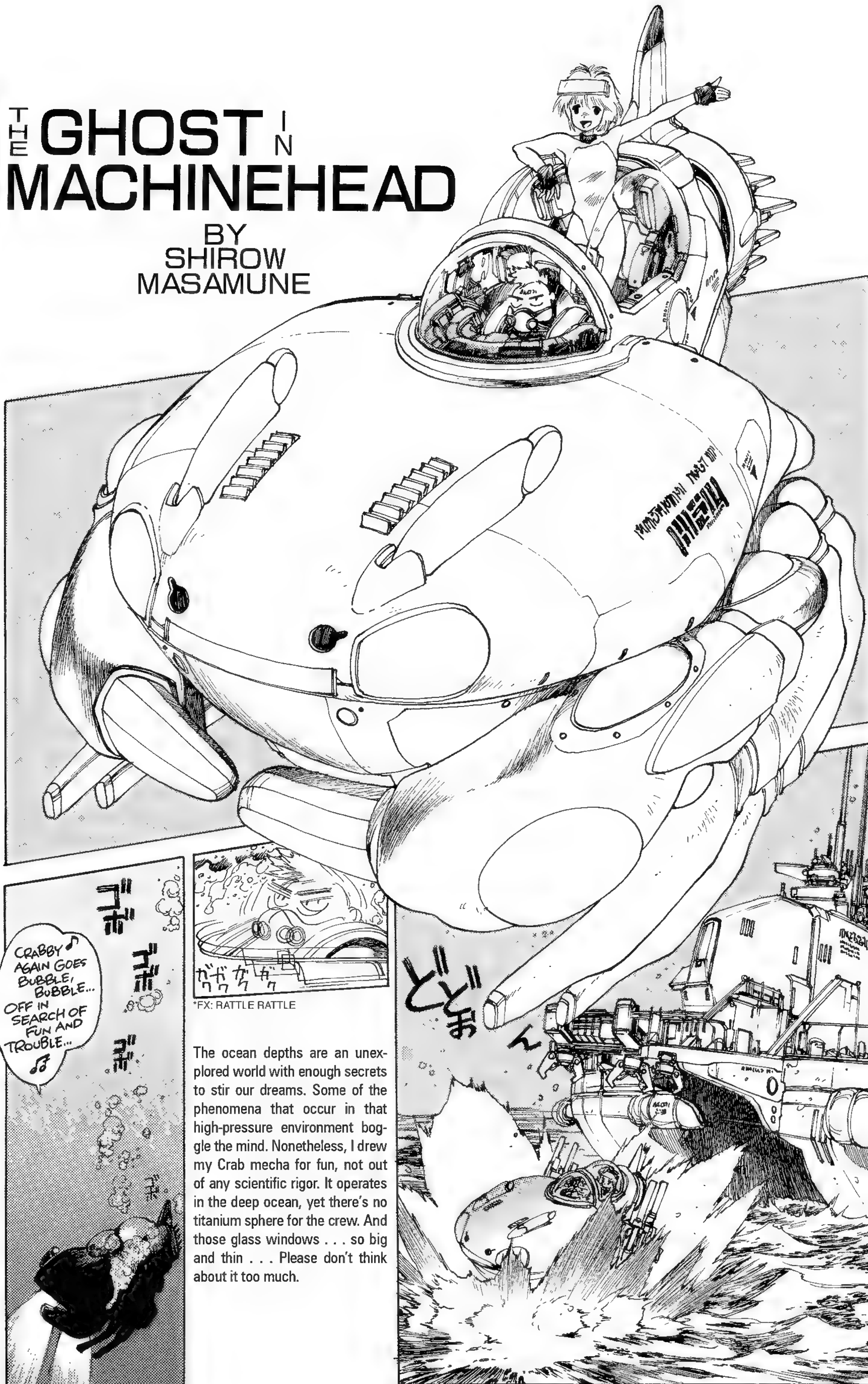
THE NOX  
OPENS LIKE THIS.

THE PILOT HAS TO  
CLOSE THE ABDOMEN  
DOOR BEFORE CLOSING  
THE CHEST SECTION,  
OTHERWISE THE  
ABDOMEN COVER  
WON'T CLOSE.



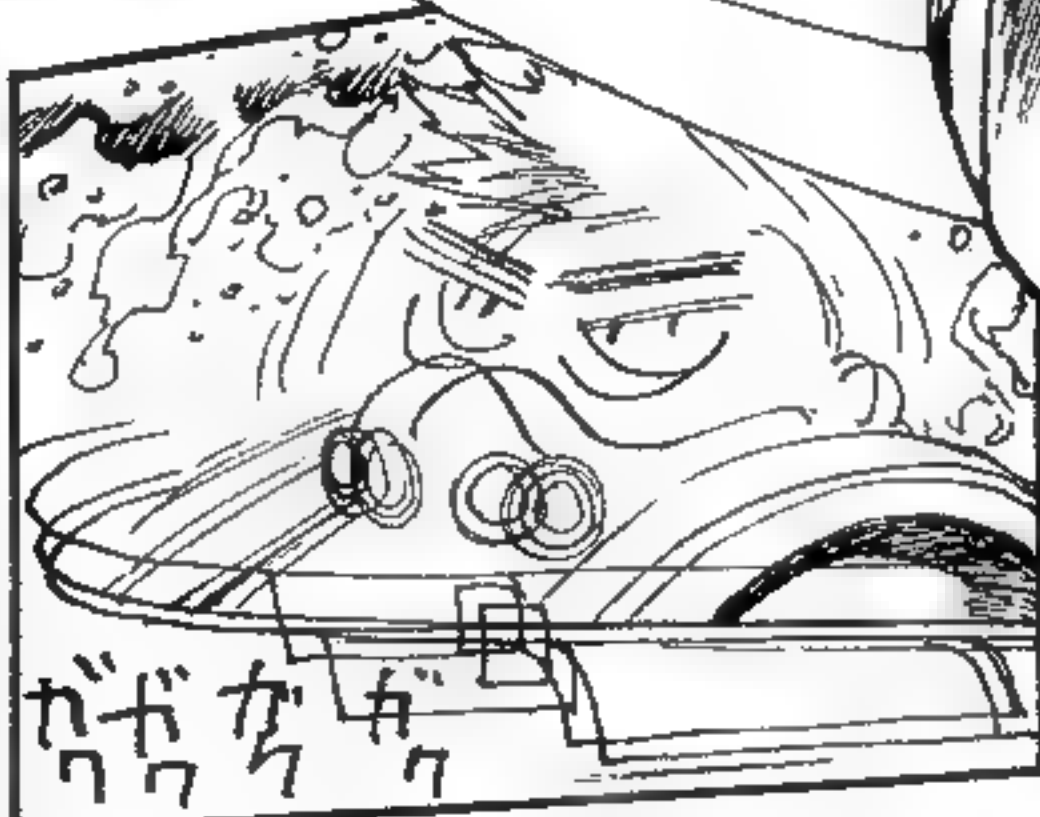
# THE GHOST IN MACHINEHEAD

BY  
SHIROW  
MASAMUNE



CRABBY  
AGAIN GOES  
BUBBLE,  
BUBBLE...  
OFF IN  
SEARCH OF  
FUN AND  
TROUBLE...

\*FX: BLBB BLBB BLBB



\*FX: RATTLE RATTLE

The ocean depths are an unexplored world with enough secrets to stir our dreams. Some of the phenomena that occur in that high-pressure environment boggle the mind. Nonetheless, I drew my Crab mecha for fun, not out of any scientific rigor. It operates in the deep ocean, yet there's no titanium sphere for the crew. And those glass windows . . . so big and thin . . . Please don't think about it too much.

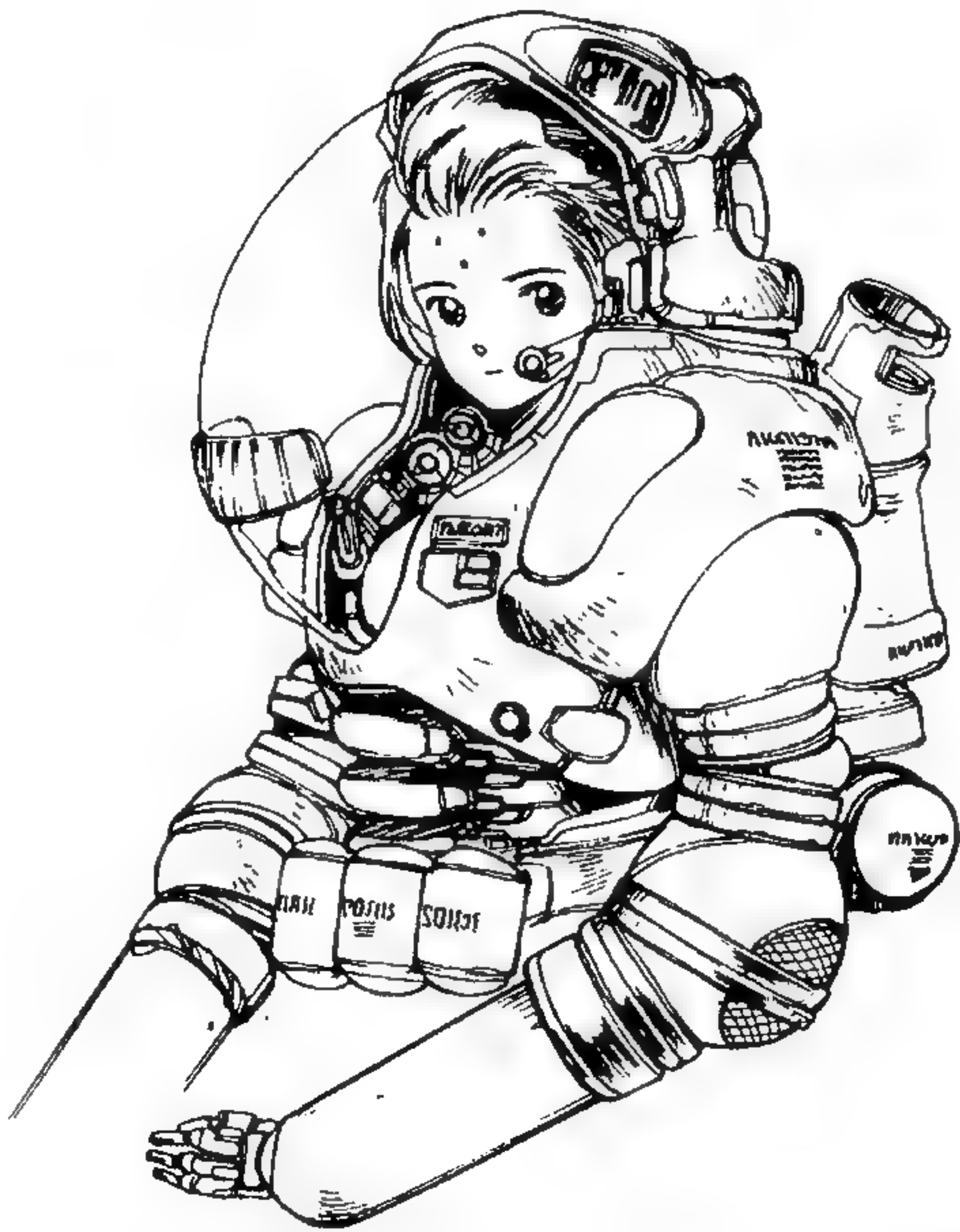
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\*FX: KBLOOSH

If you really did this, you'd damage the Crab. In the real world, you would lower it into the water gently on a cable. It would be interesting if you could shoot it out of an underwater catapult, though, like anime "powered suits."

Looks like The Abyss.





I created this suit based on the original form above. The arm joints and the like are identical to those on the Toyama Diving Service Co.'s Newtsuit (the name of an interestingly shaped ADS Atmospheric Diving Suit). The lungs are on the back. (No, they're not compressed air tanks.)

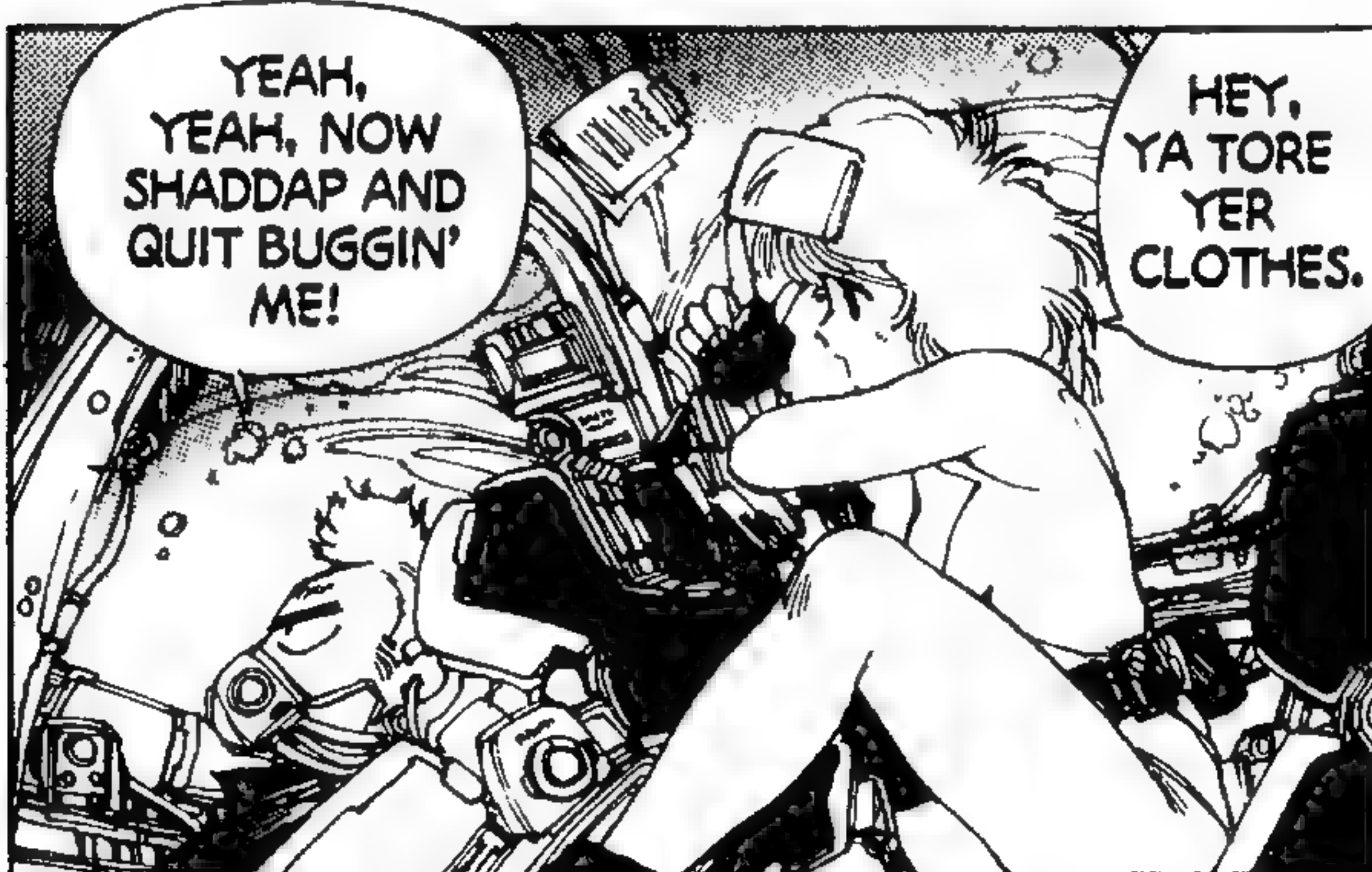
AND SO WHILE OUR CRAB DIVES INTO THE DEPTHS, A WORD FROM OUR SPONSOR.



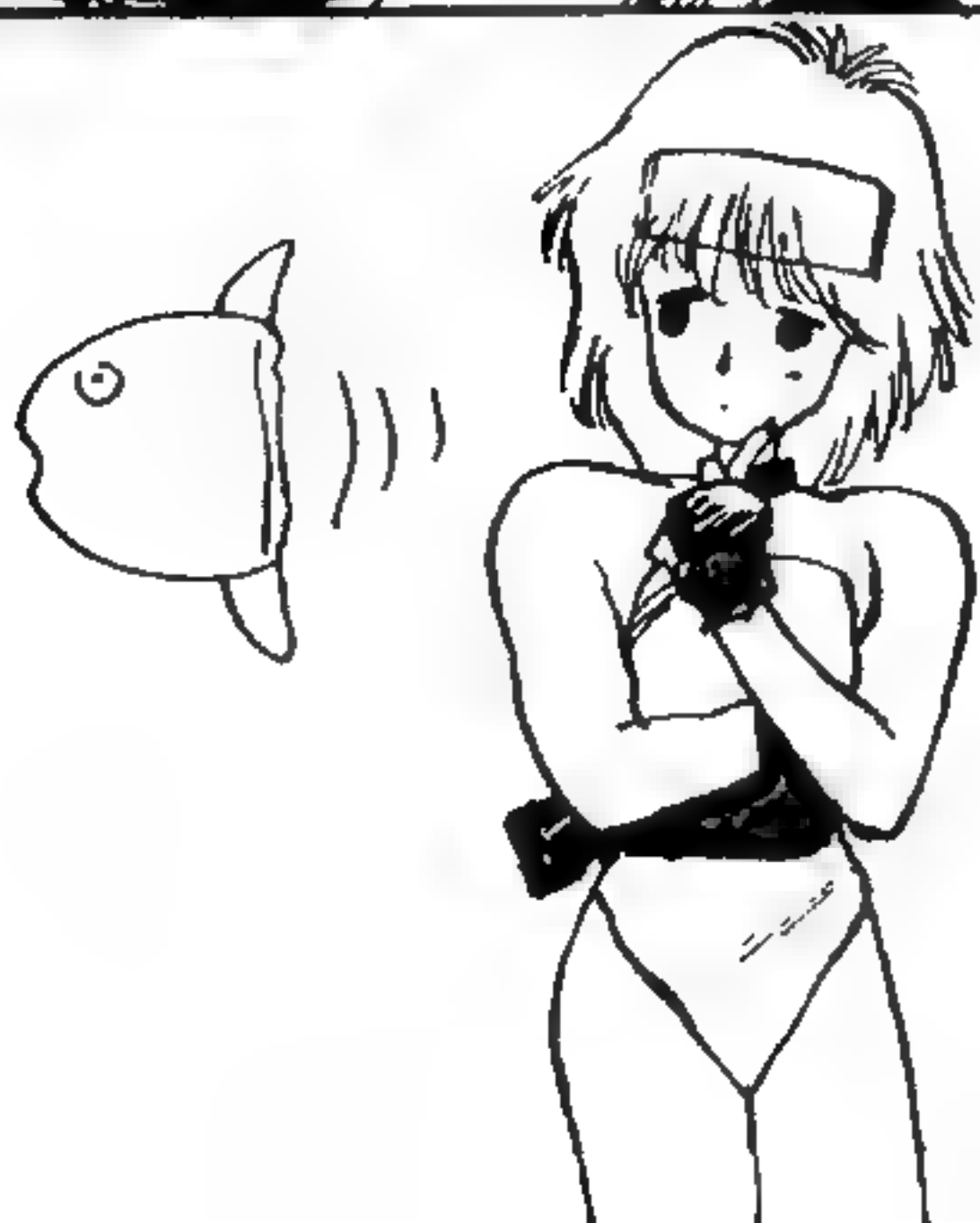
The heartbreaking news is that my household's *Tetragnathidae* Number Two died recently. Only two weeks after she built her web, I found her lying, her eight legs flung wide, on the ground directly below the eaves, twenty-five feet overhead where she'd strung up her nest. As a firm believer in naturalism, I left her corpse there for the ants and birds. Ten hours later, it was gone. *Araneidae* Number Two passed the same way, but at least she died with her legs curled up like a true bug (not that spiders are "bugs"). Once upon a time, this particular *Araneidae* assisted me in an experiment to test the validity of the belief that spiders won't eat the dead. When live prey gets entangled in their webs, spiders are amazingly quick. They pounce without hesitation, revealing to us the true essence of proud spiderhood. In the past, I had occasion to observe, with the help of *Salticidae* Number One and a jiggled piece of eraser, the spider response to "that which may be prey." But since

what I was offering at the time was rubber, not food, I didn't think it fair to let her actually strike, and I never got to see what she might have done next. This time, I was blessed with a honey-bee, estimated age fifty to sixty days (or is that obvious?), recently deceased in a head-on collision. "What about a fresh, moving corpse?" I thought, and attempted to provide some nutrition to *Araneidae* Number Two, who at the time was busy tightening up her third web, which she had just completed after a short journey of two to three days to parts unknown. I attach the bee to a strand of the web. Number Two spins on her axis and faces the bee. I am reminded again of the *Salticidae*, yet she doesn't pounce. When I shake the bee with the point of a needle, she pulls twice, thrice on a vertical web strand, almost like knocking it, tap-tap, and observes the bee's response. Range, 2.5 inches. She regards the bee suspiciously, as though realizing it is somehow different from a live bee. A few

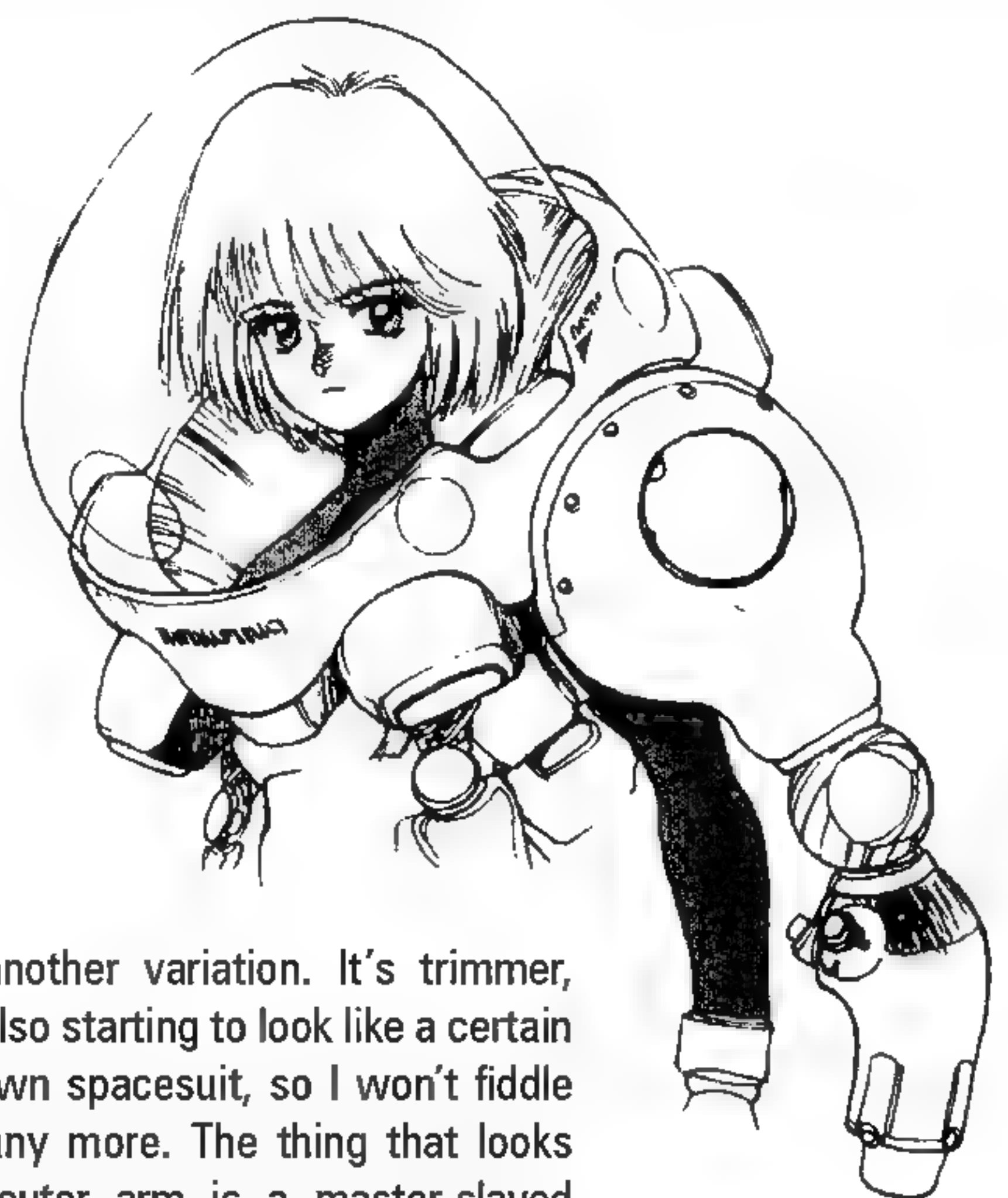
seconds later, apparently satisfied that there's no danger, she scoots over to the bee and begins to examine it. But she soon leaves it behind and returns to the center of her web, resuming her Zen repose. After that, no matter how much I shook or jiggled the bee, she wouldn't leave her spot. She seemed to give the bee no more mind than she would a twig that fell into her web. The next day, I found the bee corpse on the ground under her nest, and shortly thereafter it vanished from there as well. Apparently she believes in treating corpses like inanimate objects, be they plump with bodily fluids or no. I was impressed by her dedication to her philosophy in the face of an empty stomach. It was already winter. Winter, when bugs and moped boys and show-off bikers all curl up at home. The little flower shelf, so crawling with bugs in the summer, is now transformed. I guess it's time to get out the heater and blankets, and a nice bowl of winter tangerines . . .



HEY, YA TORE YER CLOTHES.



As we humans keep reproducing, and our food and resources run dry, we'll have to rely on outer space or the deep blue sea! In which case, the next big generational trend will be . . . oceans?



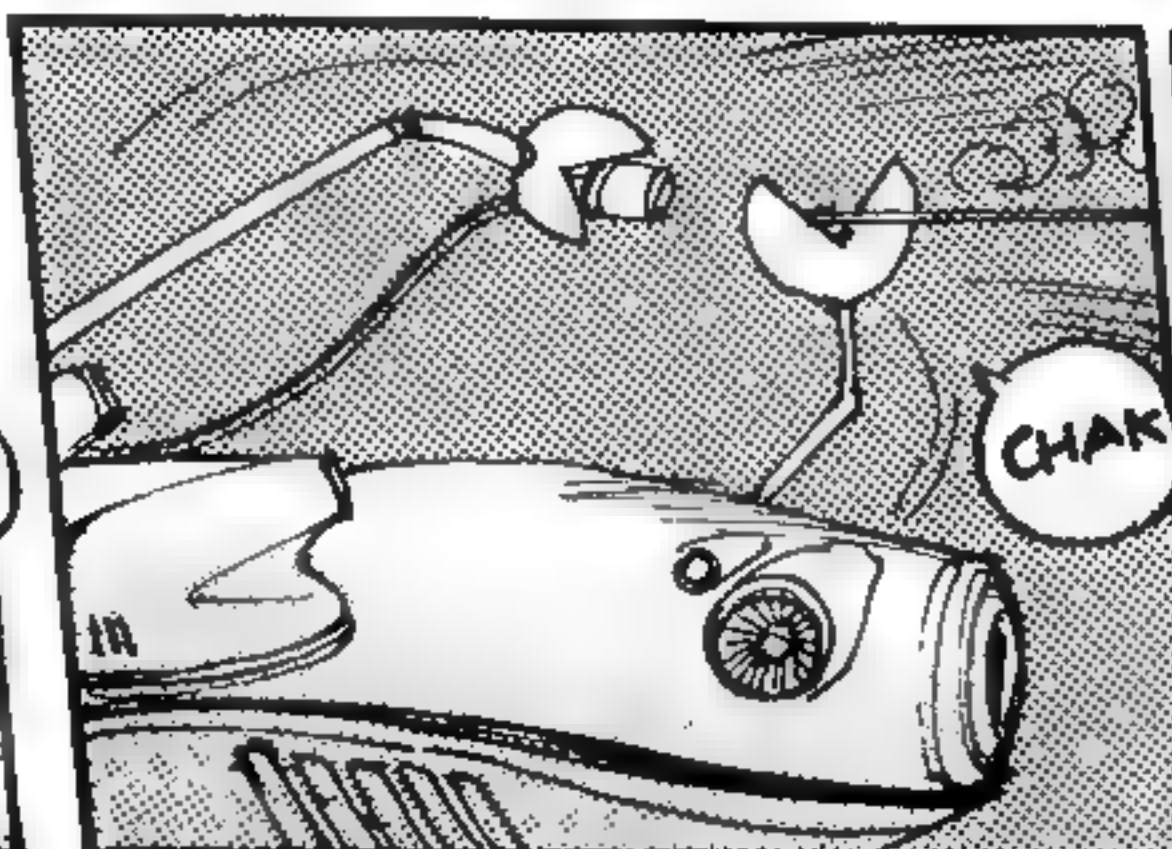
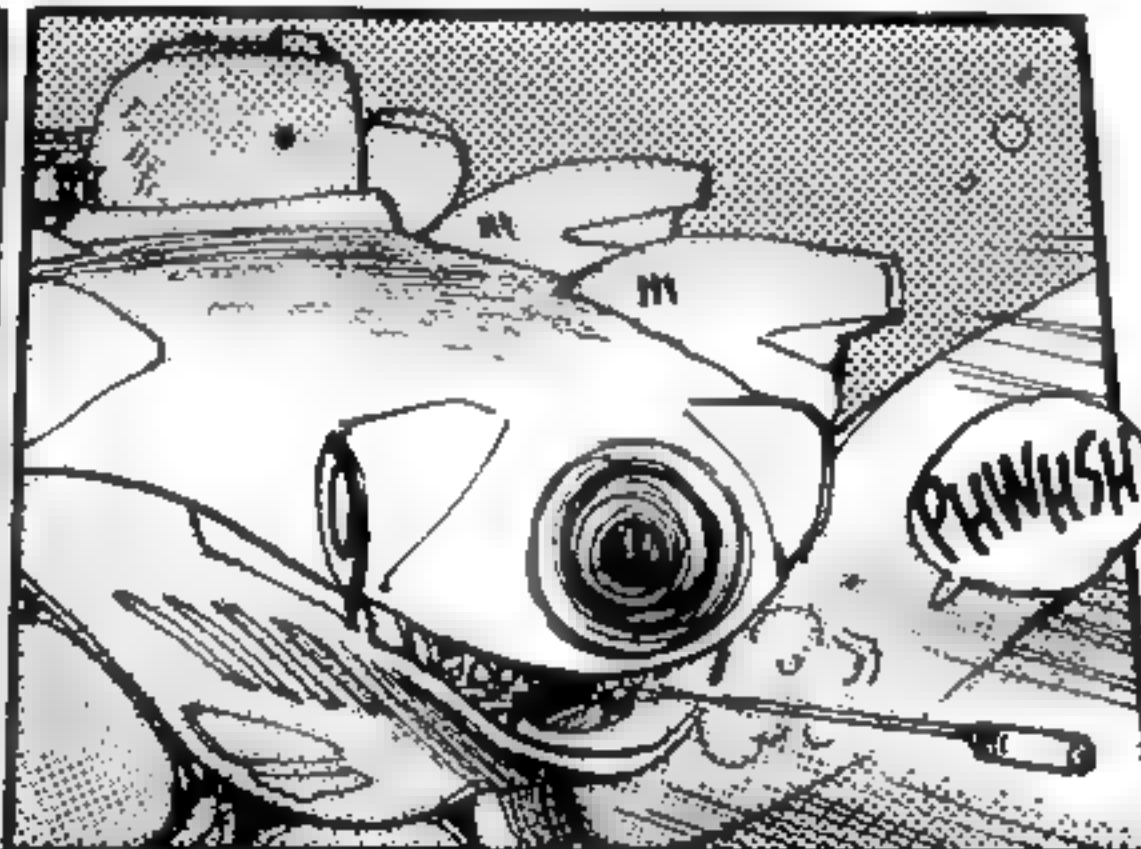
Here's another variation. It's trimmer, but it's also starting to look like a certain well-known spacesuit, so I won't fiddle with it any more. The thing that looks like an outer arm is a master-slaved water-jet nozzle. It has collapsible fingers.





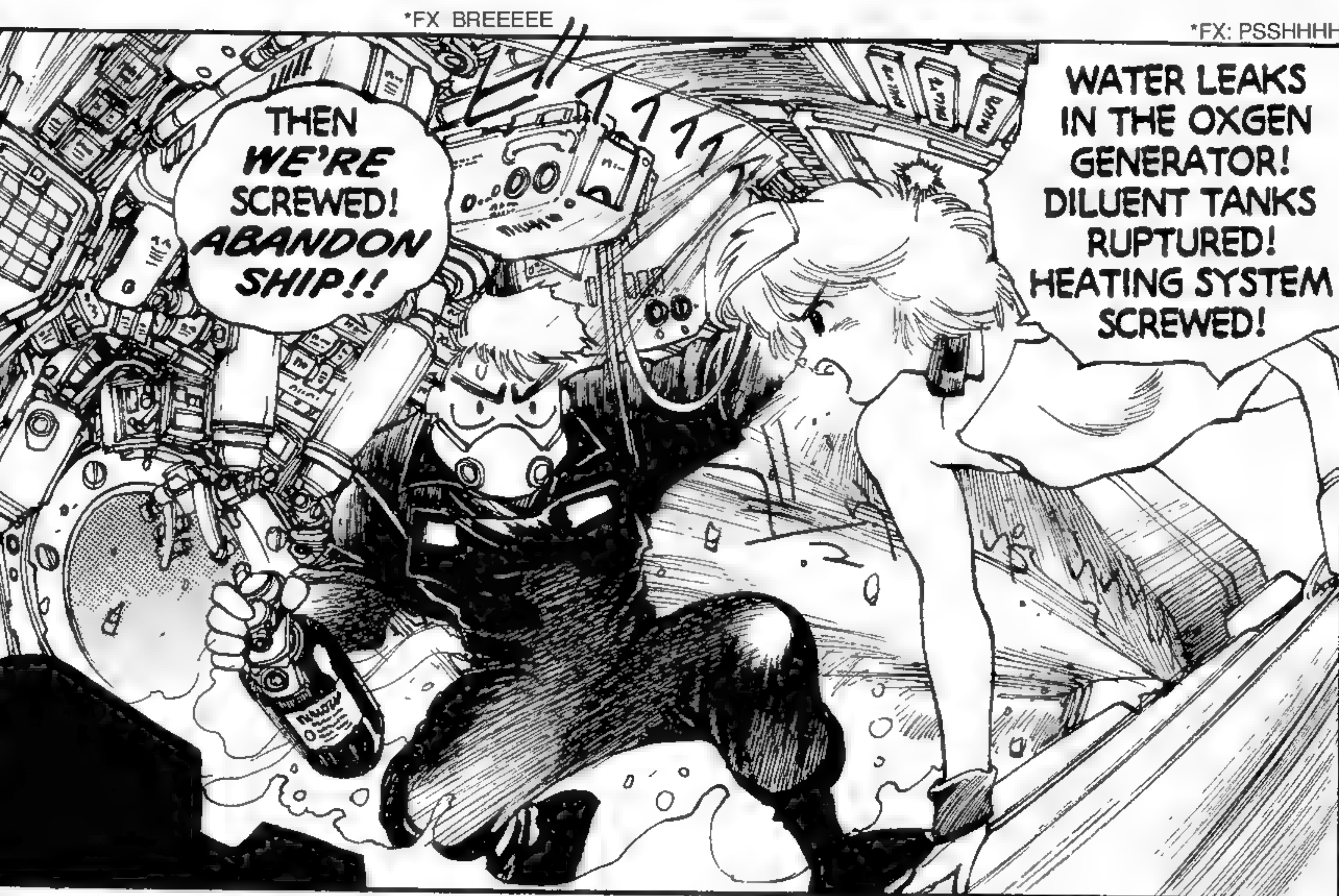
That thing like a big eyeball isn't a wave-motion Yamato cannon (how old-fashioned!) but the water intake port for an underwater ramjet.

Oceans! Which bring to mind . . . pirates and monsters and mysterious sunken ships! (FYI, the artist has never done any research on the rollicking high seas.)



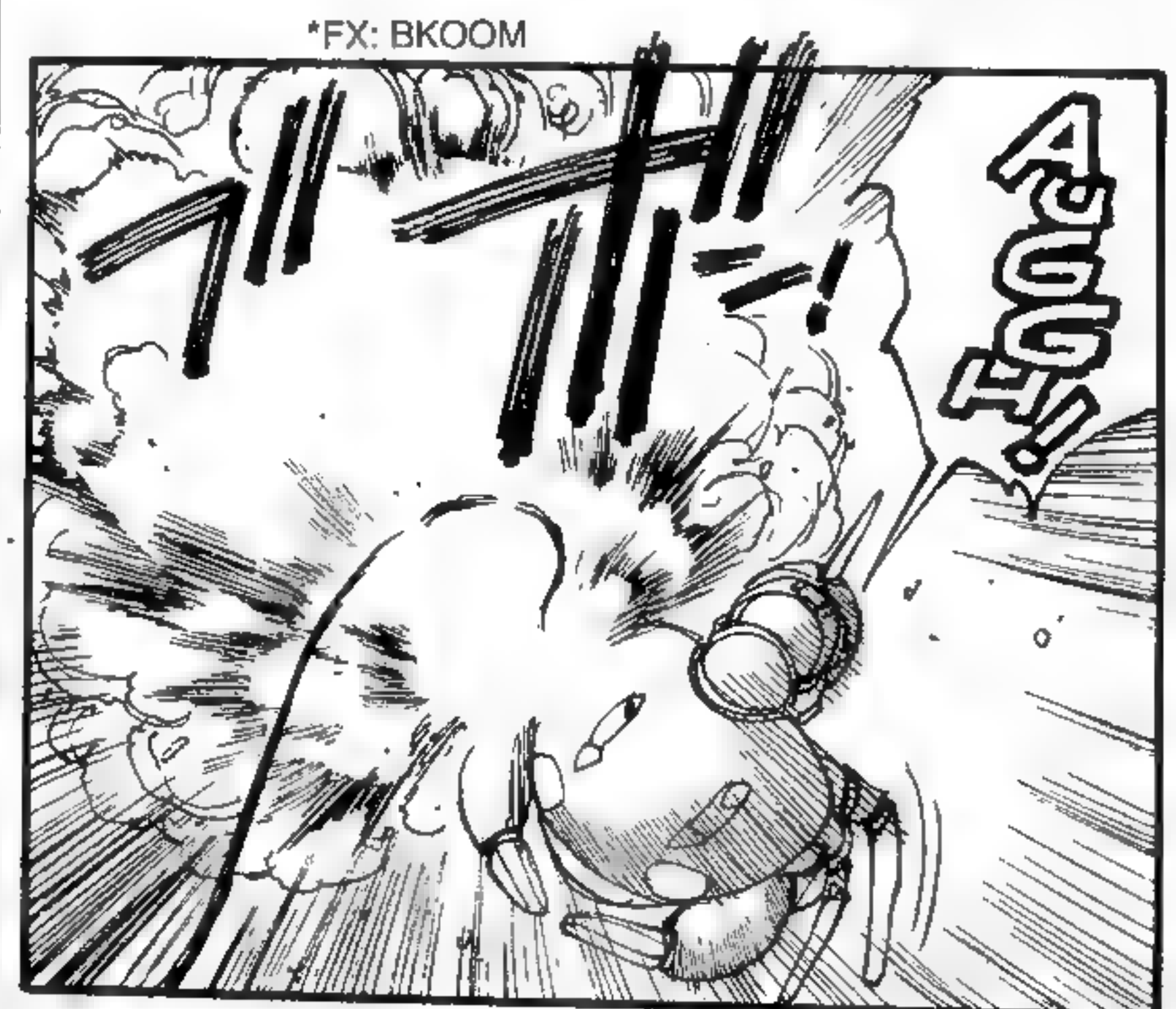
Hardwired optical communication (alternative name: "tin-can telephones") is something I cooked up long ago for my space-based science fiction. It's pretty meaningless, I know, but I *like* that kind of world. It's interesting, too, that radio communication over medium and long distances appears to be particularly difficult in "inner space." Small wireless transmitters

also appear to be pretty useless under various conditions, which makes them good props for storytelling. It's always more interesting when things *aren't* perfect. I don't know if there's any particular imperative for cable communications in the ocean depths, but I like the idea to the degree it stirs the imagination.



The control seat was . . . an escape pod! The passage beneath the seat turns into a water ram nozzle once the hatches are sealed.

And further, when the negotiations going on via these cables break down, there's always going to be some jerk who stuffs explosives in the swimming phone jack.



The cramped interior of the Crab. No room to move . . .

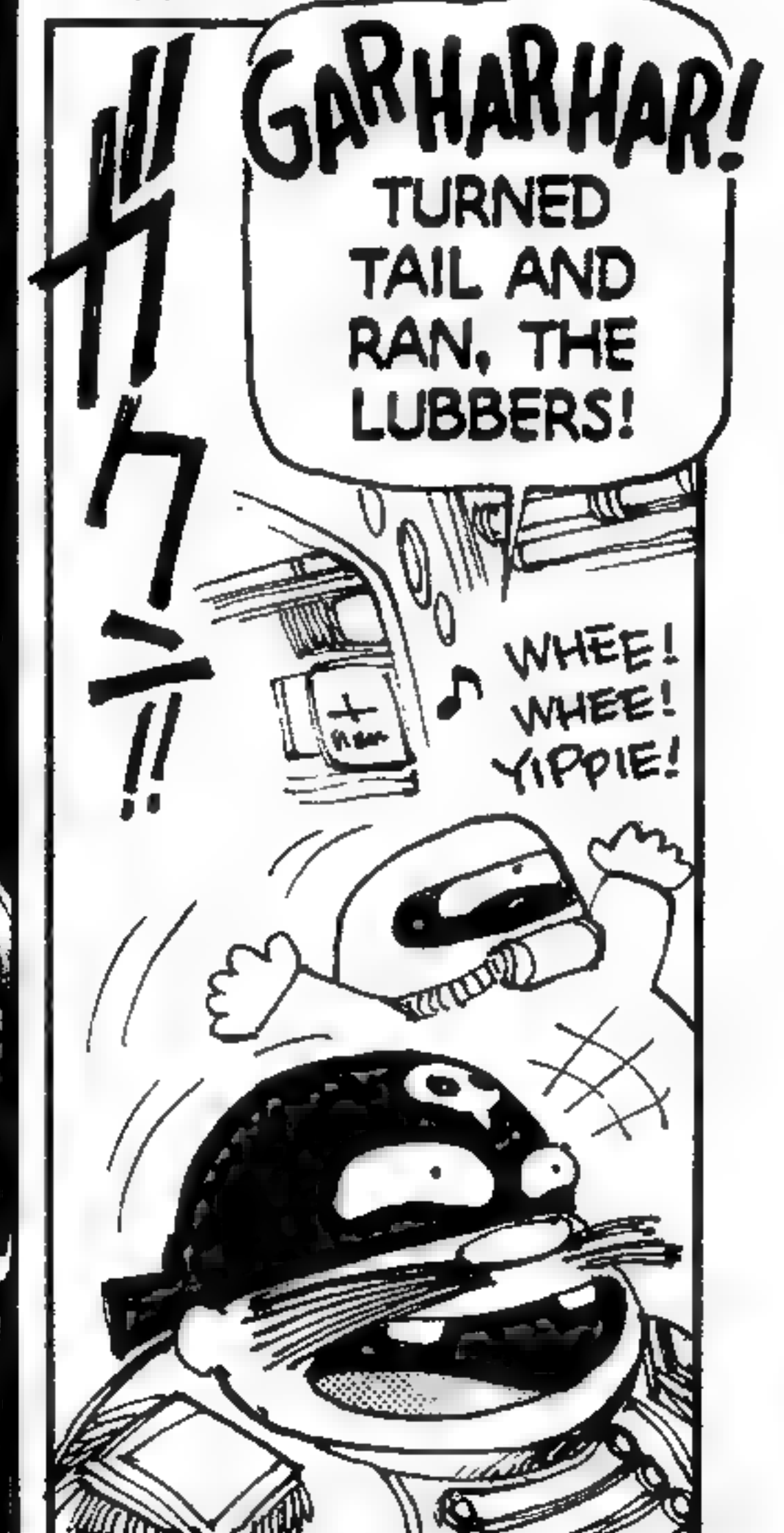




They still haven't found  
a giant squid this big...

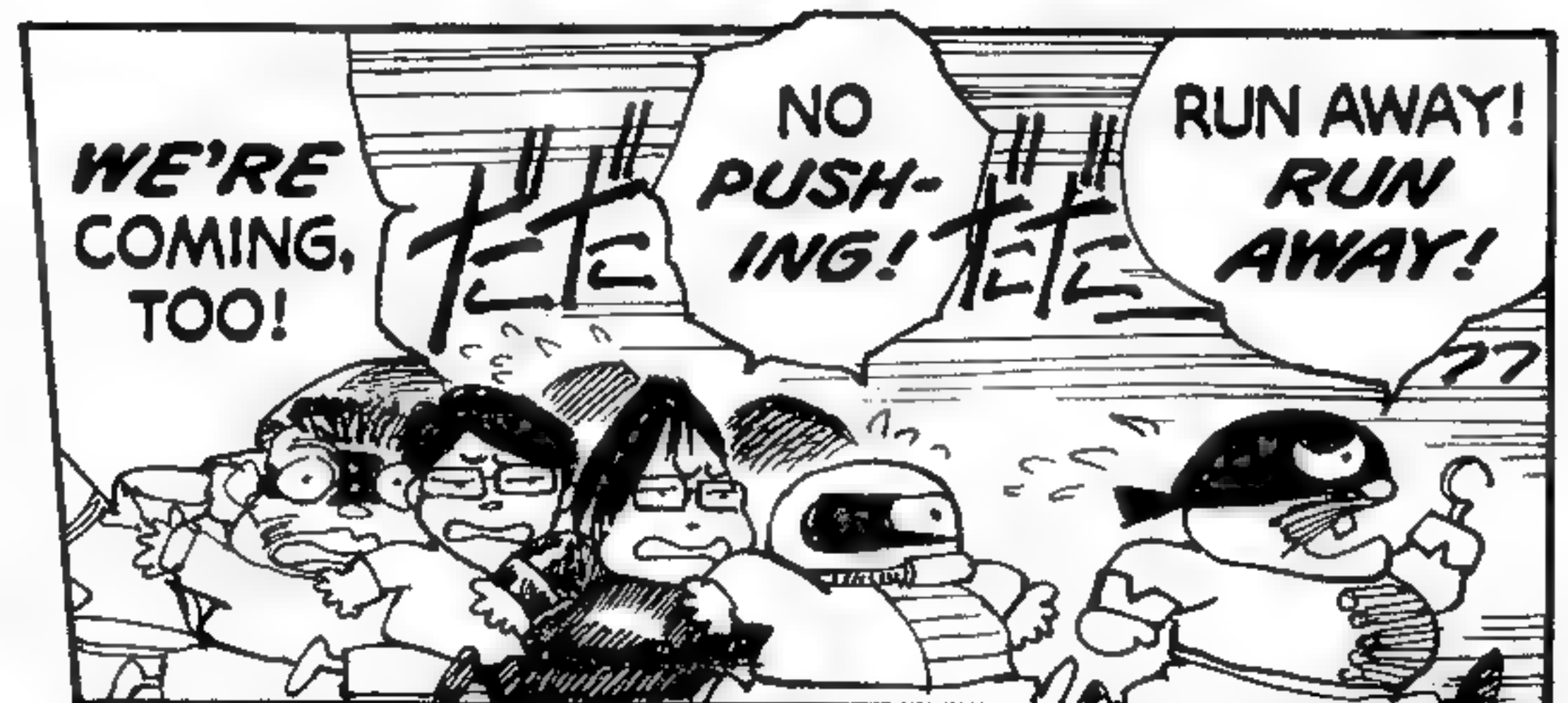


\*FX: GCHANK

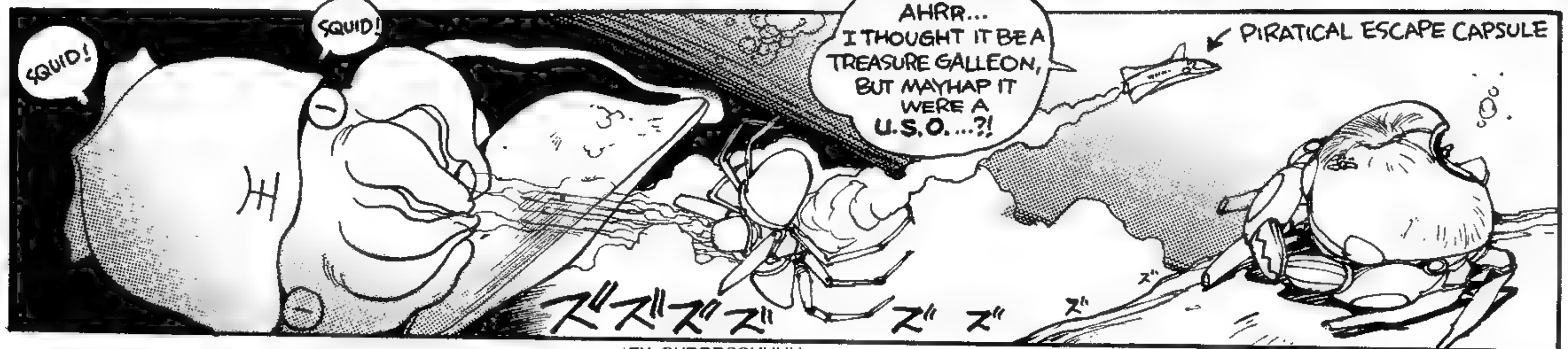


I don't know if it's because they taste bad, or they're simply not very useful, but you hardly ever see giant squids in the grocery store on in TV commercials. Apparently they do get caught in nets sometimes. I bet lots of us can remember seeing artists' conceptions of battles between sperm whales and giant squids when we were kids. The Nippon Broadcasting Corporation once sent images of a giant squid that had floated to the surface out across the ether...

The panel below shows the pirate ship pouring automatic fire on the squid. The opponent's so soft, the fuses aren't firing... but maybe they would in the real world?



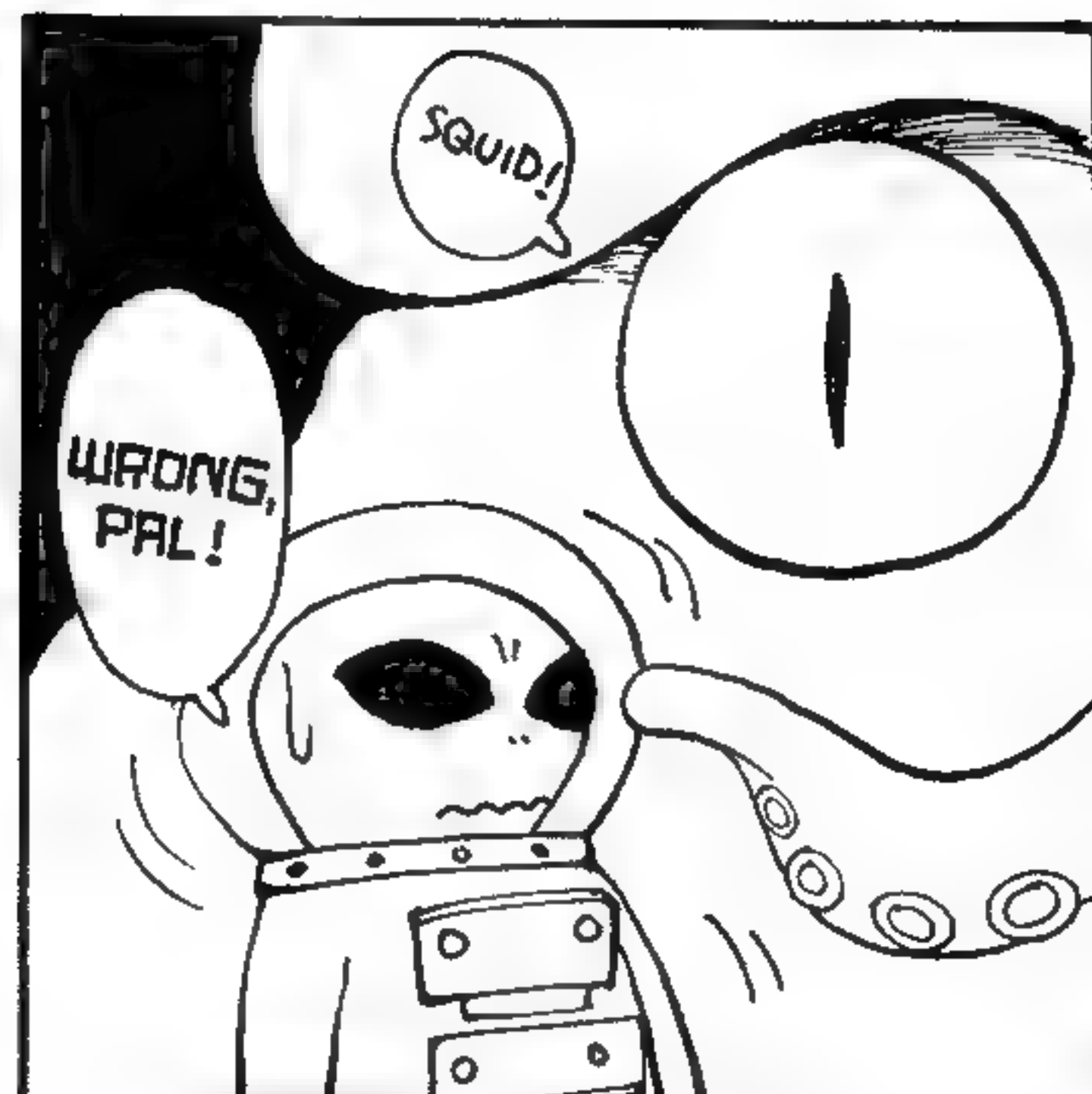
\*FX: THD THD THD THD



\*FX SKRRRSSHHHH

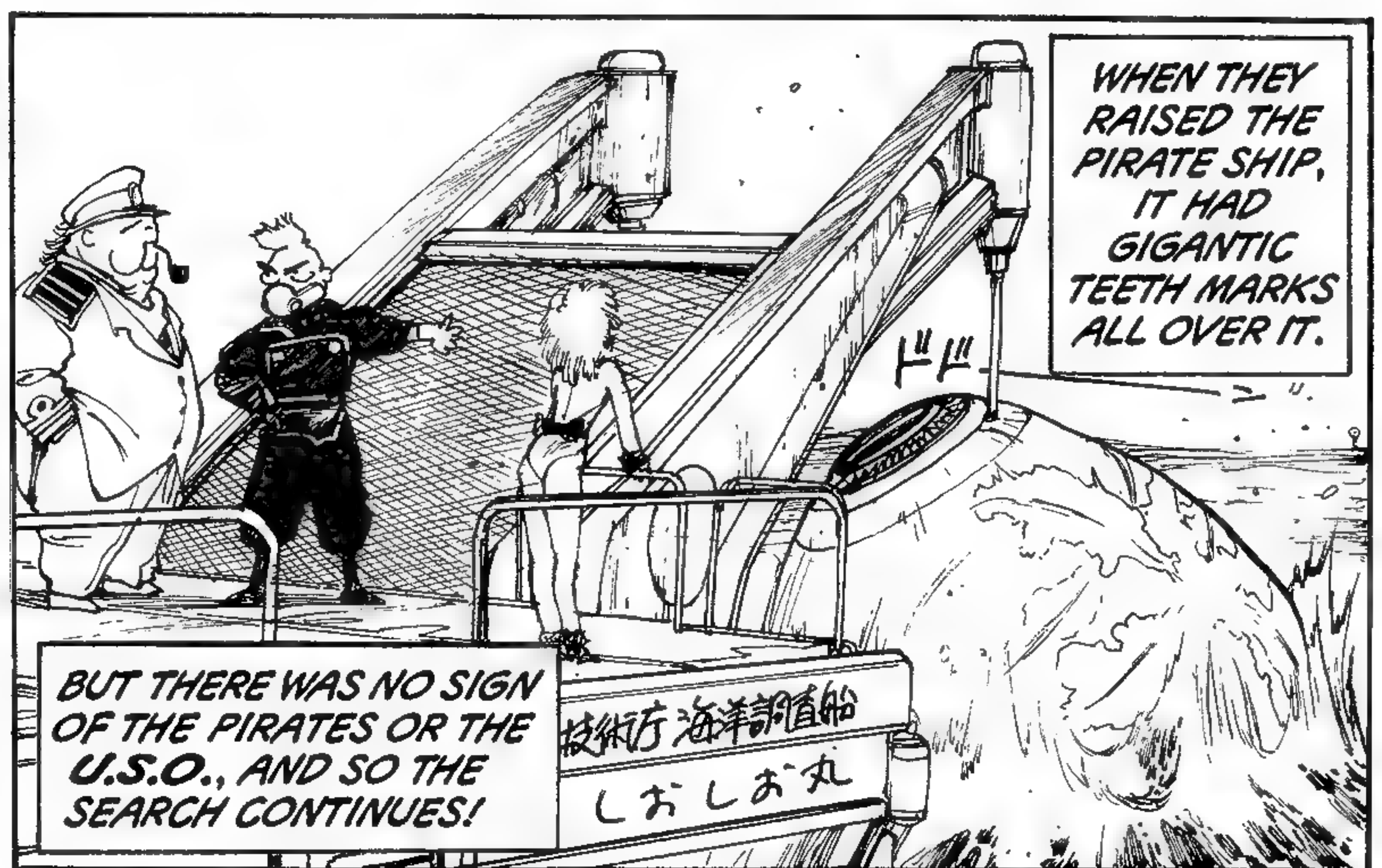
I read somewhere—don't remember where—that back in the age of the dinosaurs the biggest battles would have been fought between giant fish and the ancestors of alligators, not between li'l old *Tyrannosauruses* and *Triceratopsuses*. Apparently they've dug up fossils that prove this happened, with impressions of still healing teeth bites and all.

By "teeth marks," they mean scratches in the paint. There aren't any gouges in the metal, of course.



THAT'S ALL FOLKS... FOR NOW.♥

OUR SINCEREST APOLOGIES FOR THE UNDOCUMENTED MECHA.



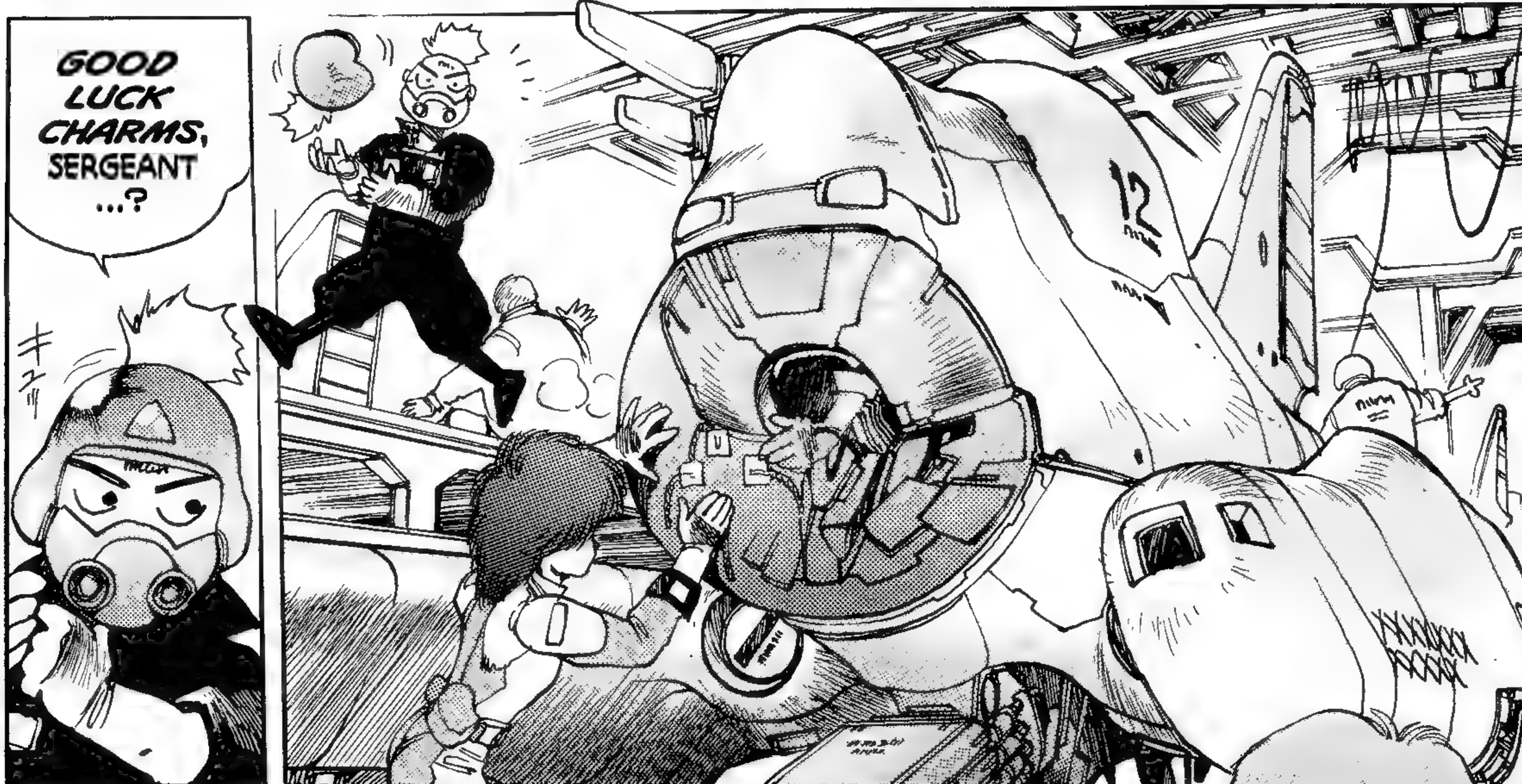
S OF A SKILLED VIOLINIST. IT'S DELICATE, MAINLY WHEN ONE NEEDS TO SHOOT SEAR \*FX BLSSHHH



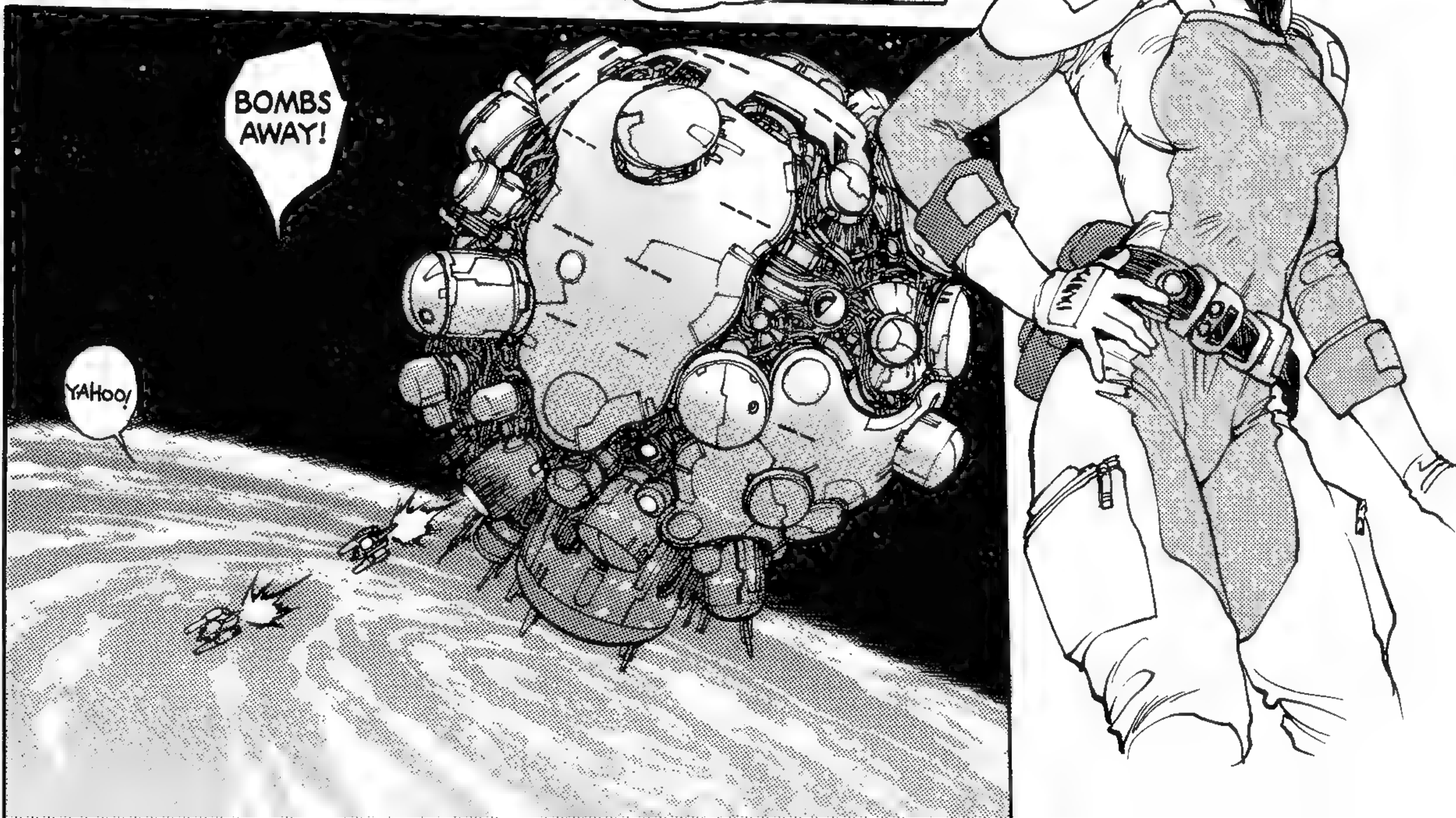
# HYPERNOTES

# THE GHOST

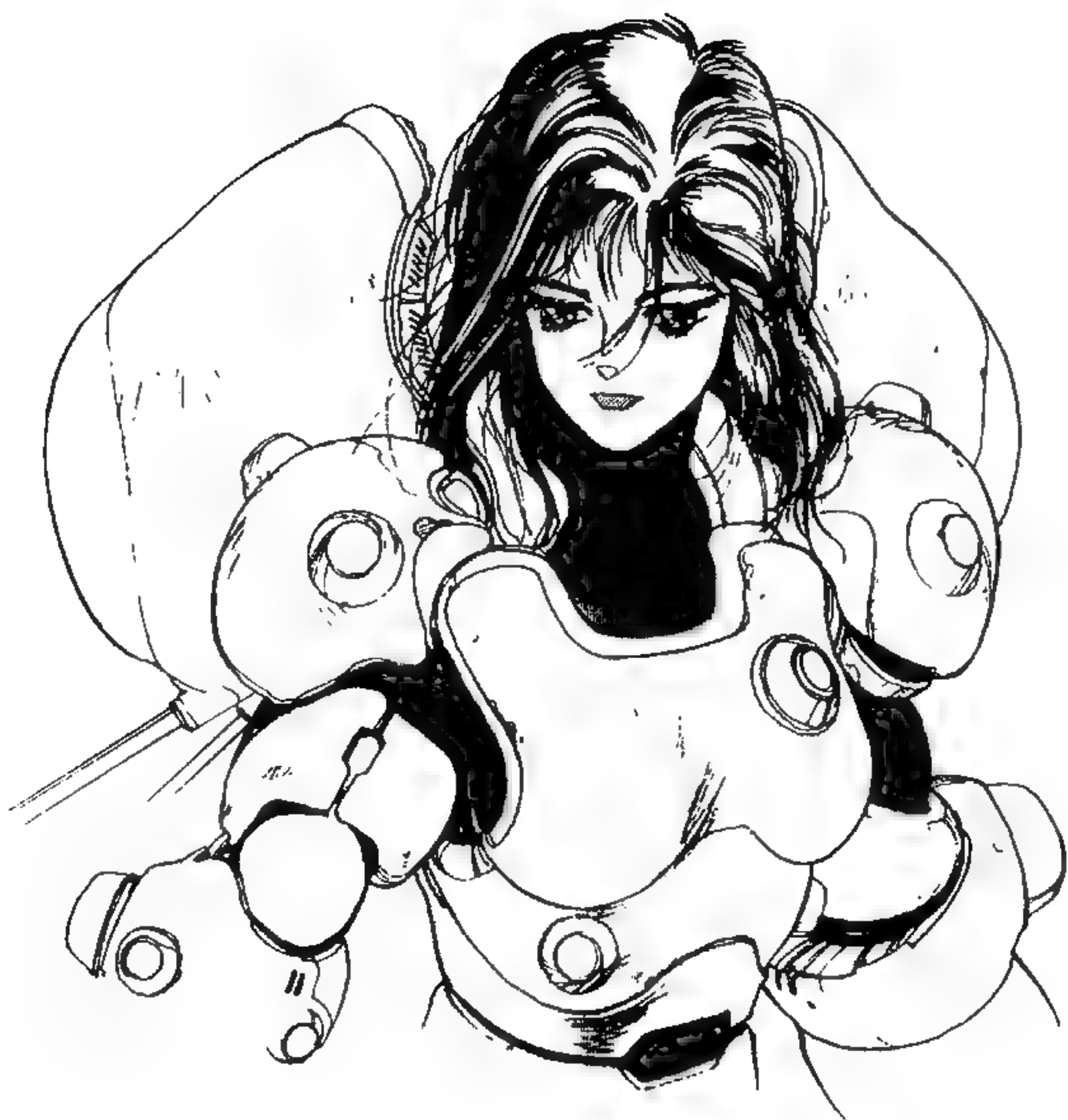
## in MACHINE HEAD



\*FX: CHKK





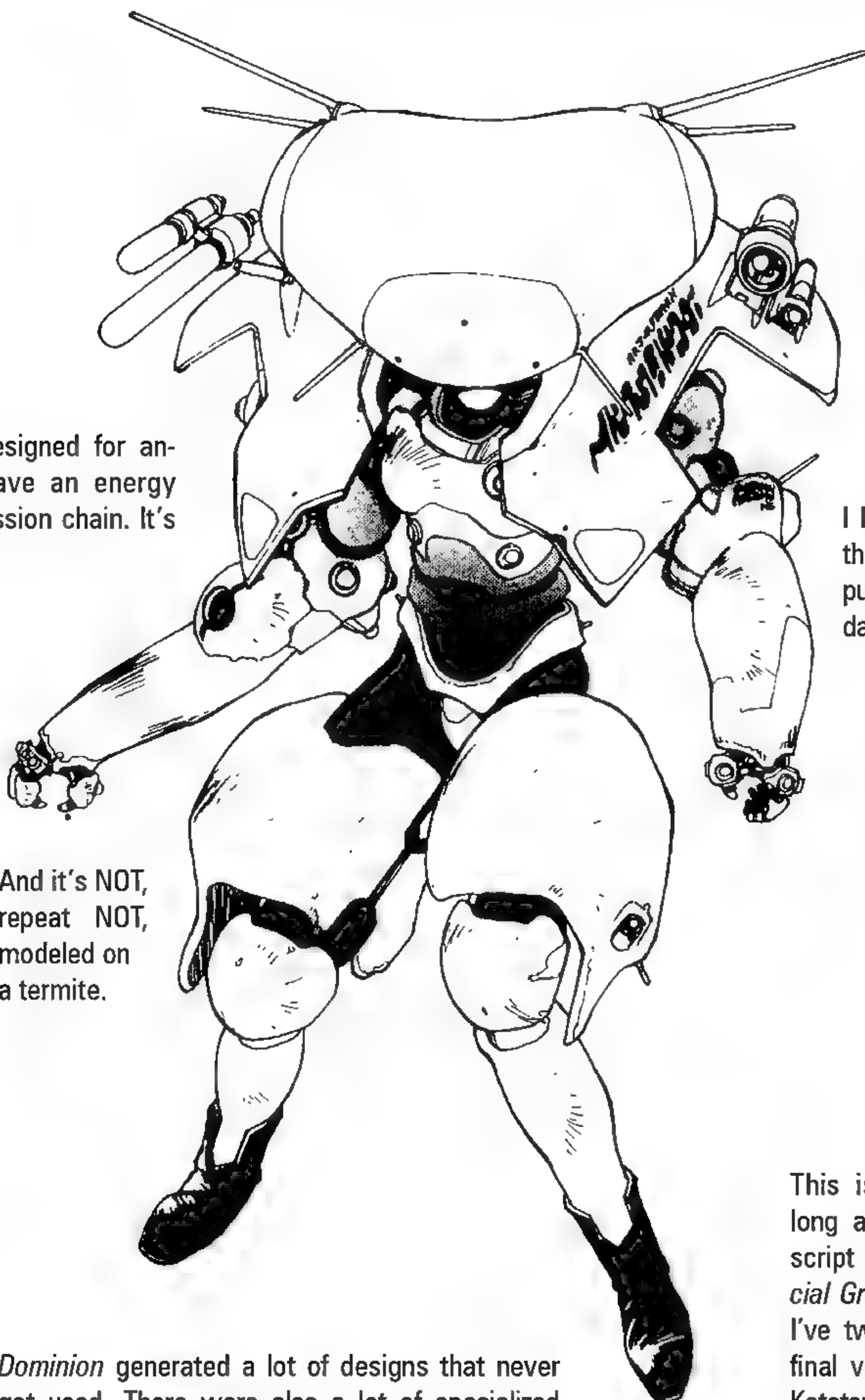


In that vein, let me note here that one of my household spiders, *Salticidae* Number One, contributed mightily to the design of the interior features of this helmet. Drawn out of hiding by a piece of eraser gripped in my tweezers, he nimbly rotated back and forth for me, then—with the greatest patience—held his pose at length before scuttling off, without asking for any reward.



Actually, one reason I haven't been talking that much about insects and other bugs recently is that I'm planning to do a science fiction manga—something a bit like Bruce Sterling's work—sometime in the next few years. So I've been hoarding my ideas. Now that I've gone and read Sterling, I'm afraid people will accuse me of simply serving up the same old stuff twice warmed over. "Monkey see, monkey do!" they'll say. But in fact I've been thinking about this since I finished my 1988 calendar. Nowadays even your neighborhood bookstore is overflowing with data about technology and future trends, yet that genre has all but died out in the manga world (or maybe it just seems that way?). Nowadays, you have to go all the way back to Miyazaki's *Nausicaa* for a story that deals with bugs (I think *Nausicaa* is amazing, but personally I prefer *Dune*—not the book; the movie). Yukinobu Hoshino's manga, *Midori no Hoshi no Odyssey* ("Green Star Odyssey"), was also excellent, but it's not about bugs. Bugs! Ever so challenging, ever so deep! I wish I'd never read Sterling! Dang, dang, dang! Now I'm hopelessly contaminated! What a mortifying predicament. The poisons of different life-forms, their different absorptions, their ecologies, physical structure, baffling customs, etcetera, etcetera! Ah . . . ! If I could live a thousand years, I would still never tire of it all. I don't claim any particular religion for my own, but there are moments when I truly want to thank God (or Buddha or anybody else up there) for this bounty of information. I am a happy man when it comes to bugs. But I want *more* knowledge! I want more time!

This protector suit is designed for androids, so it doesn't have an energy source or power transmission chain. It's NOT a powered suit.



I haven't published a design that wasn't meant for book publication since my fanzine days. How nostalgic . . . (lol!)

And it's NOT, repeat NOT, modeled on a termite.

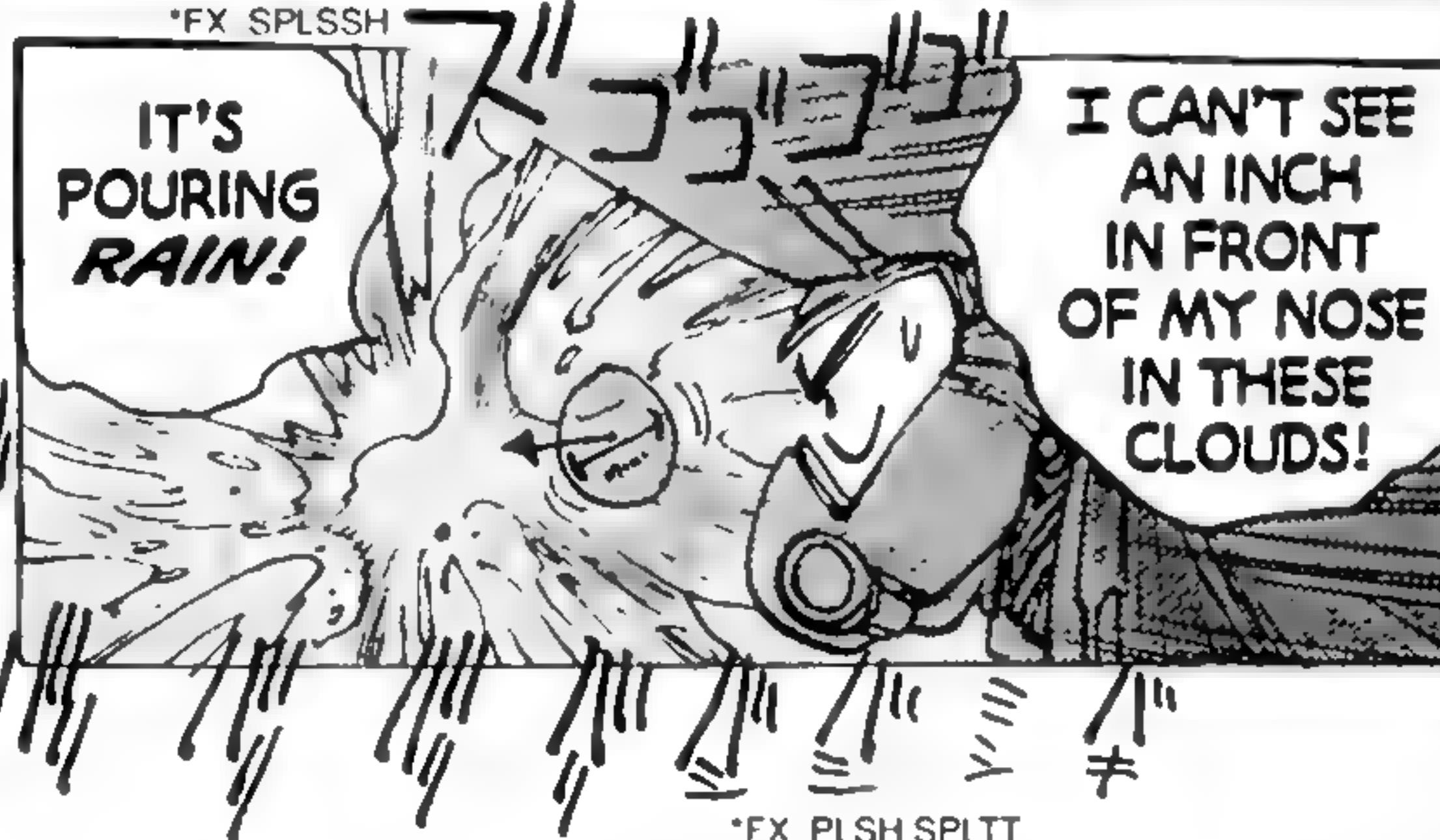
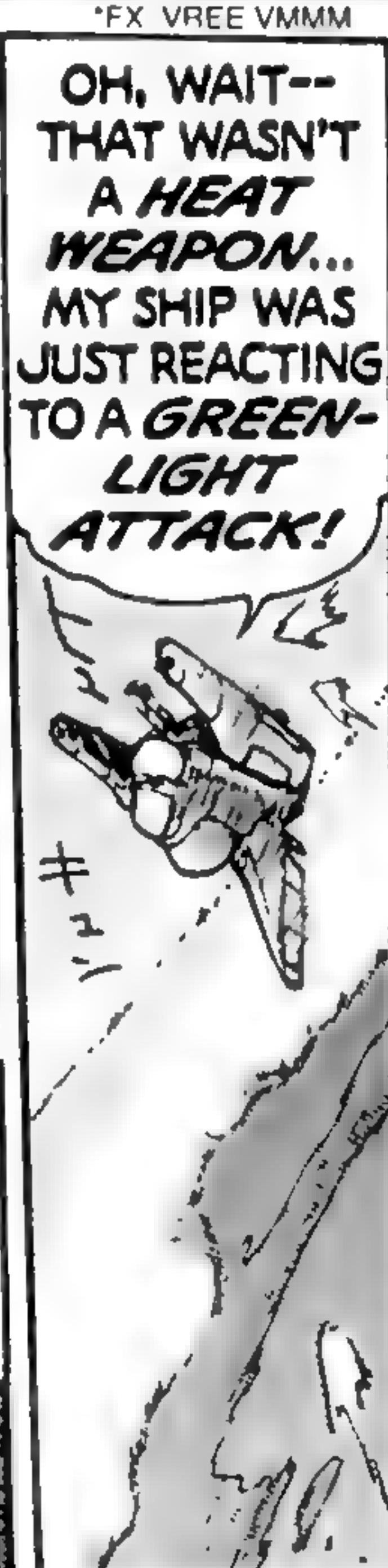
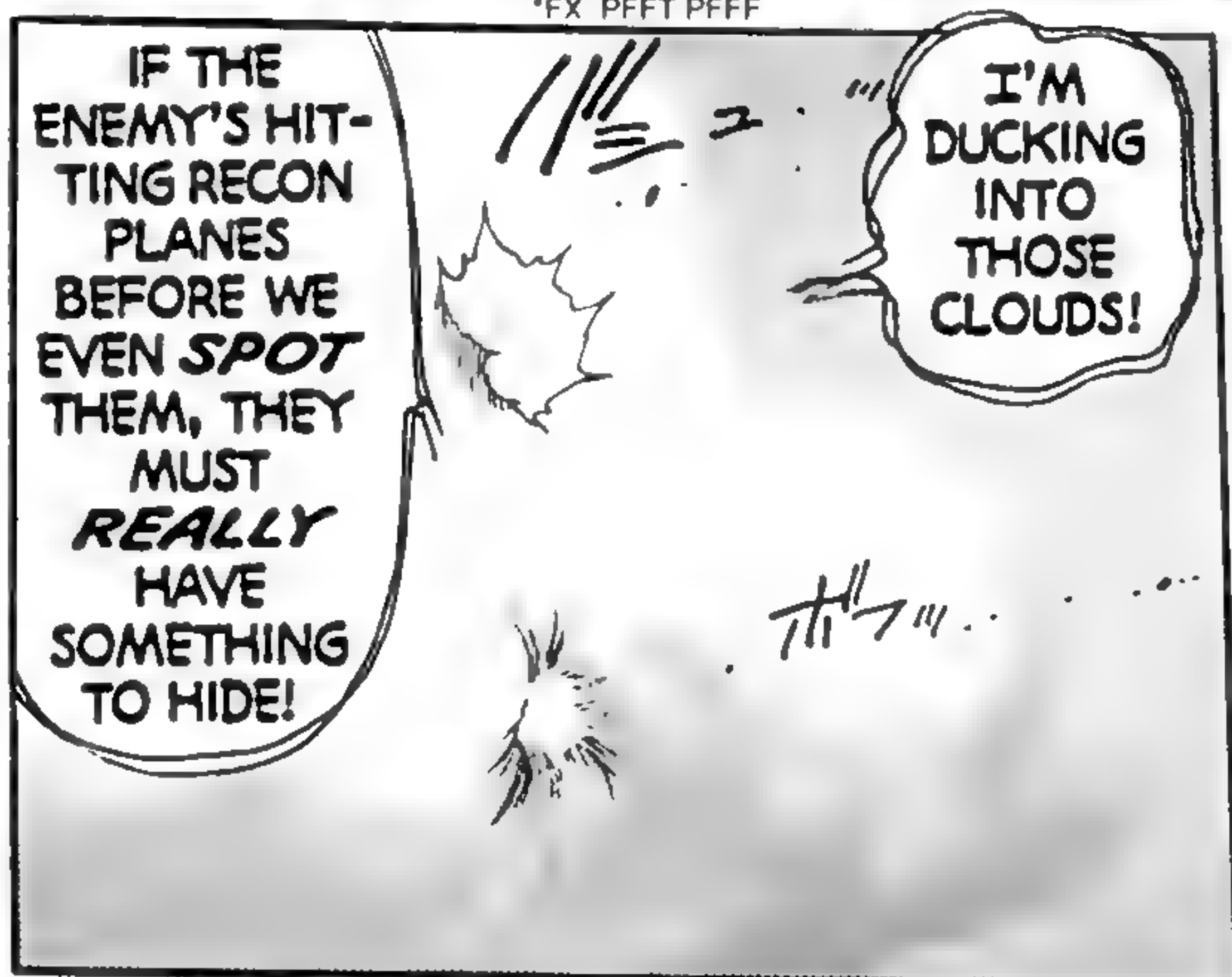
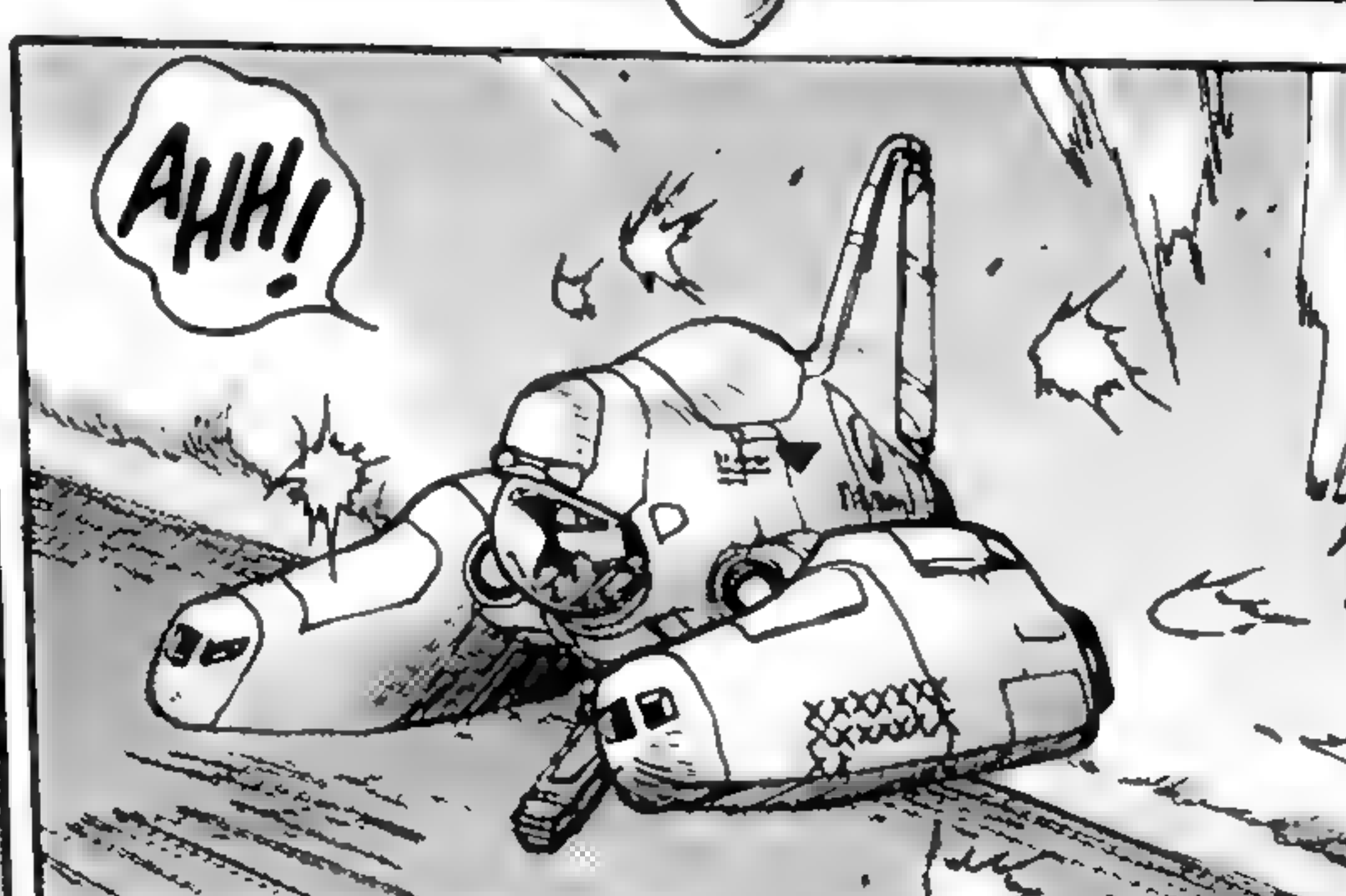
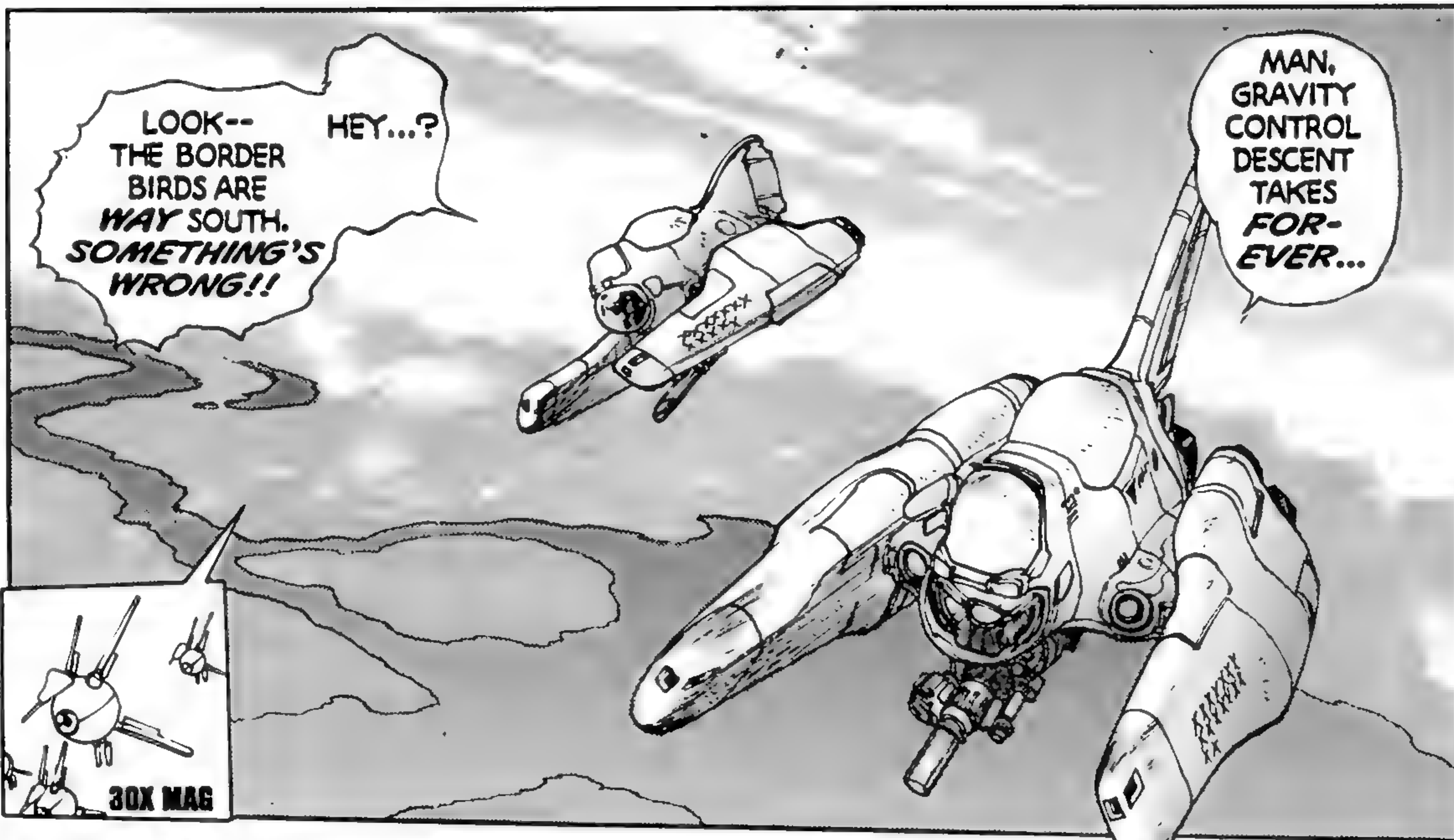


*Dominion* generated a lot of designs that never got used. There were also a lot of specialized terms and ideas that were stillborn when the series ended. In fact, *Ghost In The Shell* is essentially a *Dominion* byproduct.

This is a hardshell I designed long ago for the second of the script outlines in *Dominion Special Graphics* (from Hakusensha). I've tweaked it a bit since. The final version is far from Hagane Kotetsu's original image, so it differs from the text descriptions in the book, but please, don't let that bother you.



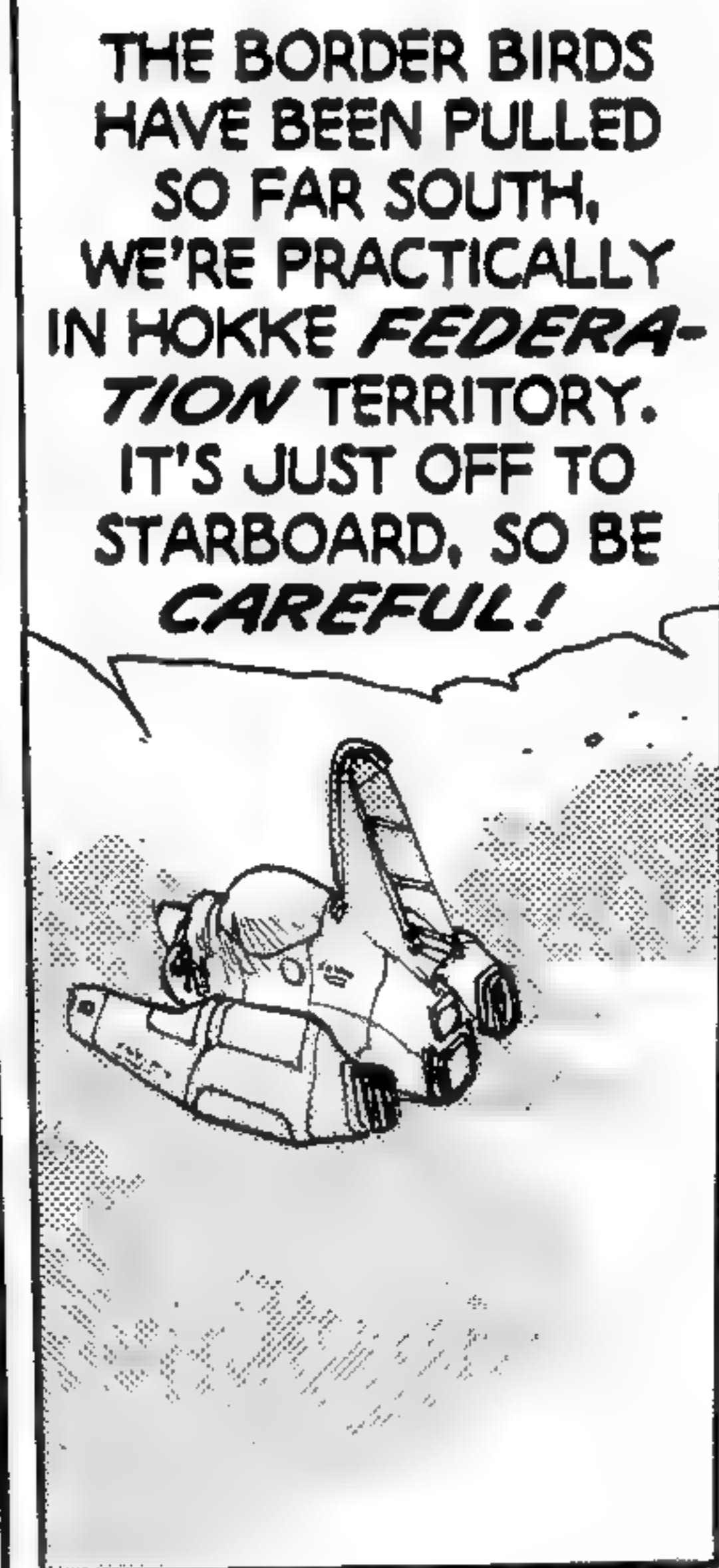
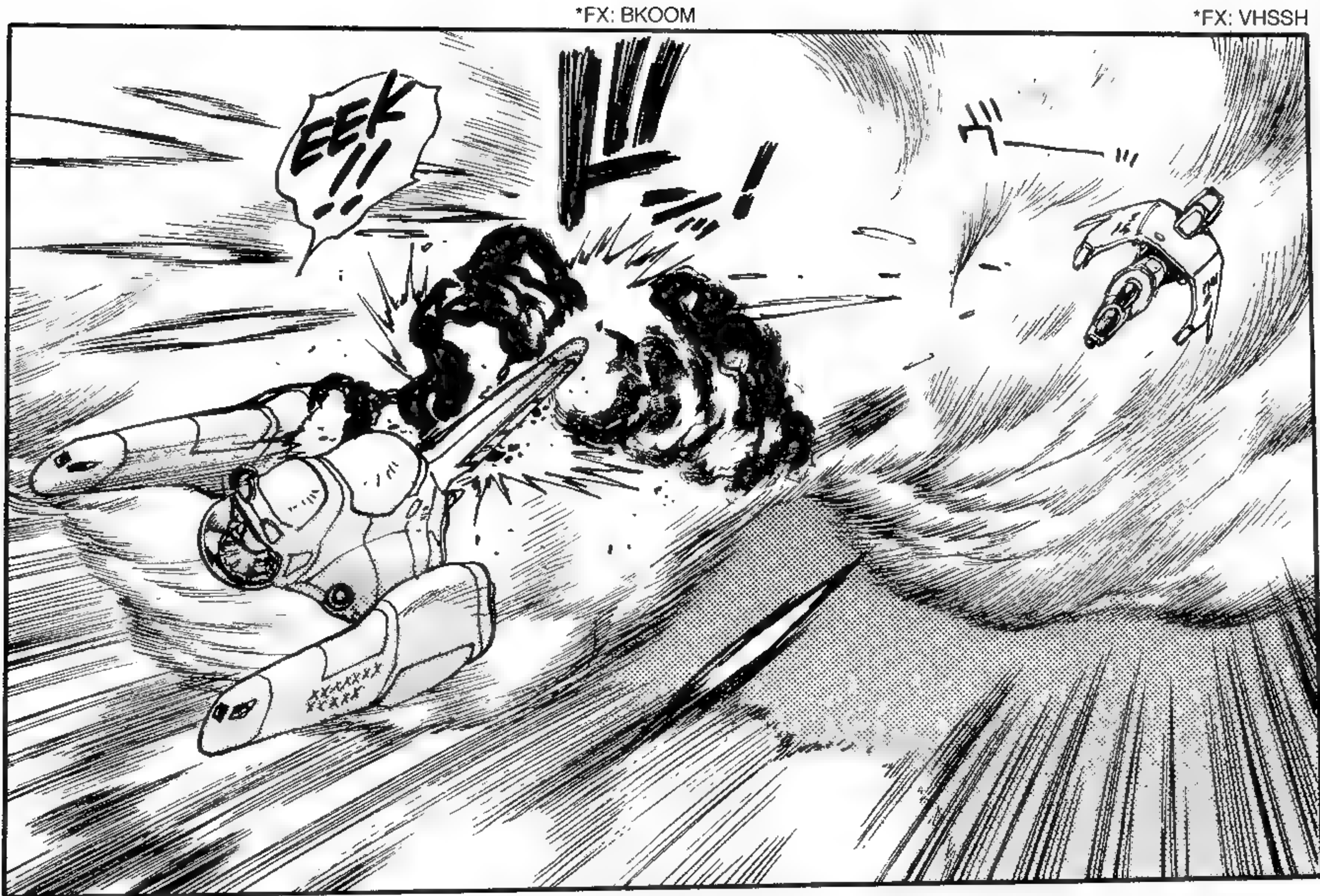
"Greenlight" is a kind of tractor beam. It has the property of "rigidifying" a zone it sweeps over (although it doesn't work at the molecular level). Afterward, you use rigerium to draw in the prey trapped by the beam. Or anyway, let's just say that's how it works. It's okay, really! If you're going to make stuff up, at least make it interesting!



They're being fired on from beyond their radar range, so of course they can't make visual confirmation either. At first they thought it was some "beamrider"-type energy pulse weapon.

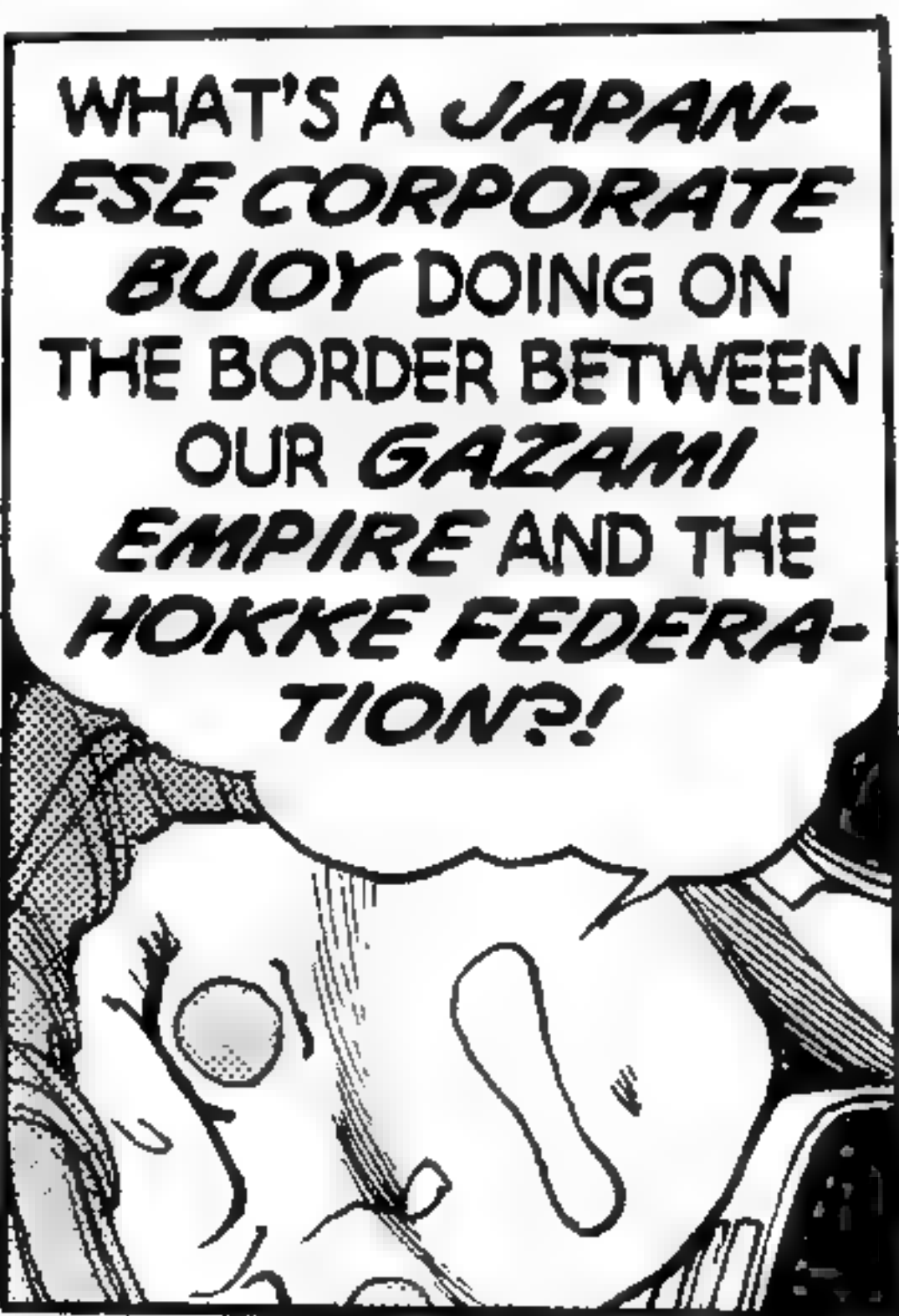
Nope, not plasma. That's water vapor and dust you're seeing.



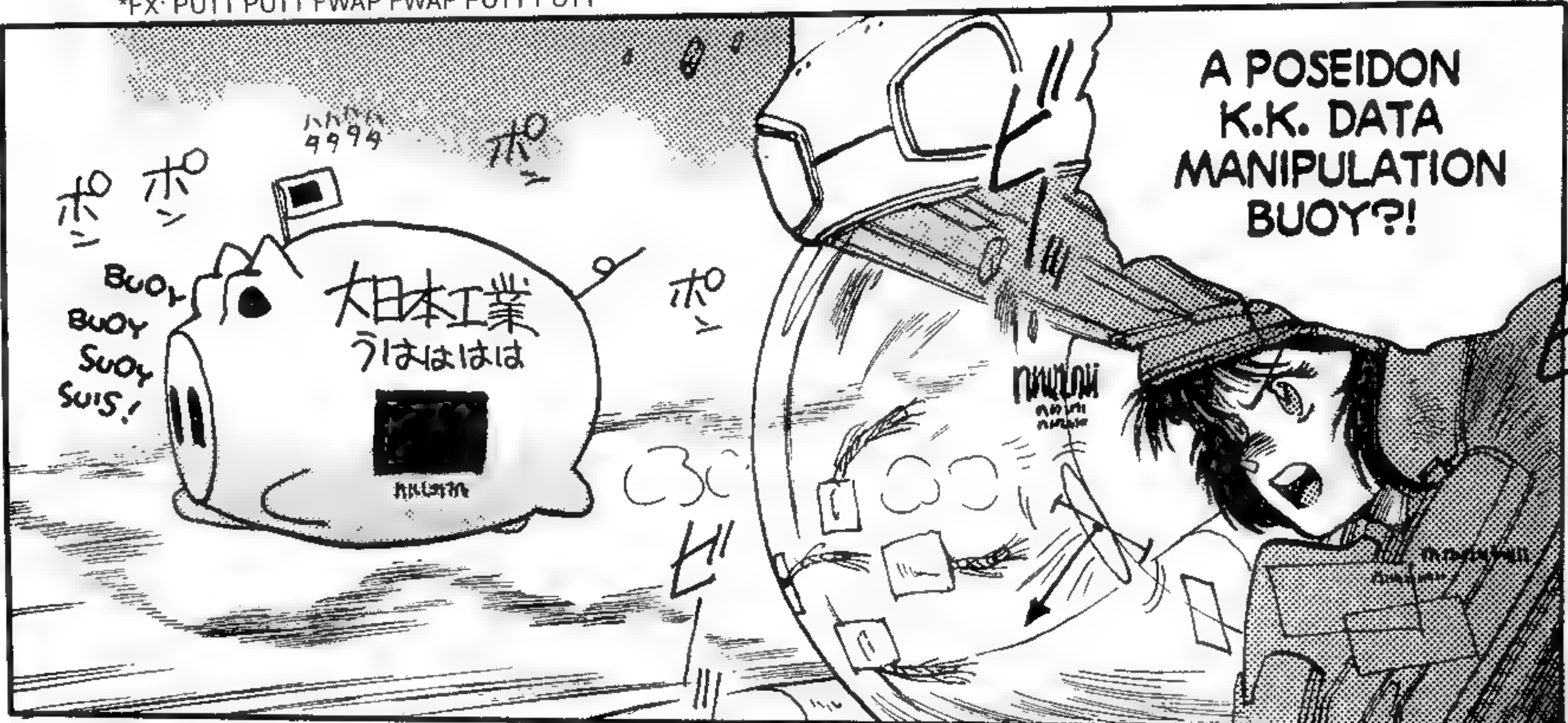


THE BORDER BIRDS  
HAVE BEEN PULLED  
SO FAR SOUTH,  
WE'RE PRACTICALLY  
IN HOKKE **FEDERA-  
TION** TERRITORY.  
IT'S JUST OFF TO  
STARBOARD, SO BE  
**CAREFUL!**

\*FX: PUTT PUTT FWAP FWAP PUTT PUTT



WHAT'S A **JAPAN-  
ESE CORPORATE  
BUOY** DOING ON  
THE BORDER BETWEEN  
OUR **GAZAMI  
EMPIRE** AND THE  
**HOKKE FEDERA-  
TION**?!



A POSEIDON  
K.K. DATA  
MANIPULATION  
BUOY?!

\*pig. POSEIDON BWAHAHAHA

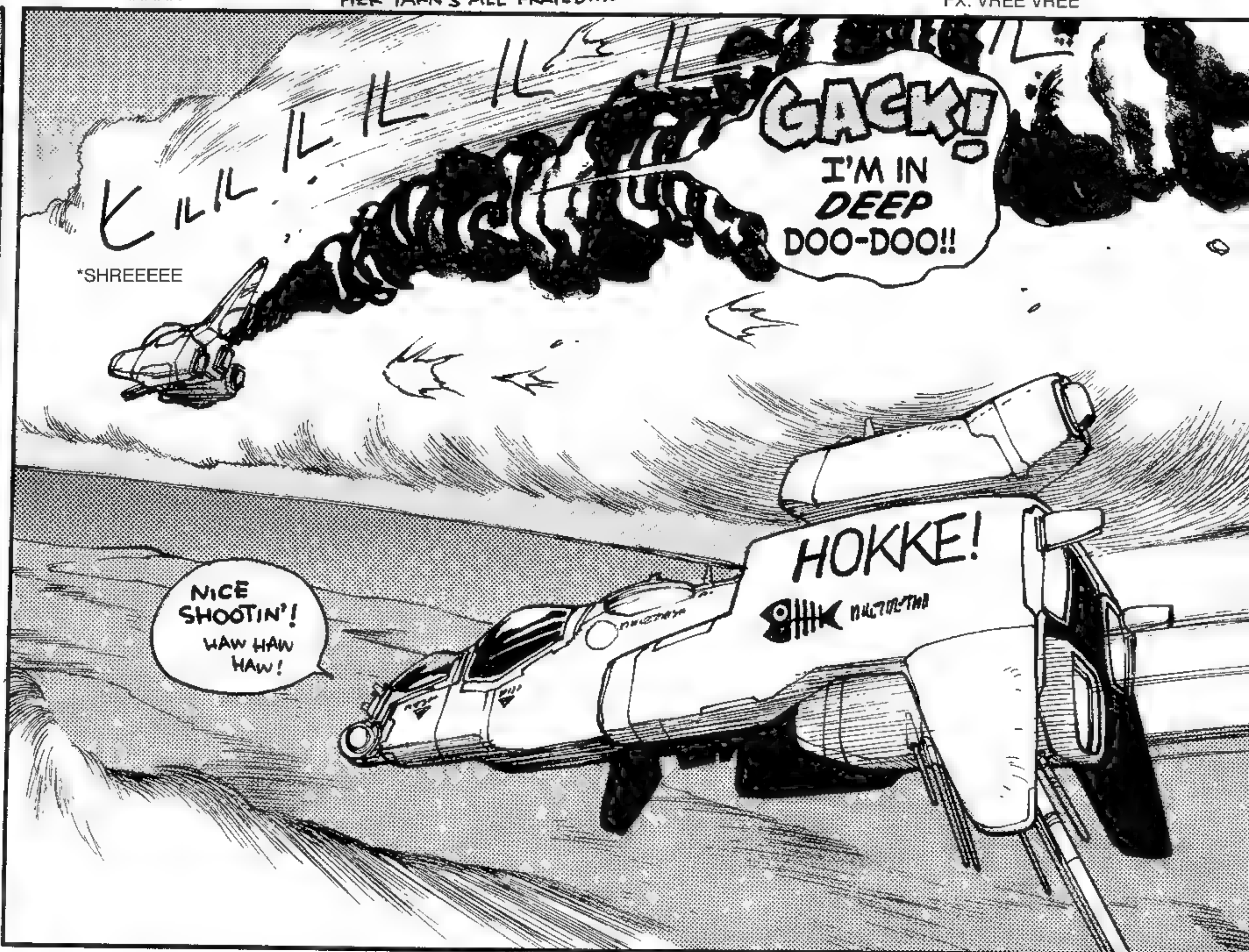
HER YARN'S ALL FRAYED...!

\*FX: VREE VREE



YEEK!

I'M  
JUST  
TOO  
GOOD!



\*SHREEEEEE

**GACK!**  
I'M IN  
**DEEP**  
DOO-DOO!!

NICE  
SHOOTIN'!  
HAW HAW  
HAW!

**HOKKE!**



SHUT  
UP,  
IDIOT!

**GRRR!**

ARE YOU  
NUTS OR  
SOMETHIN'...?!



AWESOME,  
HUH?!



COMING NEXT PAGE!  
THE LAST INSTALLMENT  
OF OUR THRILLING  
ADVENTURE!

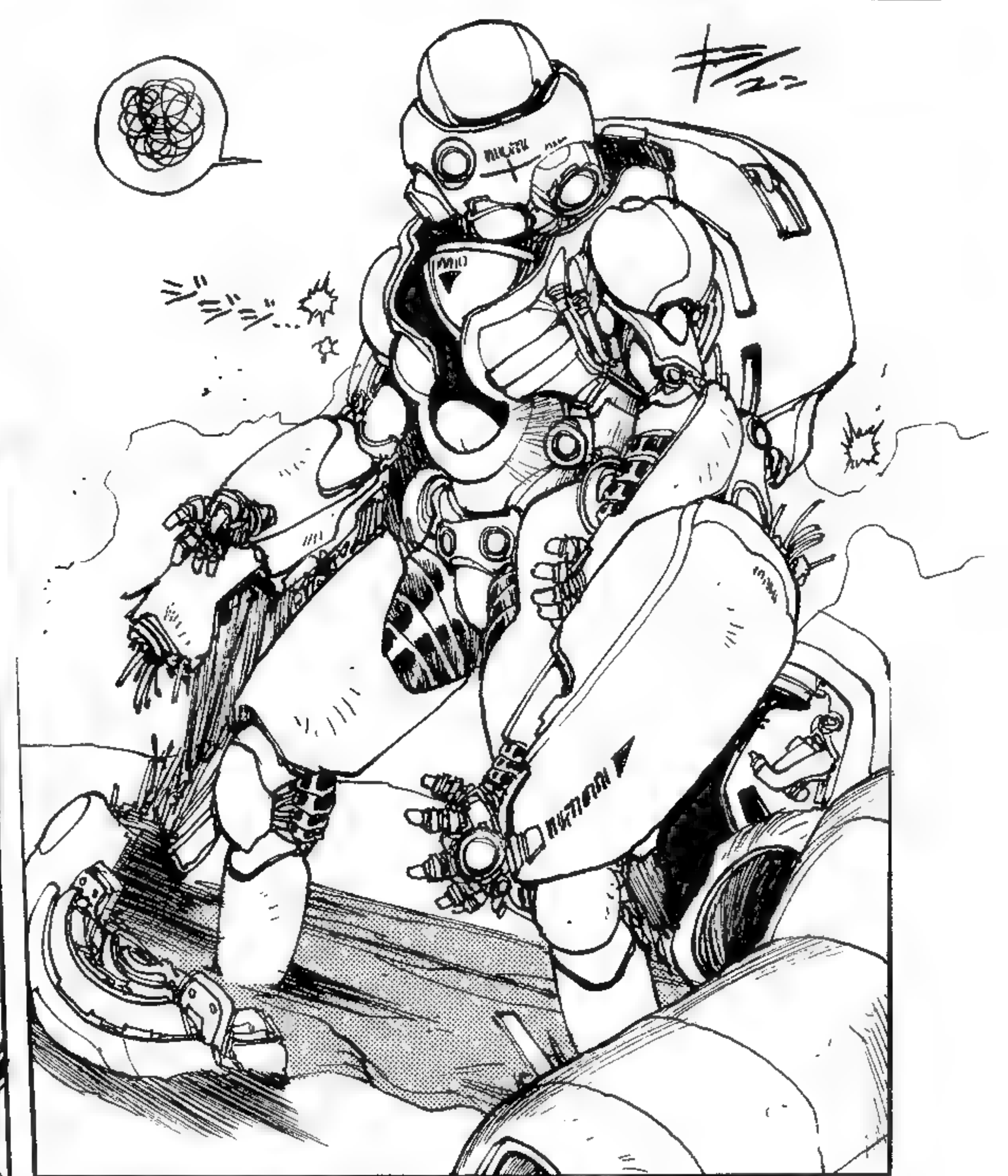
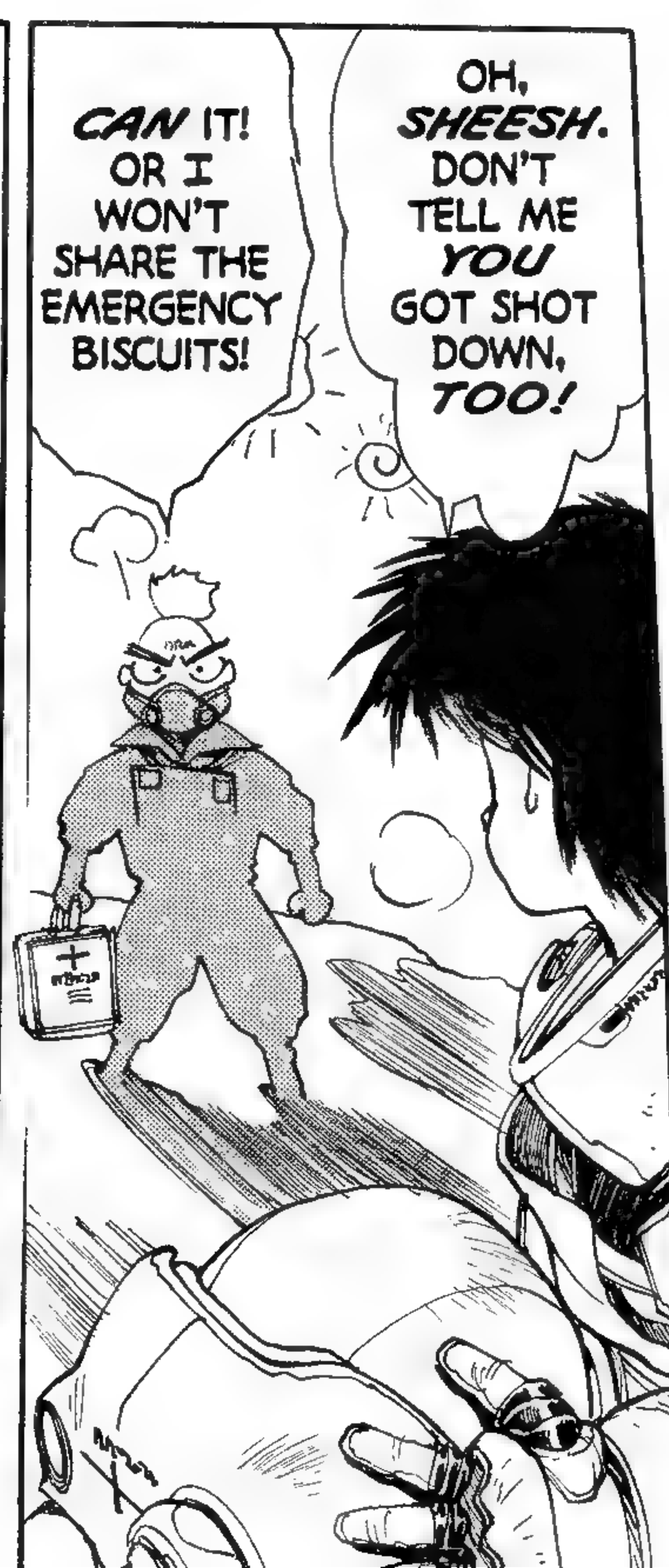
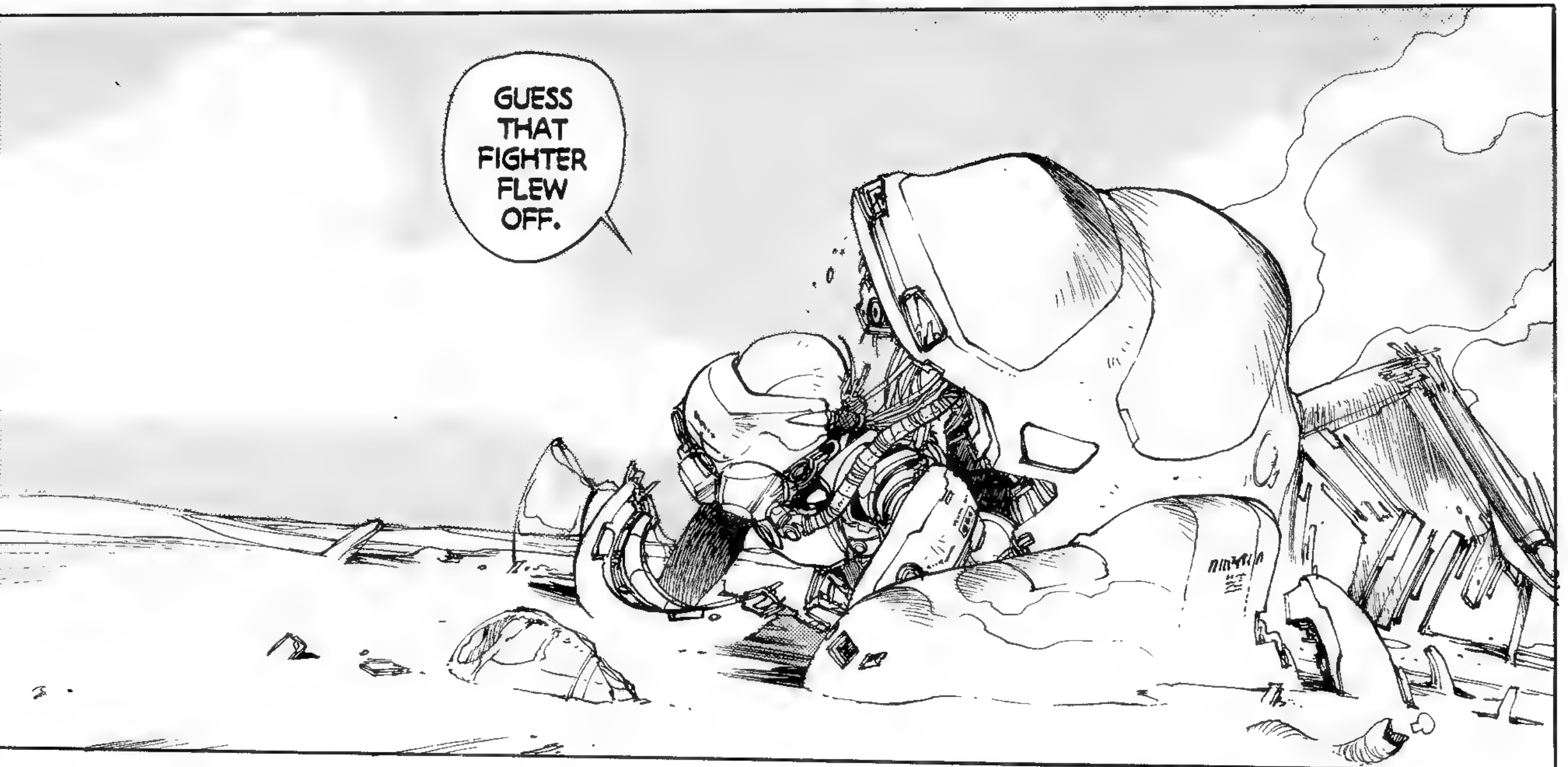


# HYPERNOTES

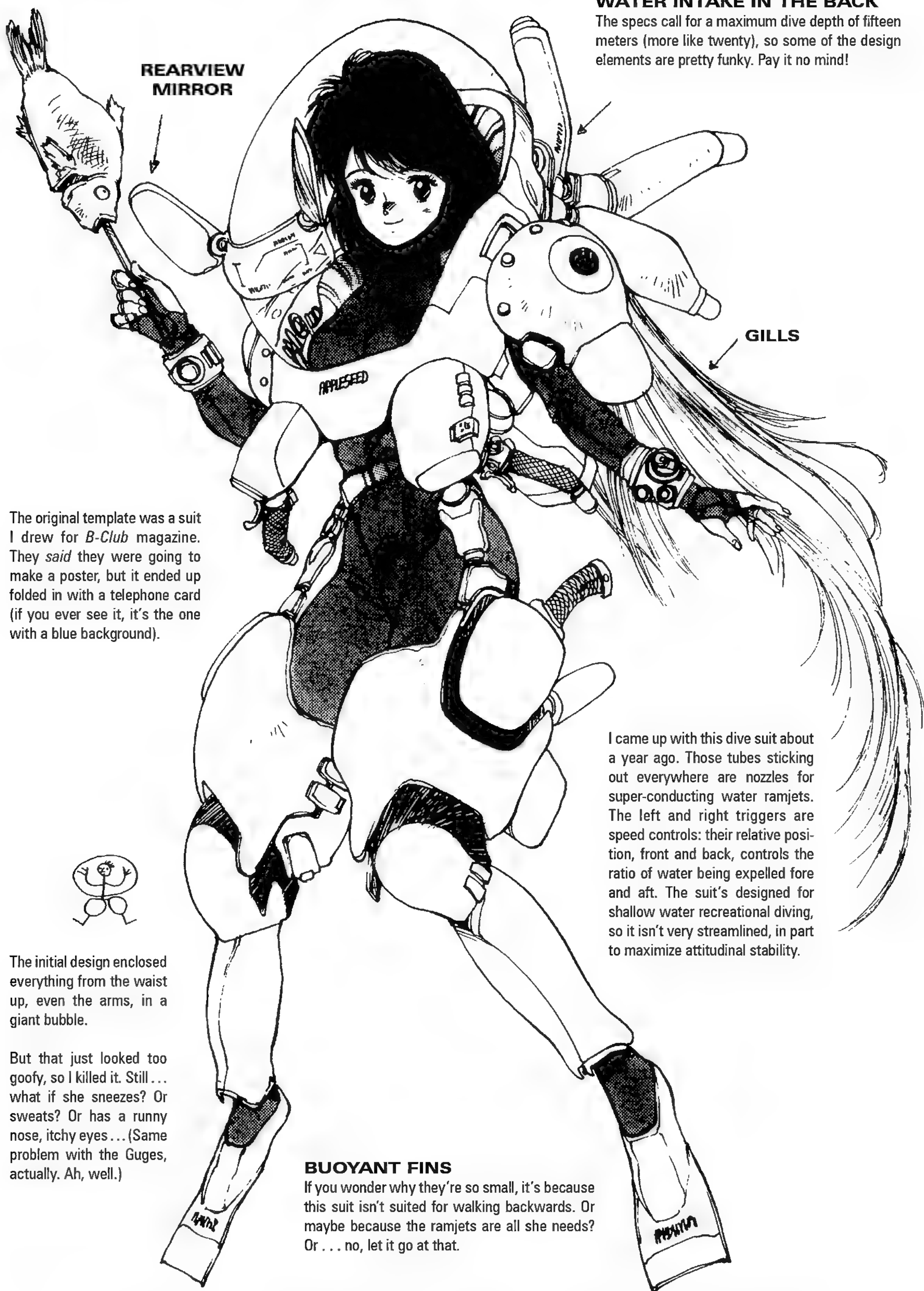
# THE GHOST

## in MACHINE HEAD

OUR STORY SO FAR: Two young stalwarts, on a mission to check on a terraforming plant, are shot down by a hostile power after discovering the border has been shifted southward and a Poseidon Inc. data manipulation buoy is operating in the area. And...um, that's all.







REARVIEW  
MIRROR

#### WATER INTAKE IN THE BACK

The specs call for a maximum dive depth of fifteen meters (more like twenty), so some of the design elements are pretty funky. Pay it no mind!

GILLS

The original template was a suit I drew for *B-Club* magazine. They said they were going to make a poster, but it ended up folded in with a telephone card (if you ever see it, it's the one with a blue background).



The initial design enclosed everything from the waist up, even the arms, in a giant bubble.

But that just looked too goofy, so I killed it. Still... what if she sneezes? Or sweats? Or has a runny nose, itchy eyes... (Same problem with the Guges, actually. Ah, well.)

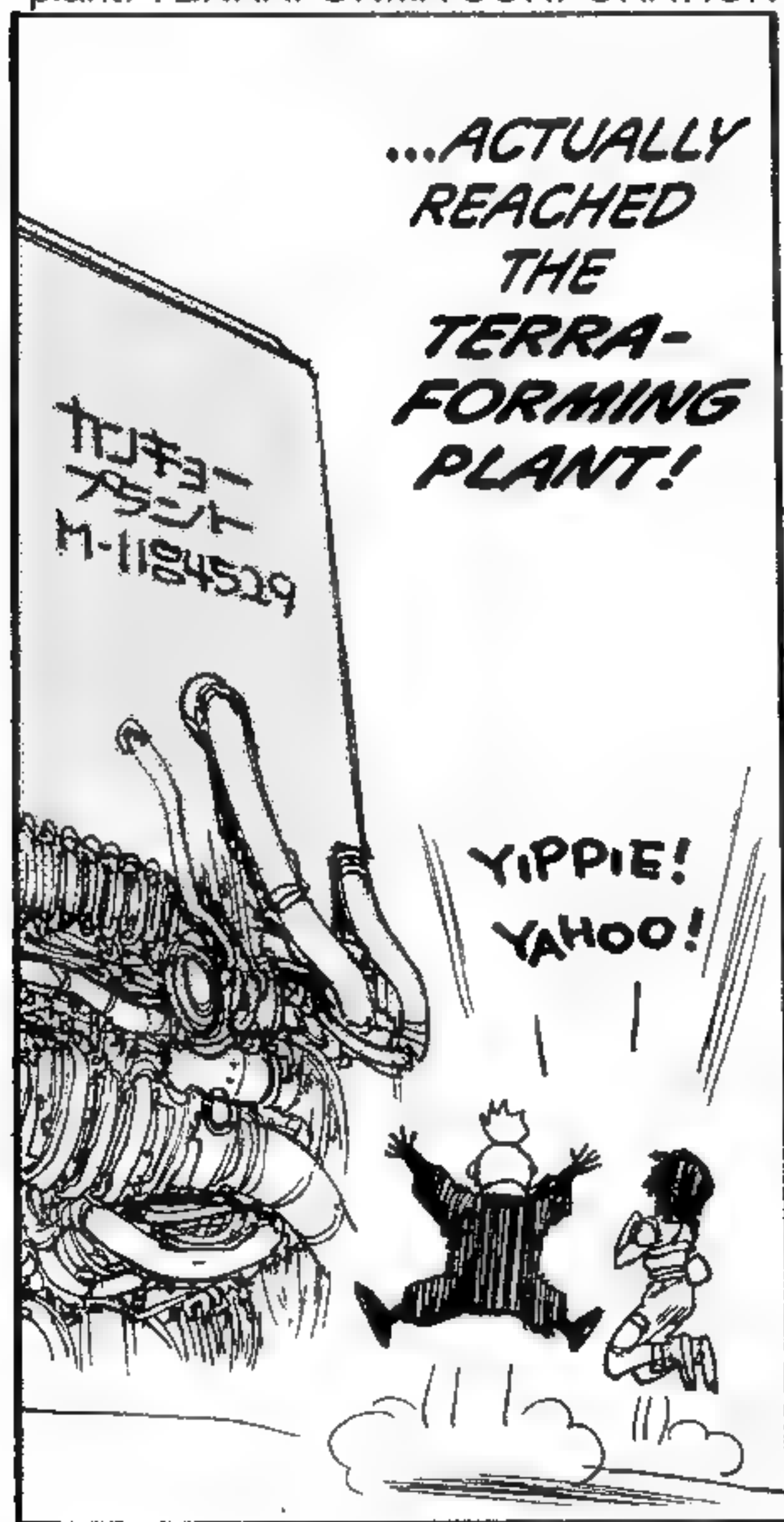
I came up with this dive suit about a year ago. Those tubes sticking out everywhere are nozzles for super-conducting water ramjets. The left and right triggers are speed controls: their relative position, front and back, controls the ratio of water being expelled fore and aft. The suit's designed for shallow water recreational diving, so it isn't very streamlined, in part to maximize attitudinal stability.

#### BUOYANT FINS

If you wonder why they're so small, it's because this suit isn't suited for walking backwards. Or maybe because the ramjets are all she needs? Or... no, let it go at that.

My original plan was to have Hitomi wear this in *Appleseed* Book Five. I was going to draw her running into wave resistance at the water's edge and ending up rolling back and forth in the surf like a dead seal after failing to make it off the beach. But I rewrote the whole scene, and the suit joined the sad league of lost mecha.





...ACTUALLY  
REACHED  
THE  
TERRA-  
FORMING  
PLANT!

YIPPIE!  
YAHOO!



AND EVEN  
FIGHTING OFF  
PIRATES, OUR  
DYNAMIC  
DUO...

WHO  
CARES!  
GIMME  
YOUR  
FOOD!

IDIOT!  
WE CAME IN  
PEACE FROM  
A DISTANT  
STAR!



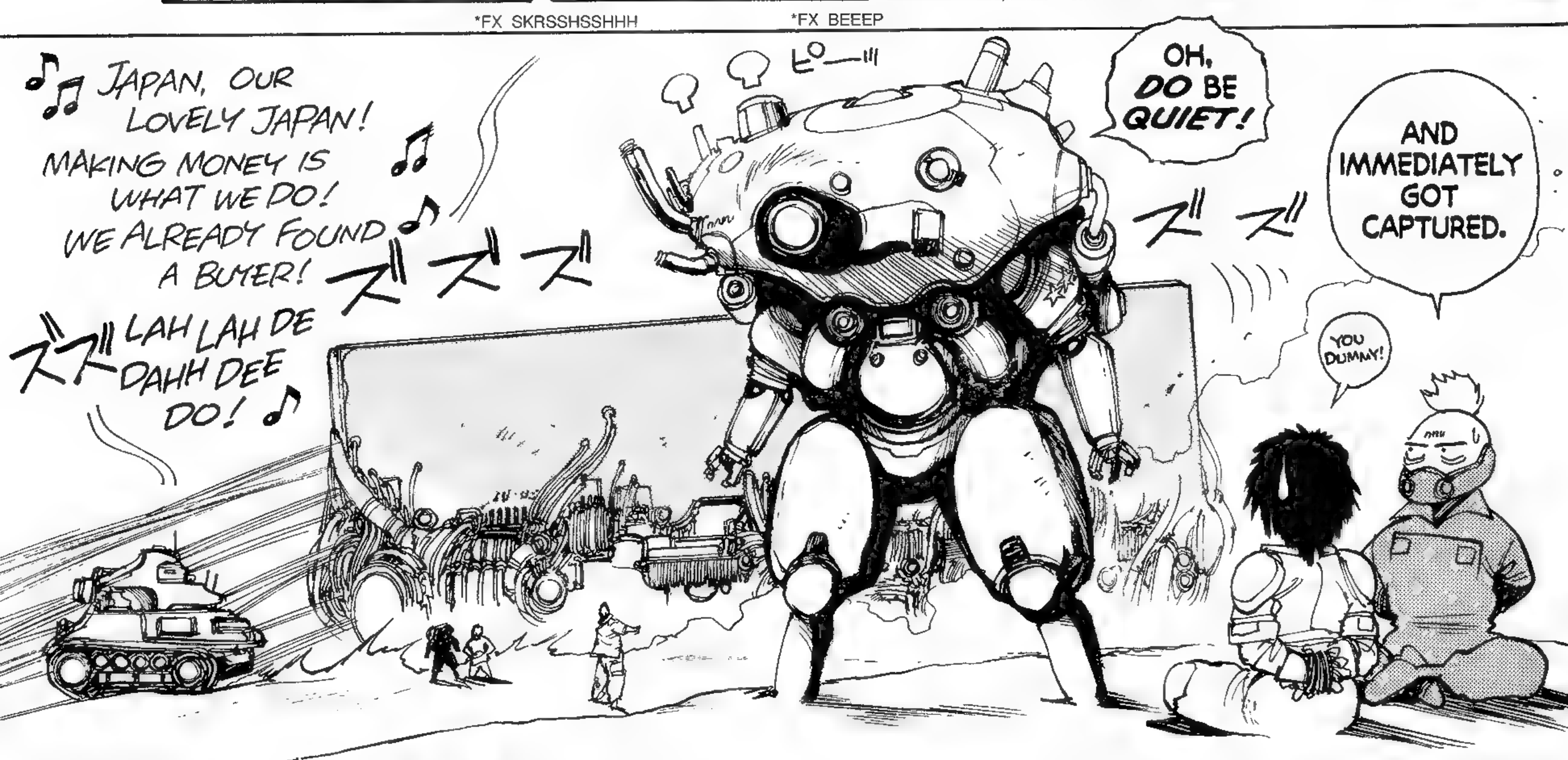
ESCAPING  
FROM  
VICIOUS  
DESERT  
WORMS...



AFTER  
NEARLY  
TURNING  
INTO  
RAISINS...

\*FX SKRSSSHSHHH

\*FX BEEEP



♪ JAPAN, OUR  
LOVELY JAPAN!  
MAKING MONEY IS  
WHAT WE DO!  
WE ALREADY FOUND  
A BUYER!  
♪ LAH LAH DE  
DAHH DEE  
DO! ♪

OH,  
DO BE  
QUIET!

AND  
IMMEDIATELY  
GOT  
CAPTURED.

YOU  
DUMMY!

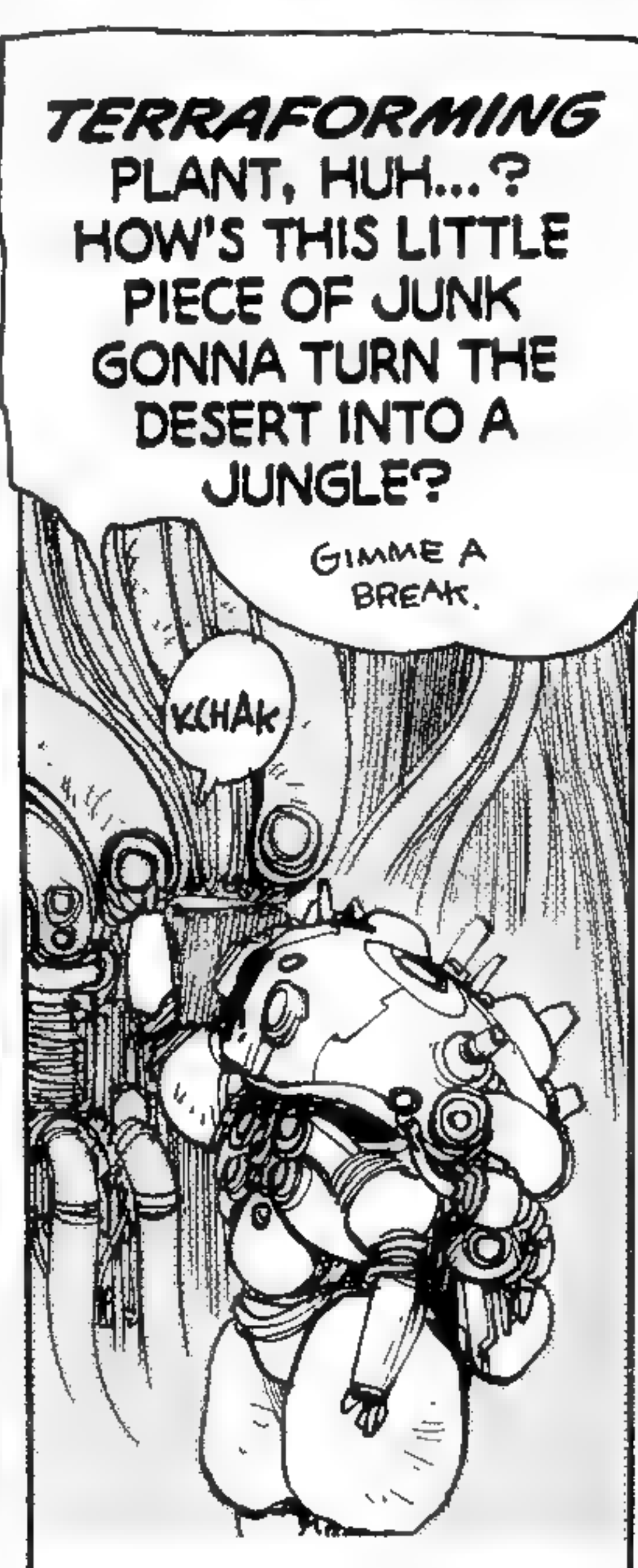
\*FX: FWWHOOSH



I expect molecular robots (nanotechnology) will turn out to be a breakthrough technology as important, or more so, than the computers that livened up the 20th century. Molecular robots are also called micromachines or nanomachines.



AUUGH!  
DON'T OPEN  
THAT! YOU'LL  
FREE THE  
MOLECULAR  
ROBOTS!!

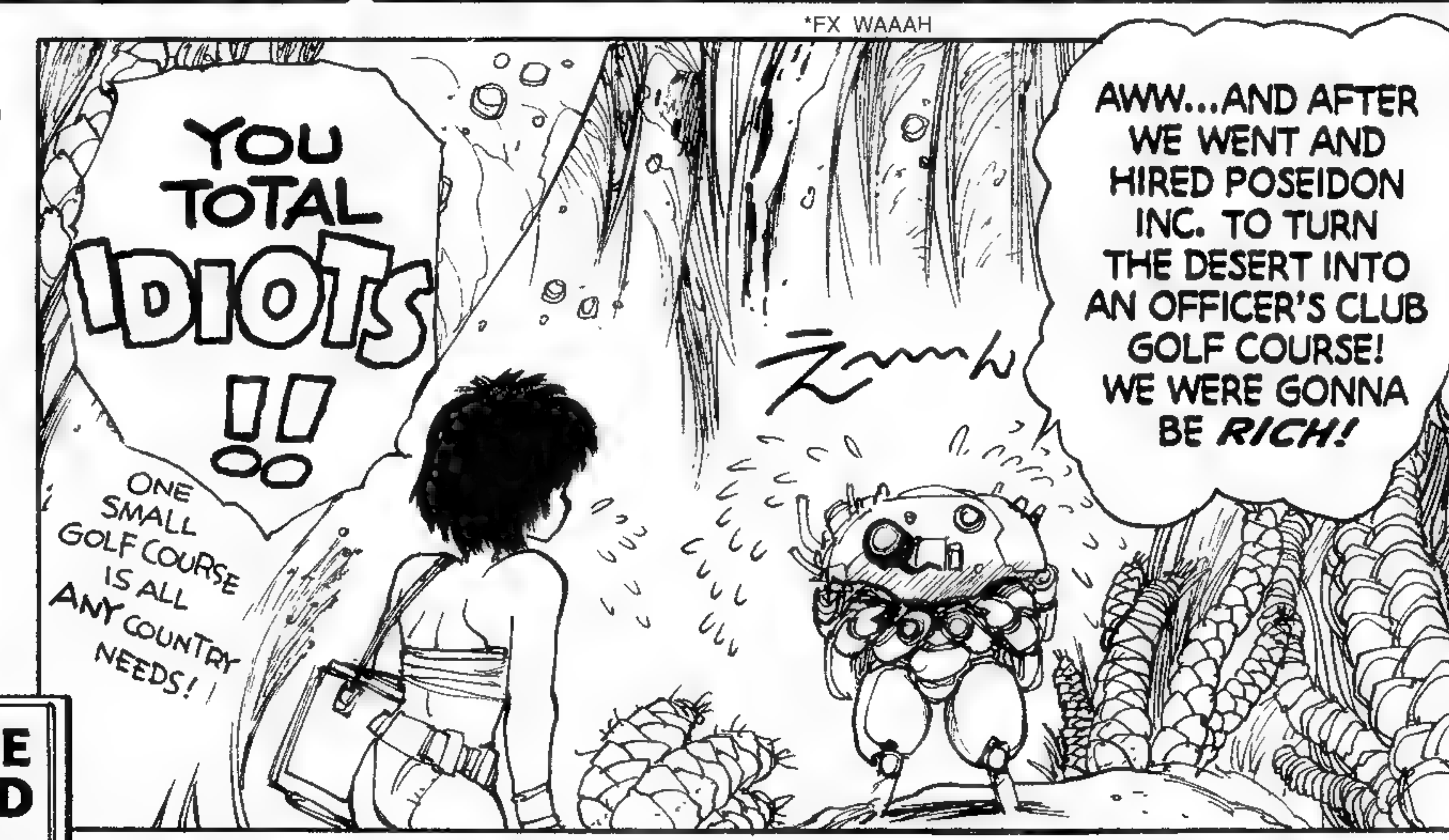
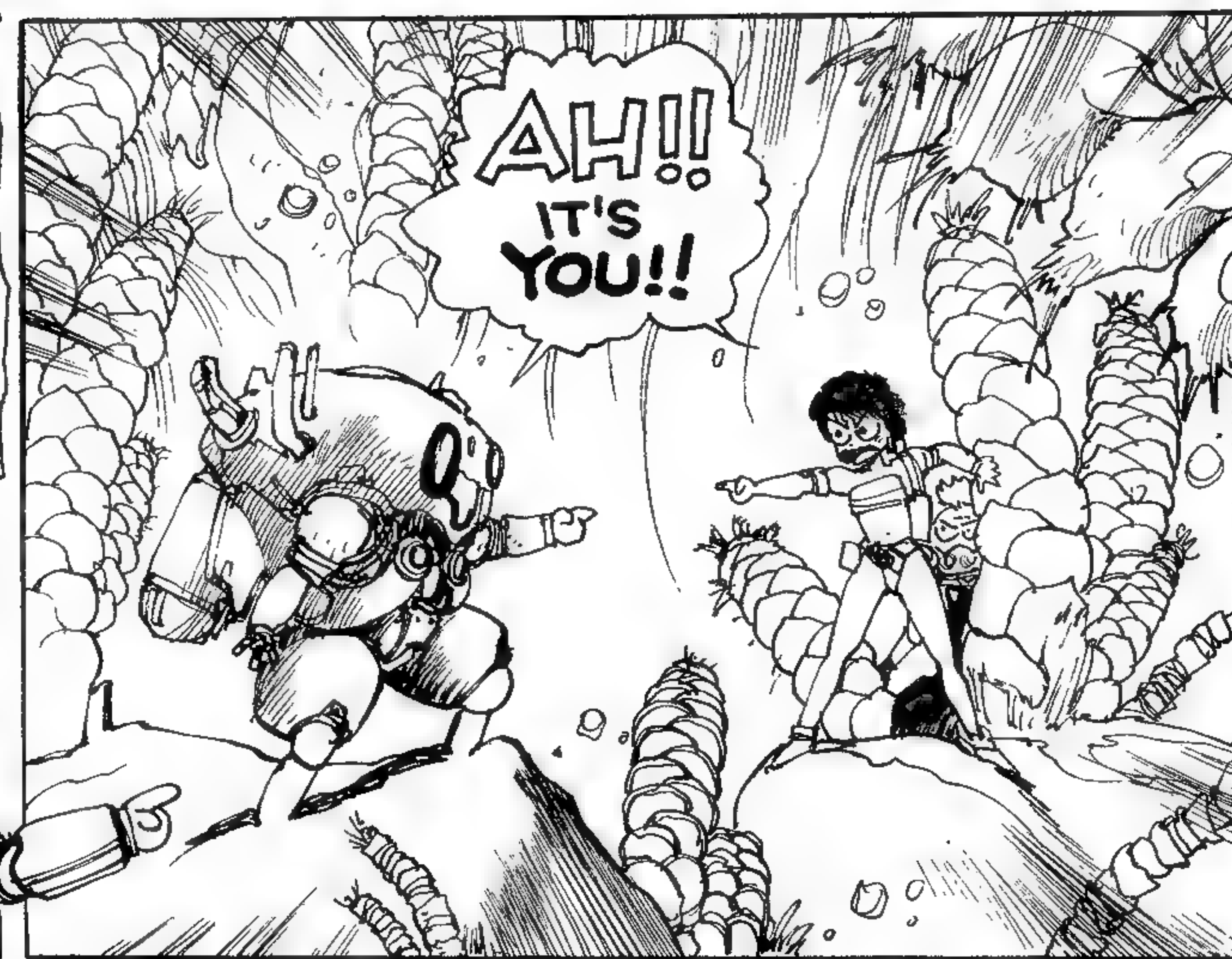


TERRAFORMING  
PLANT, HUH...?  
HOW'S THIS LITTLE  
PIECE OF JUNK  
GONNA TURN THE  
DESERT INTO A  
JUNGLE?

GIMME A  
BREAK.

KCHAK





THE END

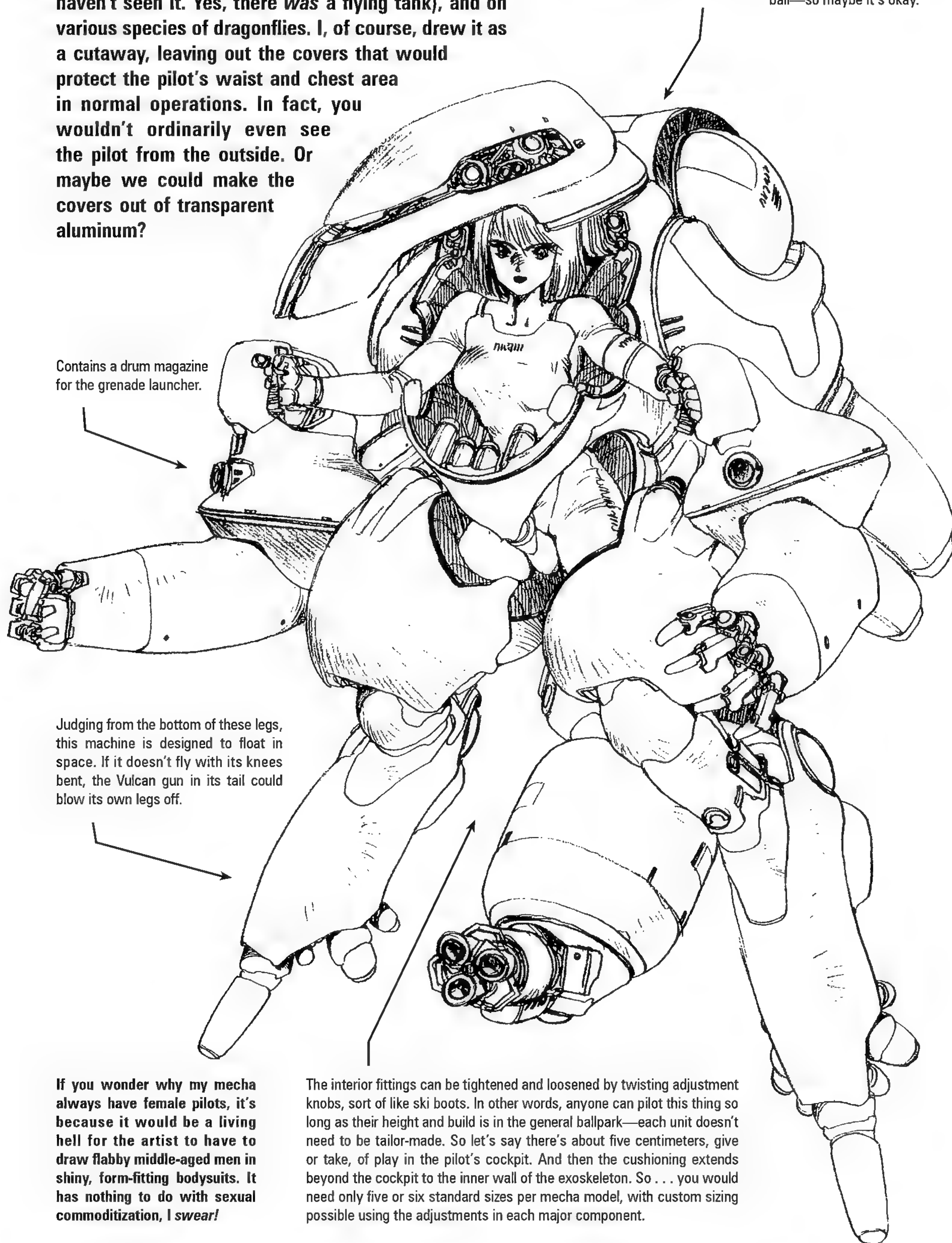
By the time our heroes were recovered by their mother ship, the rampaging jungle had forced a truce with the Hokke federation. The terraforming plant was recovered, but the jungle just kept on growing....

Breeder robots that manufacture the building blocks (stuff inside cells) for "growing" a jungle of self-replicating, plant-like robots (bio-robots?)...robots that bind the bio-robots into larger formations... robots to manage the whole process. It takes a lot of robots to raise a forest!



This is another unused mecha excavated from one of my old sketchbooks. It's based on the flying tank from my 1988 calendar (my apologies to those of you who haven't seen it. Yes, there *was* a flying tank), and on various species of dragonflies. I, of course, drew it as a cutaway, leaving out the covers that would protect the pilot's waist and chest area in normal operations. In fact, you wouldn't ordinarily even see the pilot from the outside. Or maybe we could make the covers out of transparent aluminum?

Another one of those abnormally tiny propulsion and fuel packs that show up so often in manga and anime. Oh, well, I understand the anti-matter propulsion units used by those alien rascals, the Grays, are about the size of a rugby ball—so maybe it's okay.



Contains a drum magazine for the grenade launcher.

Judging from the bottom of these legs, this machine is designed to float in space. If it doesn't fly with its knees bent, the Vulcan gun in its tail could blow its own legs off.

If you wonder why my mecha always have female pilots, it's because it would be a living hell for the artist to have to draw flabby middle-aged men in shiny, form-fitting bodysuits. It has nothing to do with sexual commoditization, I swear!

The interior fittings can be tightened and loosened by twisting adjustment knobs, sort of like ski boots. In other words, anyone can pilot this thing so long as their height and build is in the general ballpark—each unit doesn't need to be tailor-made. So let's say there's about five centimeters, give or take, of play in the pilot's cockpit. And then the cushioning extends beyond the cockpit to the inner wall of the exoskeleton. So . . . you would need only five or six standard sizes per mecha model, with custom sizing possible using the adjustments in each major component.

Now that you mention it, why are the booth babes at auto shows all women, too? (I'm glad they are, though . . .)



❶ Aliens exist. ❷ They've intervened in human history. ❸ They have a secret treaty with the United States of America. ❹ All the stuff people say about UFOs is true. Let's proceed on the assumption that we believe these four propositions. If so, what on Earth are these space aliens up to? Why are they collecting the genitalia and sensory organs of cows? It's not like we're living in some *Konjaku Monogatari*\* fairy tale (or perhaps they were already collecting cow genitalia and sensory organs way back then?). If it's simple research, one would assume that they've long since figured out how the bovine reproduction system works. (Even we humans could do that quite quickly. And since we have scads of information about it parked in our data banks, wouldn't it be easier to just steal the information instead of reinventing the bovine wheel?). So probably their object isn't research. It's either to breed cows themselves, or to apply that knowledge to something else, or to come up with some cross between cows and some other organism in a way that's beneficial to themselves, be it for food, or as a source of genetic material, or to incorporate into their own genetic structure (that should just about cover it).

If it's a scientific study, we'd have to conclude from the number and distribution of samples taken (not the geographical distribution of the sample set, but its density) that their science is nothing to write home about. That's patently ridiculous for a space-faring race, so we should put the scientific research theory on the back burner. Even if that's part of it, it's not in the forefront.

Some people have reported that the aliens get their nutrition by rubbing a red-black, ground-up paste onto their skin. Well, what about that angle? In that case, the cow parts they've been stealing don't make much sense. You'd expect the distribution of stolen items to be limited to specific biological structures, or even a specific biological material. Probably the reason they've drained the cows of blood is because they need blood to maintain the stolen organs. Judging from the number of cows involved, it's apparently difficult for them, given their current level of technology, to create a completely artificial womb or organic sensors that can record external stimuli. By complete, I mean not some artificial womb boxed in a clunky glass case, but one that works completely naturally, with no side effects at all.

We don't actually know if they get their nutrition through the skin or not. It wouldn't be that odd if they did. But since the Gray aliens apparently don't have any orifices for body wastes, this nutritional intake may be purely ritualistic (with them deriving enough suste-

It would sure hurt like hell if she got her hair caught in the hatch! Helmets advised . . .



- This is a relatively recently round-filed mecha. It actually has leg hatches, but I've omitted them here. I've also omitted the protection for the master leg in this cutaway drawing.
- This time around I'll be talking about aliens. In Japan, the quintessential alien isn't ET; it's Ultraman. What an astounding tale that is! A heavily armed law enforcement combat cyborg from an alien civilization punches it out with über-enemies for the good of Planet Earth, or at least, for the good of mankind. Now, Ultraman Seven was *really* cool . . . If the Earth team had been armed with more data, the story might have been richer.
- Speaking of cyborgs, I can remember being blown away by the sight of an old woman weaving on a loom. She was weaving the fabric like a proto man-machine device, with her hip assembly functioning as a component of the loom's machinery. The old lady worked silently, weaving that beautiful fabric, hunching her back to perfectly fit the curve of the loom's wood, worn smooth and shiny by long use. That old weaver woman appeared to me like the mummified space being in the movie *Alien*, fused to her machine (I mean that in a *good* way, granny). There's been a steady increase in the number of cyborgs around us recently—motorcycle riders, computer hackers, on and on. Workaholics fused perfectly into the corporate system are a kind of cyborg, too (albeit ones that can easily put on and take off their "gear"). The downside is that their humanity is getting squashed out of them . . . The times may demand a careful re-examination of what we all mean by "human."

\* *Konjaku Monogatari*: A massive 12th century collection of ancient Japanese myths and legends



nance to support their basic biological needs from chlorophyll-like plants or from some other source), or something they do only infrequently (in which case, one has to wonder if Grays have short life spans). That reported fluid/paste might not actually be essential.

There's a theory out there that the Grays are really robots. When I first heard that, I thought (sticking with our opening assumption that all of these reports are 100 percent credible), that instead of robots, they might be more like bees or other insects. If there really were a planet inhabited by intelligent bees, it would probably have an imperialistic civilization, with reproduction limited to the upper class. As for the rest of the population, if you asked one of the bosses, "Who are all those guys?" it would be no surprise if he/she/it replied, "They're robots." There'd be nothing unnatural about it at all, considering the breadth of our definition of "robot."

Terrestrial worker bees don't reproduce at all. Yet if you look closely, you can find traces of something like reproductive organs. If we extrapolate the relationship between Grays and Rigelian Grays as it's evolved over tens of thousands of years, there's a possibility that their slave caste has also specialized completely for work, losing other functions along the way. So when people are told that the Grays are "robots," it may not mean robots in our mechanical sense of the word.

Another thing to think about: Seeing as how the aliens have chosen to contact the United States, and the way they treat their human samples, I really do catch a strong whiff of imperialism, or at least, of a race with a strict social hierarchy or caste system. They trade information and exchange guests with the Terran leadership class, but they treat average humans harshly, completely ignoring their human (sentient being?) rights. They apparently even have samples of fully dissected corpses on hand. So their core attitudes speak for themselves (it's still unknown whether those dissected corpses were dead before vivisection, or whether this is proof of alien crimes). It's also been reported that they're breeding bat people, monkey pigs, and other transgenic creatures. If this is true, it gives us a glimpse of their attitudes toward fertilized eggs. Just because beings are sentient doesn't mean they're democratic. To their minds, "human" may be a word that applies to only a subset of the total *homo sapiens* population.

Let me just add that while I compared aliens to bees a moment ago, I'm not implying that there's any actual connection between Grays and bees. I just wanted to say that, should Grays turn out to be intelligent, social robots, they wouldn't have to be robots built from scratch. Since they have such advanced technology and space-faring skills, we're quick to project god-like intelligence and morality onto them as well. But that's just our own optimistic preconceptions talking. Think of

how cockroaches and dragonflies have survived virtually unchanged despite the dizzying evolution going on all around them. From that, it should be obvious that just because this alien race has been around for some 50,000 years already (Because they had the wisdom and technology to prevent natural catastrophes on their home world? Or were able to adapt easily to them? Or have been spreading across the sea of stars for 50,000 years? All a mystery.), doesn't automatically mean they've been evolving all that time. One reason for that is that any species that uses its knowledge and natural endowments to completely subjugate another planet in the truest sense of the word would naturally reconfigure it into a stable environment suitable to their own needs. Once they had that stable environment, the pace of their own evolution would slow (sorry if I'm wrong about how that works. I told you I'm a rank amateur).

The amount of change and variation would likewise decline. Decline enough, in fact, that there are some people who think the Grays are coming here because they're starved for fresh genetic material (just like in one of those silly manga drawn by "he who shall remain nameless"). The aliens who come here may indeed be just like worker bees, investigating any and all genetic material and its possibilities they find out in the universe, and carrying the best of it back home.

There's also a theory that the aliens are preparing to invade. But frankly, that would simply be too expensive. It would be far more efficient to simply mass-produce humans (modified to be safer and more useful) back home; that's what any intelligent species would do. No matter how overwhelming the military force you can deploy, the minute you actually use it you incur loss. If the Grays had chosen that route, they probably would have invaded immediately upon acquiring their first promising samples instead of going around lying to Washington and signing fraudulent treaties. That would be more rational, less wasteful, and ultimately less risky.

If they really do have a high order of intelligence, then they should know all about the principle of co-existence (not a philosophy, but the universal mathematics of the universe). *Homo sapiens* are quick to talk about the rights of the individual, but that's nothing more than an artifact emerging from our own genetic stock, which results in each and every new human having its own unique DNA and intellectual resources. Folk who were raised on a planet chockablock with cohorts sharing the same genetic code and intellect wouldn't arrive at our concept of the individual. To their eyes, it might seem there were only four types of Earthlings: three different basic color schemes, and a sub-species composed of various crossbreed variations. Certainly based on the distribution of the white and black models, our planet would appear to alien eyes to have a sharply delineated caste system (They could easily



account for, and accordingly discount, the small number of exceptions to the rule. Such things happen).

We certainly can't expect Grays or other aliens to be able to differentiate between individual humans (excepting a few experts on *homo sapiens*, breeders, and other special cases, of course. I'm talking at the planetary level).

Next, let us ponder why only cows and humans get mutilated. When you think of the sheer number of different life forms on Earth, you would think any alien visitors would be buried up to their eyeteeth just studying our microbes, or our insects, or our marine life. Yet in fact, there's no evidence the Grays have done any of that. Even if they were only interested in intelligent species, you'd think they'd have to study dolphins and the like. But all they've cut up have been cows . . . and us.

So why cows? People we can understand. It would be sensible for anyone coming here to study and dissect the only intelligent (well, intelligence is relative) social species to succeed in subjugating the entire planet. (But hey . . . if you're really 50,000 years ahead of us, can't you at least study us without cutting us open? Sheesh!) But cows . . . ?

The cow is an animal that's been repeatedly genetically engineered (by we humans) to maximize its food potential. Its two most striking characteristics are a high ratio of edible flesh, and bountiful reproduction (i.e., it supplies offspring and milk). Is there anything else I'm missing? Anyway, that's the animal they've chosen to study, but . . .

From a Gray perspective, *homo sapiens* and cows may appear to be in the same sort of symbiotic relationship as ants and aphids. Based on what they steal, their particular area of interest appears to be reproduction. As I wrote before, if they always stole only blood, you could credit the idea that they need it for food. But judging from all that stealing of genitals and sensory organs, I'm pretty sure the blood is used for sustaining those reproductive organs. In that case, why reproduce cows? What is it about cows that they want? To "rub into their skin for nutrition". . . ? To breed as food for the aristocracy? (Or maybe the aristocrats drink blood. As some bee-like horseflies do . . . ) Or perhaps they're useful for a particular kind of drug, or have some artistic significance. (These thieves might just be doing graduation products for genetic design school. Or are being funded to do work for the royal family?) Or they think cows show particular promise as a biological weapon for attacking and devouring a plant-like natural enemy on some planet somewhere. In the end, it's hard to come up with any explanation that doesn't sound idiotic, and certainly it's impossible to reach any final conclusions. But while I don't know how it is for any readers who have plowed this far through my essay out of the sheer joy of speculative imagination, I do know that it's personally great fun for me to have all these ideas bubbling up as I write. My storylines for manga pop out unex-

pectedly from just this kind of fanciful extrapolation.

We humans may eat cows, but I don't think that means aliens do, too. An adequate supply of food is ultimately a matter that any race, at just about any level of civilization, can solve through science and technology. So if we respect the notion of a 50,000-year-old alien race with all that history behind it, then the theory that in fact some intractable problem with their genetic resources lies behind the cow conundrum seems most persuasive.

I'm skeptical about the other cow-like theory out there that it's we humans who are in fact the aliens' domesticated livestock (remember how they were supposed to come harvest us in July of 1999?). If we humans were going to breed or propagate cows *en masse* on another planet, we would be constantly monitoring the herds, and would no doubt start "harvesting" even in the early stages of the project, moving ahead with both production and consumption at the same time. Even more to the point, you don't raise animals that can resist and fight back (or for that matter, even let them live). The aliens could do just as well harvesting monkeys.

So. If you do choose to believe the domesticated human theory, then you also have to believe that the aliens are not merely supremely stupid, but also inefficient, yet at the same time strangely plodding and patient . . . and operate on such a small scale it makes no economic sense. The aliens that have intervened in humanity may turn out to be scientists who are presently serving under a military government as science specialists. But even then, the scale of operations is just too small. So maybe they're only some space-faring merchants out to make a quick buck by duping the locals.

I wish the mass media would just stop this idiot debate over whether aliens exist or not. If the "don't exist" crowd would come up with theories and disproofs that can completely account for all the evidence that aliens exist, and if the "sure do exist" crowd would seriously investigate the sort of questions I've raised here in concert with biologists and politicians, military experts and other highly trained specialists, with an emphasis on creative answers and scientific rigor (enough of all these amateur astronomers and fuzzy photos and alleged secret documents), then the debate might finally get interesting.

That's because something that doesn't excite our imaginations might as well not even exist. Myself, personally, I think it's only natural that there should be aliens out there. That's because it's impossible to completely refute their existence (refuting theirs would require refuting our own). So I like the term "space aliens." I like it as a term that lets us plumb the depth and breadth of the speaker's own interior "outer space." But if I pursue that angle any further, I'll talk myself out of the rationale for this whole essay, so I'm going to stop. Right now.

—Shirow Masamune, 1996



*This interview was conducted for the exhibition catalog for the "KABOOM! Explosive Animation from America & Japan" exhibition, held at the Sydney Museum of Contemporary Art in 1994. Unfortunately, the interview was never published. Some of the factual information is out of date, but we present it here as a record of an event that would otherwise go unknown.*

## ① GENERAL INFORMATION

**SMCA:** *What led you to become a manga artist?*

**SHIROW:** When I was nineteen, I joined a fanzine (a mini-group publishing at their own expense) that my older sister was involved with. That was Group Atlas, and the book *Black Magic*, which I published under their auspices in February 1983, caught the eye of Mr. Aoki, the president of Seishinsha. That led to my professional debut with *Appleseed*. I'd always thought it was enough just to draw manga as a hobby; I'd never planned to go pro. So I'd never even taken a portfolio around to publishers. It was Atlas and Mr. Aoki that brought me to where I am today.

As for what started me drawing manga in the first place, there wasn't anything in particular. Up until then I hadn't done much more than doodle on my notes during class, and draw portraits of my favorite TV anime characters when I was little.

**SMCA:** *How involved are you in the production of anime based on your manga?*

**SHIROW:** The first anime project I took part in was *Black Magic M-66*. It really was my first, and I was more than happy to put a lot into it, both in time and work. I wrote the script, drew the storyboards, and even sat in on the editing and audio recording.

Since then, though, with *Appleseed* and *Dominion*, I haven't done anything more than greenlight them (although I did draw the package art).

Someday in the not-too-distant future I'd like to work up a script and storyboards again, but right now it'd be hard to find the time.

**SMCA:** *How do you assess the present state and the future of Japanese manga and anime?*

**SHIROW:** The walls between manga, anime, live action, and video games have fallen. Now they're all available for exploiting a single work in multiple media. Manga get made into anime and games, games turn into anime and live-action movies; you see every kind of combination. Some people complain about excessive commercialism, but I don't think it's a bad thing to have so many different opportunities. Nor does every original have to get the full treatment. If you can find the perfect means of expression in one of these mediums for bringing out the intent of your work, then that's good news for both creator and creation.

Manga have gotten so diversified by genre and target age group and have spread so far and wide that it's hard to get a feel for the field as a whole anymore. So it's really up to each individual creator where manga go from here.

But I can say this: be it in Japan or overseas, once you start grouping this vast wealth of manga and anime on the basis of commercial success alone, you start lumping together works for children and works with violent or sexual content. So in that sense, I think there's a need for bridging the gap between the creators and their audiences to offer more direction in terms of content.

There's a lot of wasted, meaningless budget in anime productions. I don't think enough of that budget is finding its way to the people who actually draw the art and do the voices and sound. There's a lot of work in anime production that can be automated, and that will probably become necessary to cut out some of the fat. We may also have to re-examine the current commitment to thirty frames per second.





## ② DOMINION TANK POLICE

**SMCA:** *How involved were you with the Dominion OVA series? "Act 1/2" seems quite different from "Act 3/4." I wondered whose idea that was? (Note: The Dominion OVA discussed here is the series issued in 1988 by Toshiba Eizo Soft, currently available in English on DVD from Central Park Media.)*

**SHIROW:** I just gave the go ahead for the project. After that, I wasn't involved at all. I imagine the difference between "Act 1/2" (the first and second episodes of the *Dominion* anime) and "Act 3/4" (the third and fourth episodes of the *Dominion* anime) reflect either the director's own taste or the production staff's morale . . . I really don't know.

There are six new *Dominion* episodes out now [the new *Dominion* series released by Bandai Visual K.K. in 1993-94, not currently available in English], and I think you can say the same thing about them. The first four episodes and these six new episodes are all quite different from each other, but as for what accounts for that, I don't know. I sense something odd about it, something over and above the turnover in staff. I guess that, just as different readers receive and perceive any given work in different ways, the directors and animation staff all have their own way of making the conversion. Myself, I've enjoyed seeing how the different episodes change, just like any other audience member.

**SMCA:** *You often use future police in your works, but what do you think of Japan's current police? Do you think they'll be able to keep up with crime in the future?*

**SHIROW:** If you're talking about the interface between fiction and reality, then it goes without saying that manga are drawn for enjoyment. So of course, in the real world it's better if we don't need tanks and guns to control crime. Police aren't the same as an army. Law, social morals, all these things impact the way they can prevent and suppress crime. That means they can never fully cope with particularly heinous violent crime. Even if you arm the police with handguns, there are so many restrictions on when and how they can use them and so much paperwork to do when they do shoot them that in fact, they're hardly ever fired at all. That degrades even their deterrent effect. I think Japanese police should be carrying rubber bullet stun guns or tranquilizer darts instead of handguns with live ammunition. And if they purchased their non-lethal weapons from the United States, it would reduce Japan's trade surplus, and might even encourage gun control in the United States itself . . . ?



ADVERTISING ILLO FOR *DOMINION* CHAPTER I

Again, the institutions for oversight and prosecution of not just the police but all public servants are very weak in Japan. I think we should establish civilian oversight bodies composed of specialists to perform this function.

As an organization, the police can act only after a crime has already been committed. What are most indispensable for reducing the incidence of violent crime aren't tanks; they're loving families with plenty of quality time for each other, and an equitable and humane educational system.

But in the *Dominion* universe, at least, you have tank police careening around the streets, demonstrators who cause a racket and nothing more, and a succession of criminals popping up out of nowhere.

## ③ APPLESEED

**SMCA:** *Compared to Dominion with all its comedy, your Appleseed series seems much darker and more serious. Which are you more attracted to personally? The comedic, or the serious?*

**SHIROW:** Comedic, serious, I like them both. Drawing nothing but serious manga makes this artist feel dark and gloomy, while doing nothing but comedy leaves him feeling somehow unfulfilled. Flashy stories, serious stories, hard stories, soft stories, bitter stories and sweet, they all have their merits. I want to draw them all.



#### ④ **BLACK MAGIC AND GHOST IN THE SHELL**

**SMCA:** Both M-66 in *Black Magic* and the cyborg in *Ghost in the Shell* are sexy robots. What was your inspiration for these designs?

**SHIROW:** The machines I used to like to touch and look at in my childhood and adolescence were all streamlined rockets and cars, full-faired motorcycles and Formula 1 racecars, space shuttles rather than Apollo spacecraft. I liked machines that were sleek and full of complex curves, and I guess that image is still imprinted. Since I consider women to be one of the ultimate expressions of curvaceous beauty, I think those two images just naturally came together. It's not like I have some mechanistic take on women (just to reassure you; if I did, I'd have a serious psychological problem). And of course I could have filled both those manga with clunky machines. But if I had, they would have been pretty brutal, visually.

**SMCA:** The female characters in both of these manga are extremely powerful. Why are so many your protagonists women?

**SHIROW:** Because I'm a guy, and as a guy, I find females more attractive to draw. Other than that, I can cushion the audience a bit by using a woman and give the work a lighter touch. Just imagine *Ghost in the Shell* without Motoko, or *Black Magic* with both Sybel and Ferris cast as male characters, and M-66 turned into a clunky machine. If I'd done that, people would be wondering, "Aren't there any women in this world?" On the other hand, if I had made either Sybel or Ferris male and the other female, there would have been issues in the story regarding male-female interactions, romance and all the rest. So I avoided that to keep things from getting too complicated.

OLYMPUS POLICE BADGE



#### ⑤ **EAST/WEST RELATIONS**

**SMCA:** Do you have any favorite foreign comics or animation?

**SHIROW:** About a third of the books on my manga shelves are Western. I don't understand a lot of the dialogue, so mostly I just look at the art, but still . . . Recently I've been paying a lot of attention to Hong Kong and Taiwanese comics.

I don't really know that much about anime; I hardly ever have a chance to sit down and watch it. Right now I'm looking forward to *Nightmare Before Christmas*.

**SMCA:** What do you like in Japanese manga and anime?

**SHIROW:** For anime, it would have to be Mr. Miyazaki's. He's in a class of his own. *My Neighbor Totoro* and *Kiki's Delivery Service* are top class in terms of precision and execution. But personally, I like his comedies like *Lupin III: The Castle of Cagliostro* and *Sherlock Hound*. I also like *Akira* and *The Wings of Honneamise* for both the quality of their art and the precision of the animation.

**SMCA:** What do you think of the popularity of Japanese animation in Europe and the United States?

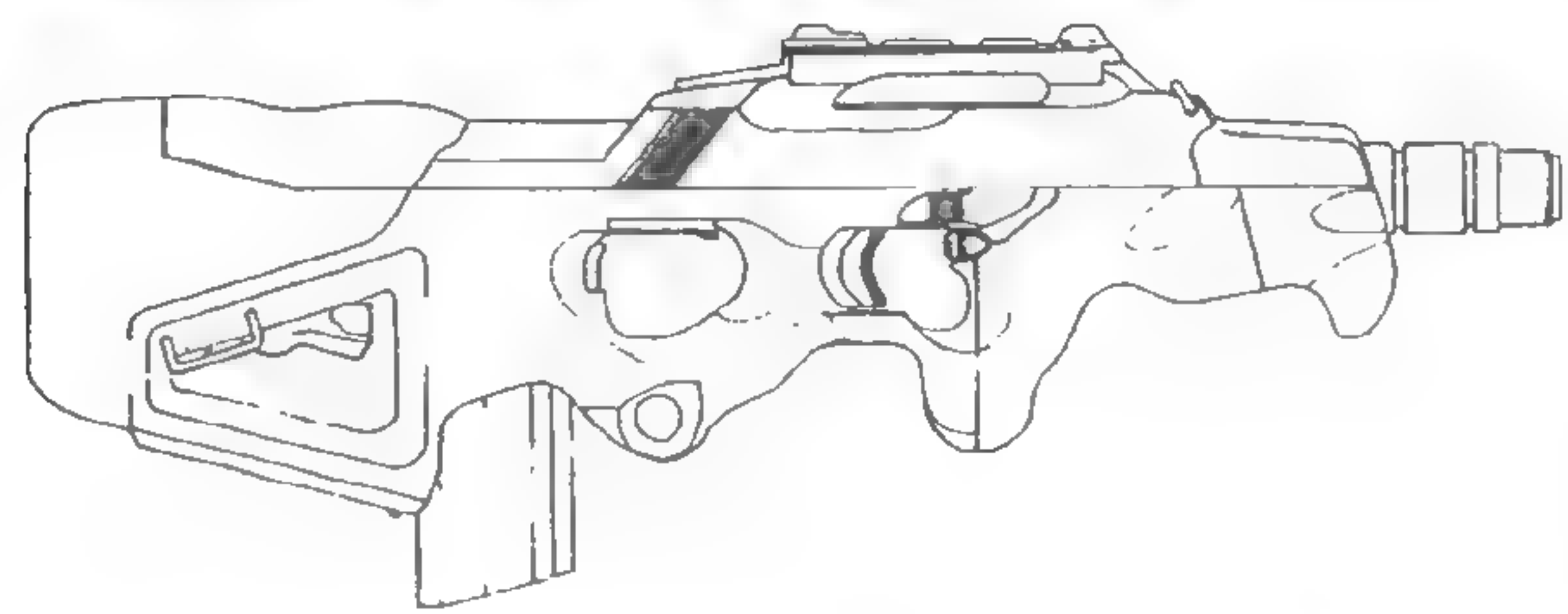
**SHIROW:** As an artist, I welcome anything that exposes my work to as many people as possible. So in that sense, it's a wonderful thing. However, there's a lot to critique in the way manga and anime depict religion, violence, and sex, and that's true here in Japan as well as overseas. But if a child here in Japan, for instance, imitates a scene where some manga hero is blasting away with his gun, the worst that could happen would be some toy gun injury. People don't have guns here, so no one's going to die. But in a country where even children can get their hands on firearms, it might not stop there . . . So in that sense I think not just the creators themselves, but bookstores and television stations and event planners should all work together to optimize book placement, broadcast times, and advertising.

Manga and anime are tremendously diverse, and there are mountains of titles. Over time, a lot of those are going to make their way overseas, and a lot of them will prove to be works that anyone can enjoy, regardless of national borders. I hope this cultural outflow will eventually evolve into cultural exchange, and that we'll all be able to understand each other better, and have more fun as well!

—This interview was conducted in September 1994



# SEBUROMN-23



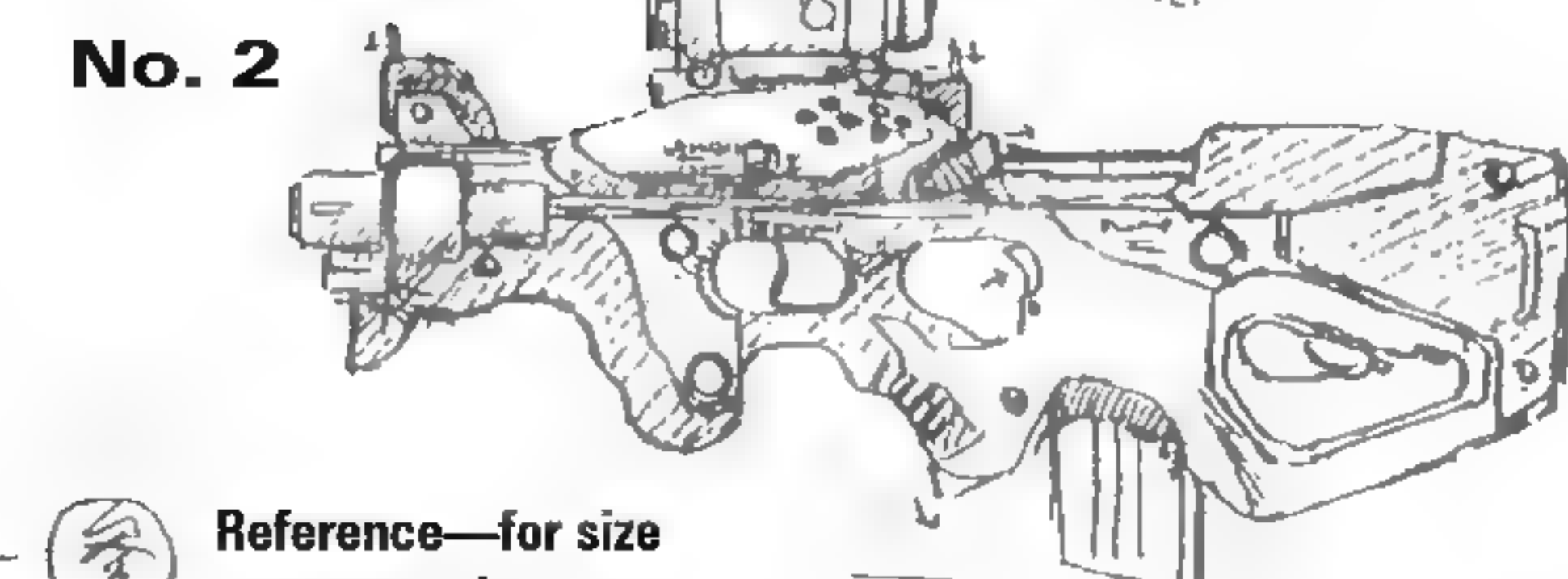
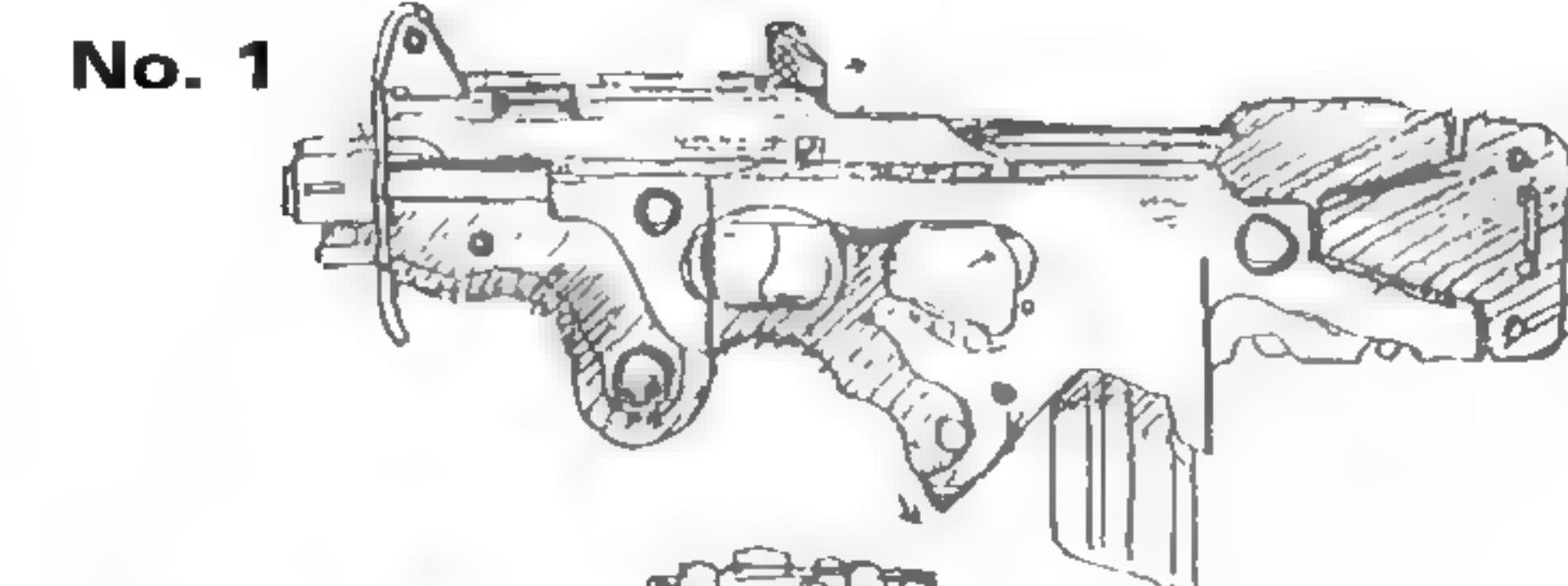
This illustration (watch for a color version in *Intron Depot*), was drawn for a promotional poster to be given to purchasers of the Seburo MN-23. This image—a scary looking alien with a gun—is quite “hard-boiled,” and an unusual choice for this kind of thing. My original idea was (surprise!) a cute girl holding the gun, but that got the chop.



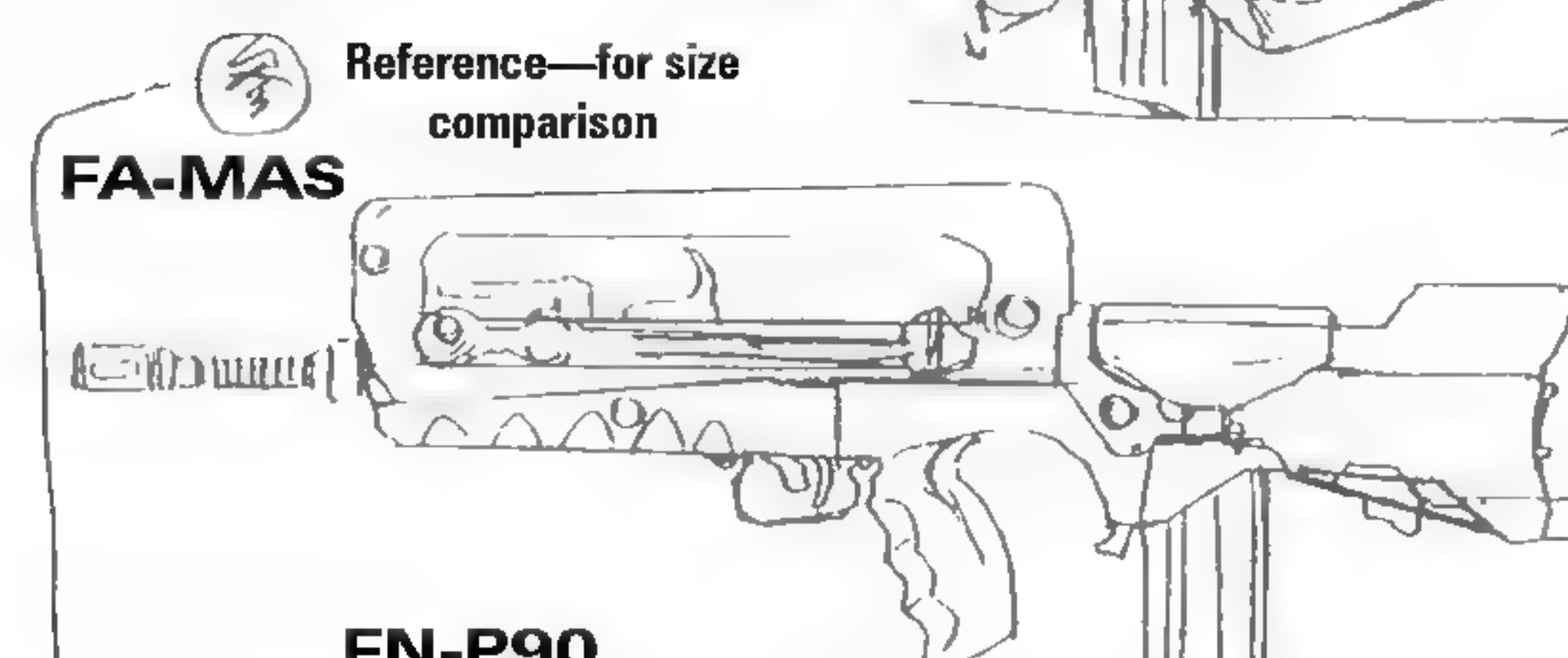
## DESIGN DOCUMENTS

## SEBURO MN-23

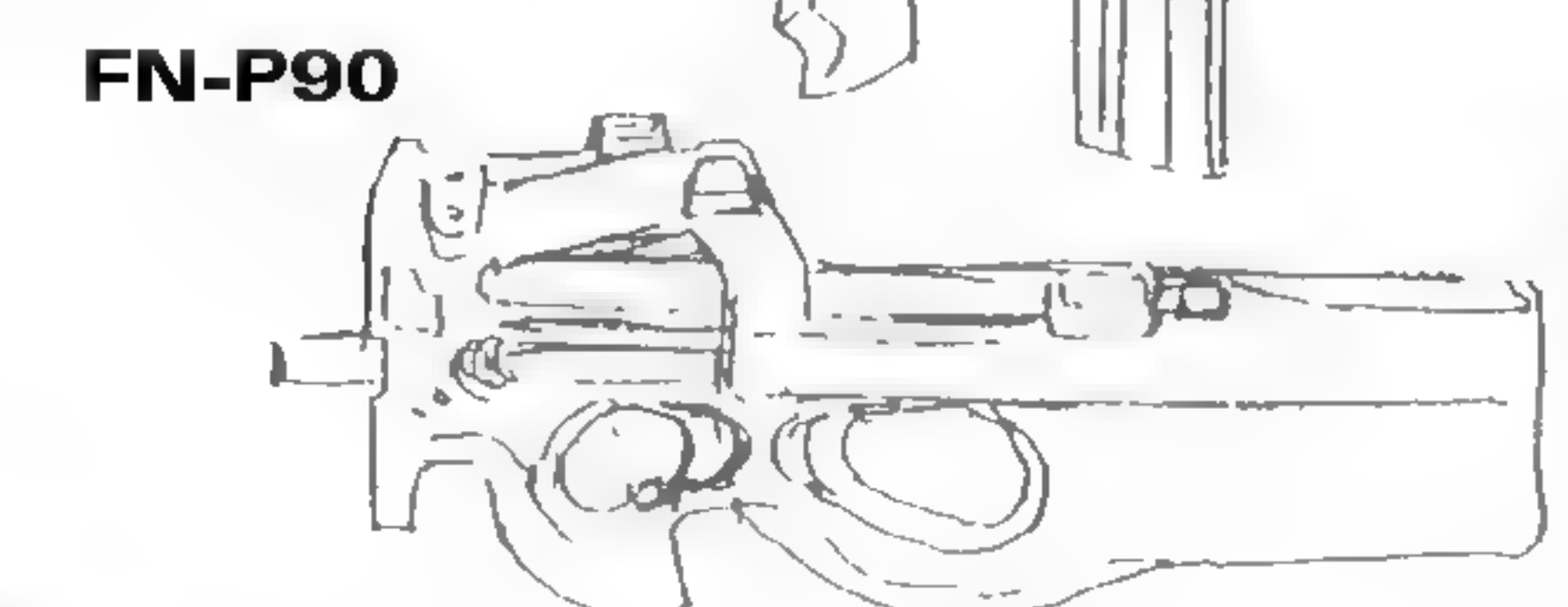
The project to develop the Seburo MN-23 began with an order from Moon Net Co. to design an original airgun. Development proceeded on the assumption that it would incorporate the same firing mechanism as the electrically driven Moon Net FA-MAS. If you look over the designs on this page, you should get a good idea of the size constraints this imposed. In the early stage of the design process, the focus was on the weapon's usability for survival games. However, as we held more and more meetings, the total number of designs rose to over thirty. In the end, none of the designs on this page made the cut.



Total length:  
55.2cm  
Barrel 34.0cm:  
(31.0cm)

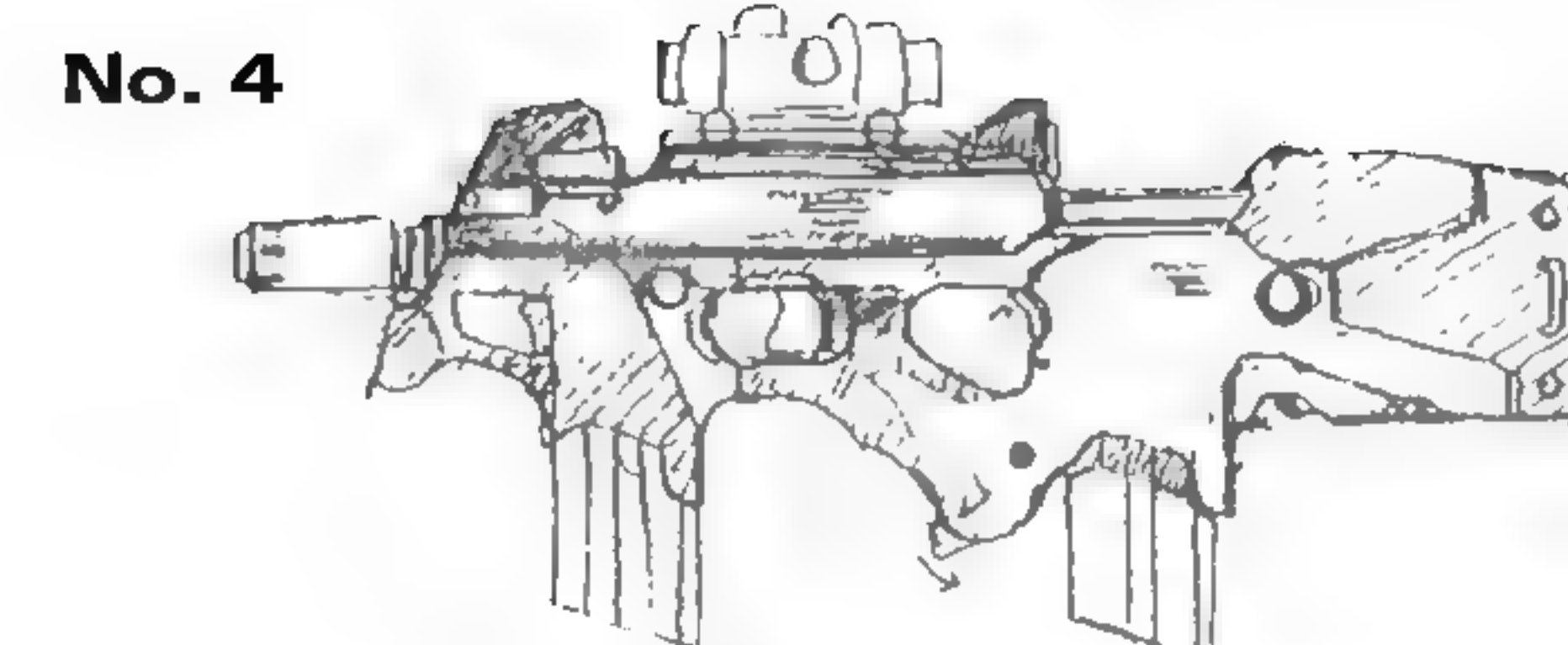


Length:  
75.2cm  
Barrel:  
47.2cm

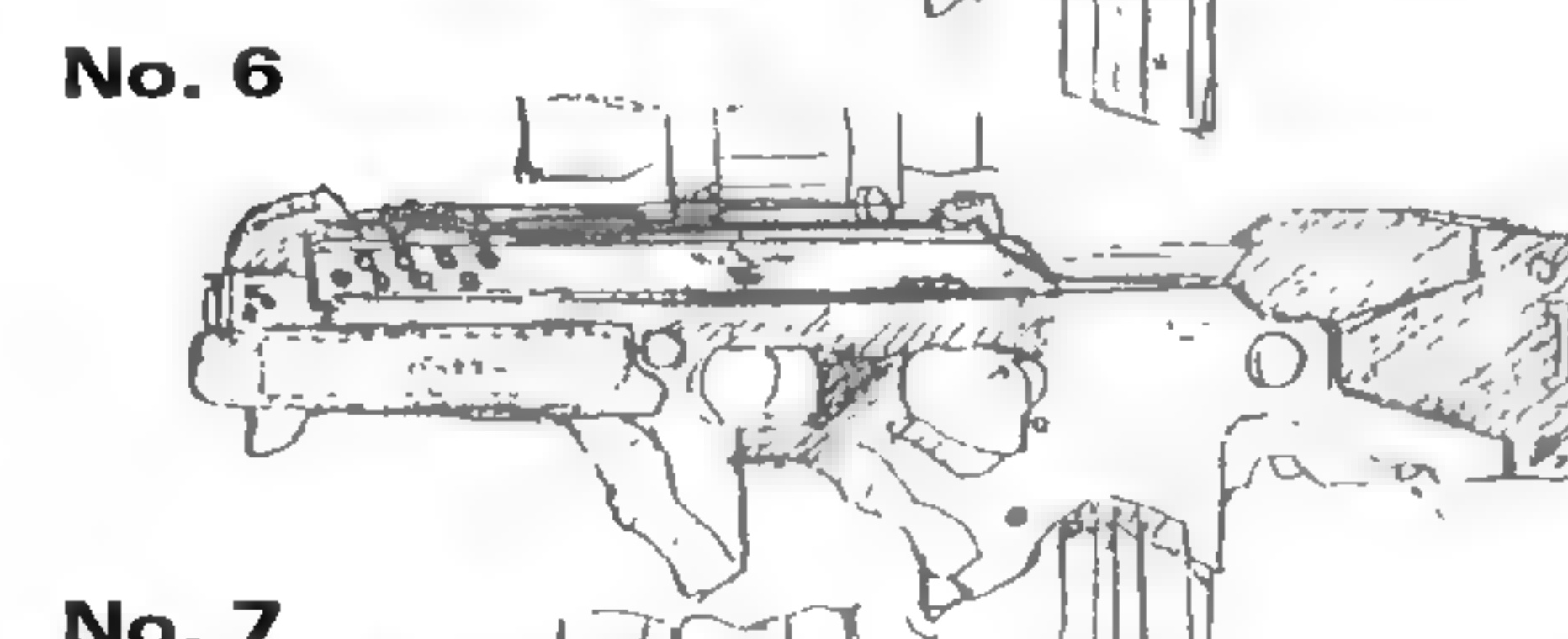
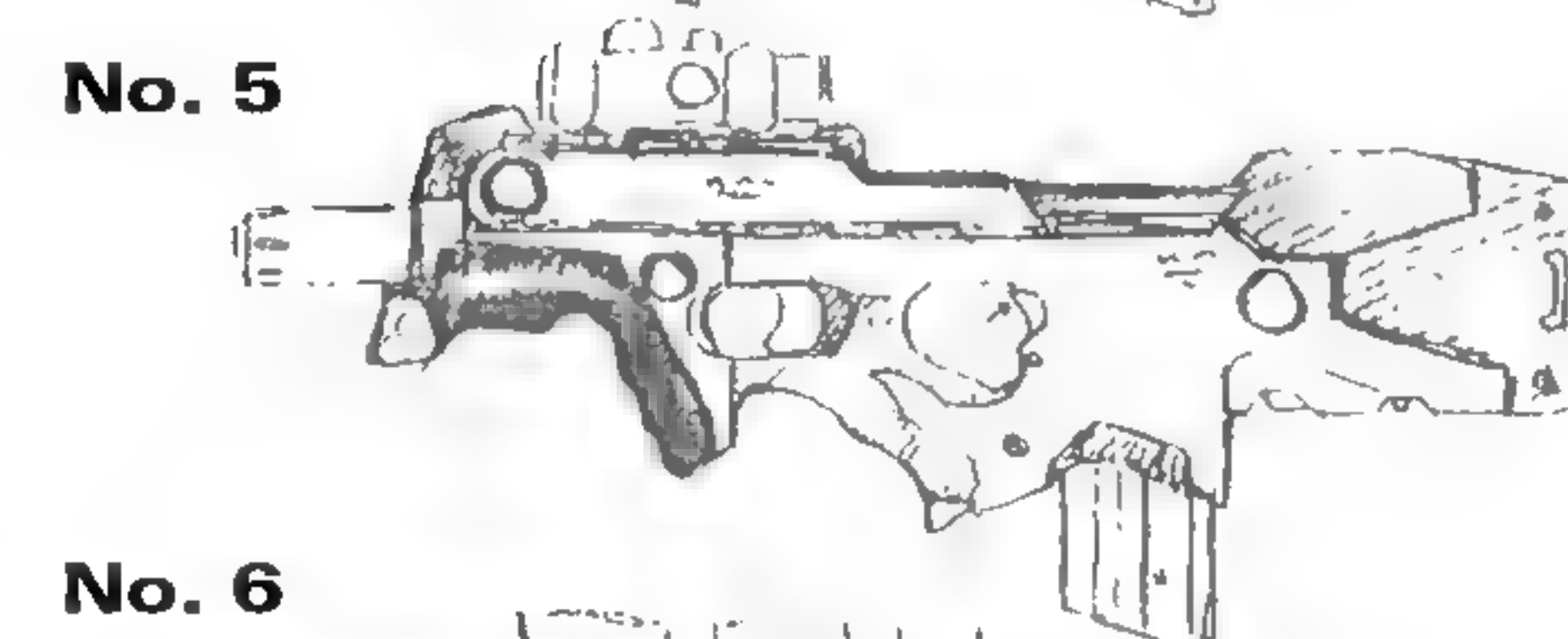


Length: 50.0cm  
Barrel: About 32.0cm  
from the magazine  
slot to the barrel? If  
this is motorized in  
the future...

MP5 Length: 50.7cm  
Barrel: 22.5cm



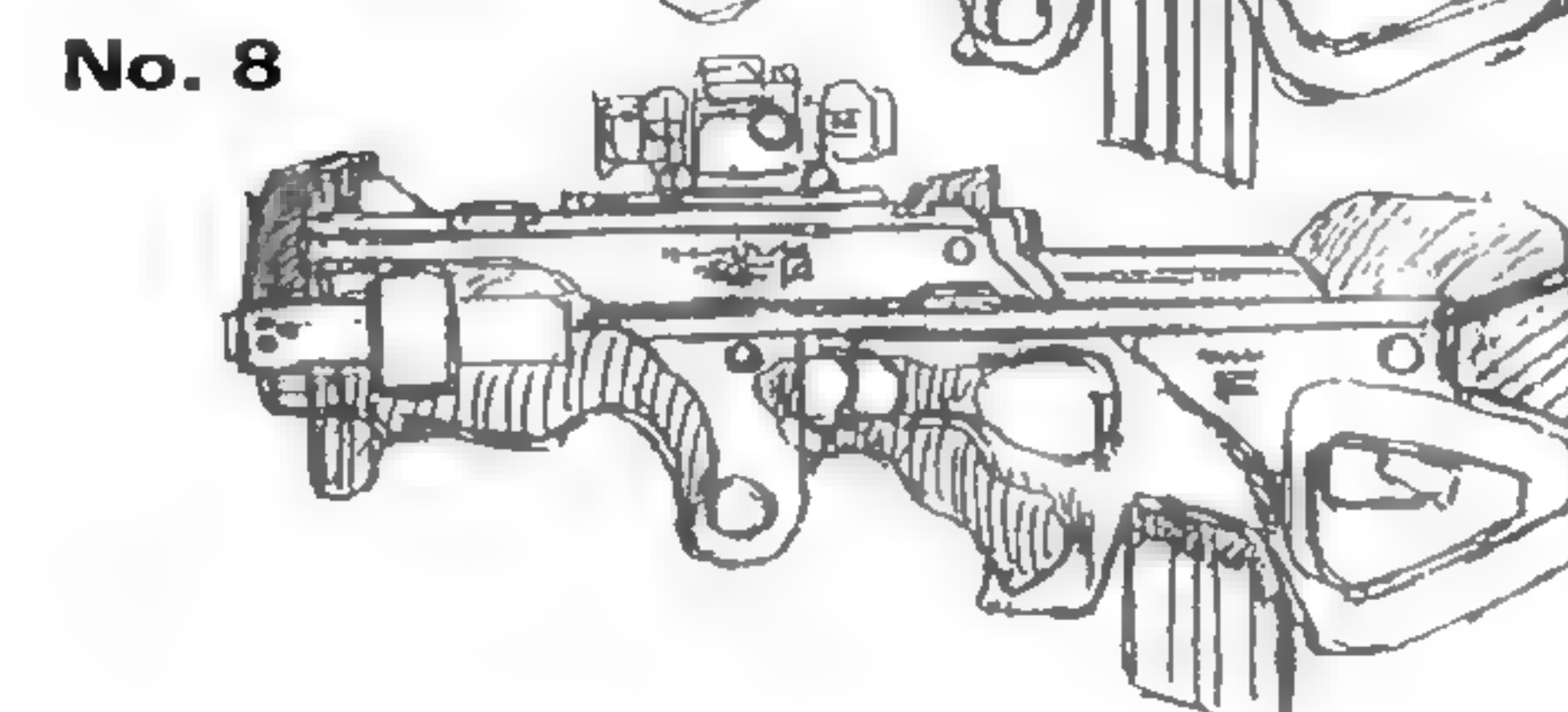
Length: 58.8cm  
Barrel: 35.2cm  
33.0



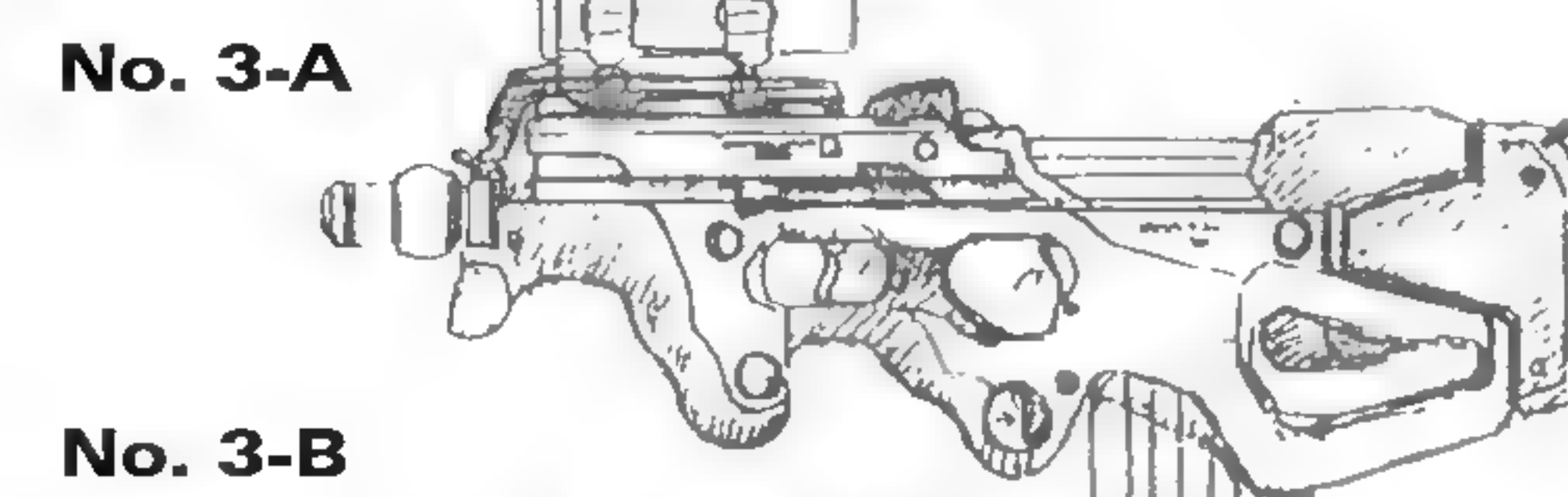
Length:  
58.4cm  
Barrel:  
36.0cm



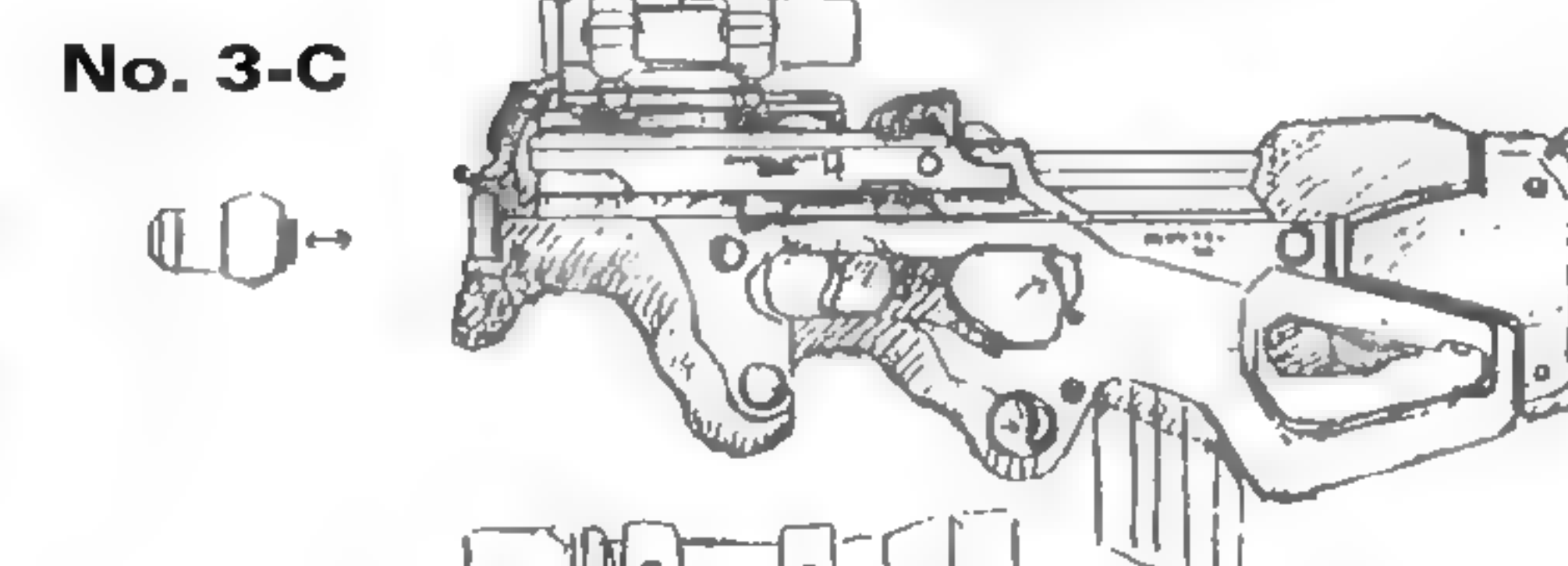
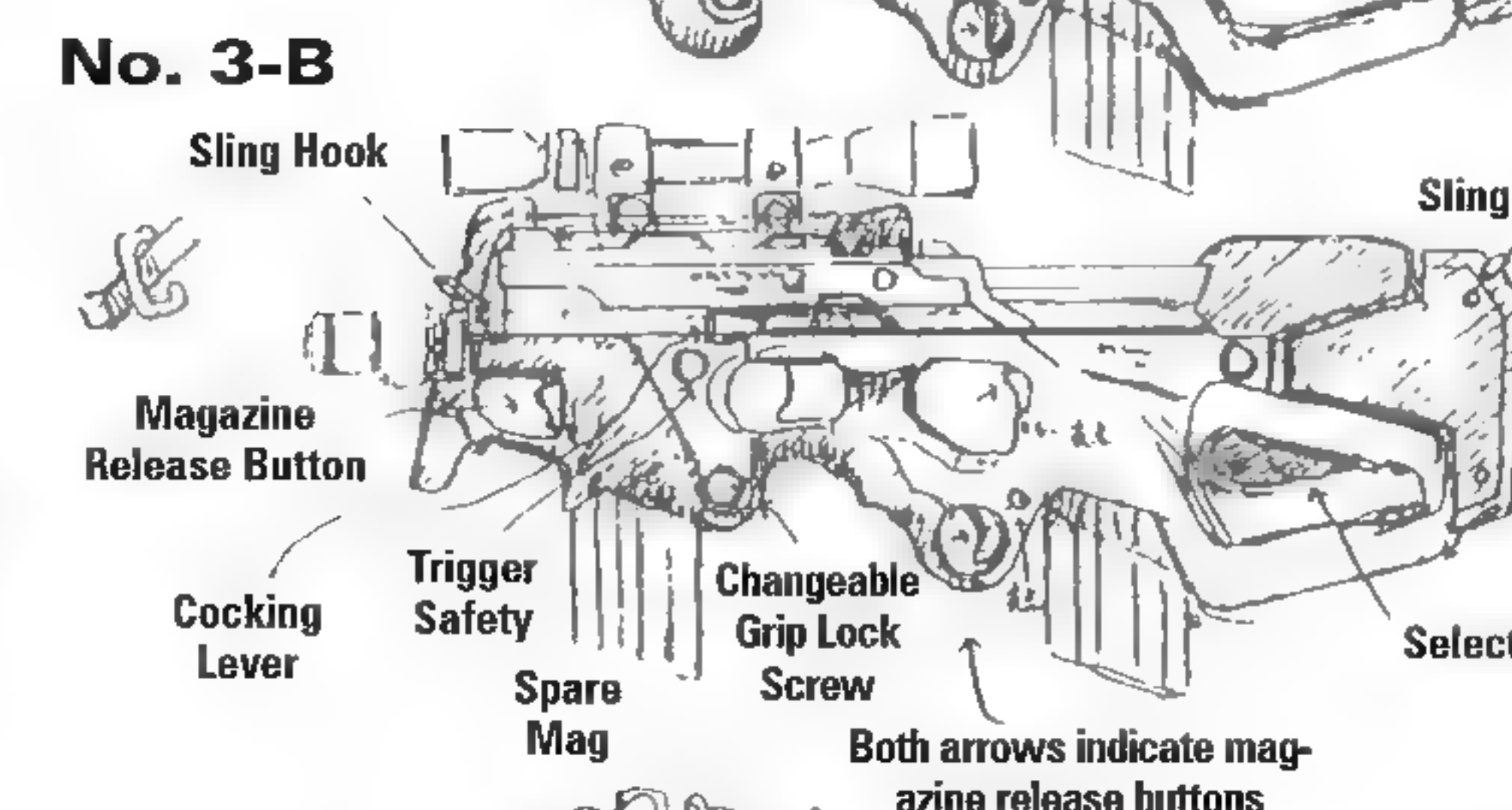
Length:  
68.4cm  
Barrel:  
46.8cm



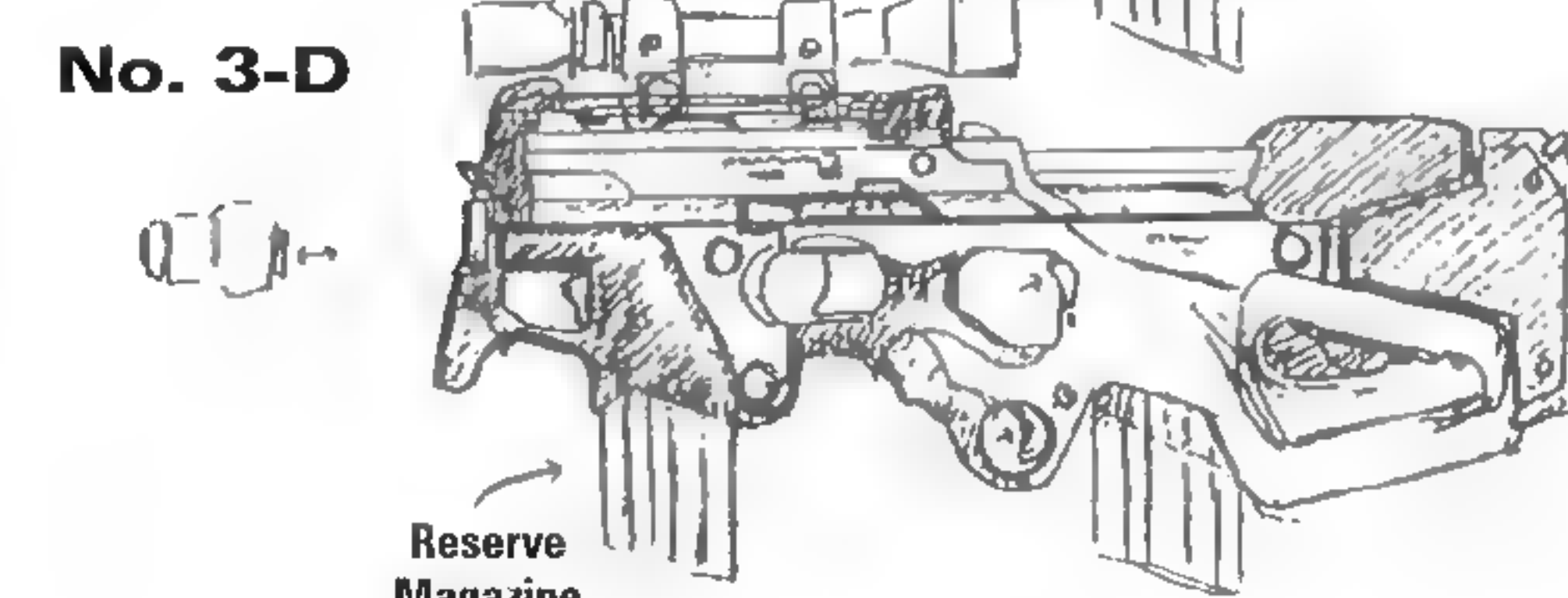
Length:  
59.2cm  
Barrel:  
38.0cm



Length:  
56.8cm  
Barrel:  
35.6cm



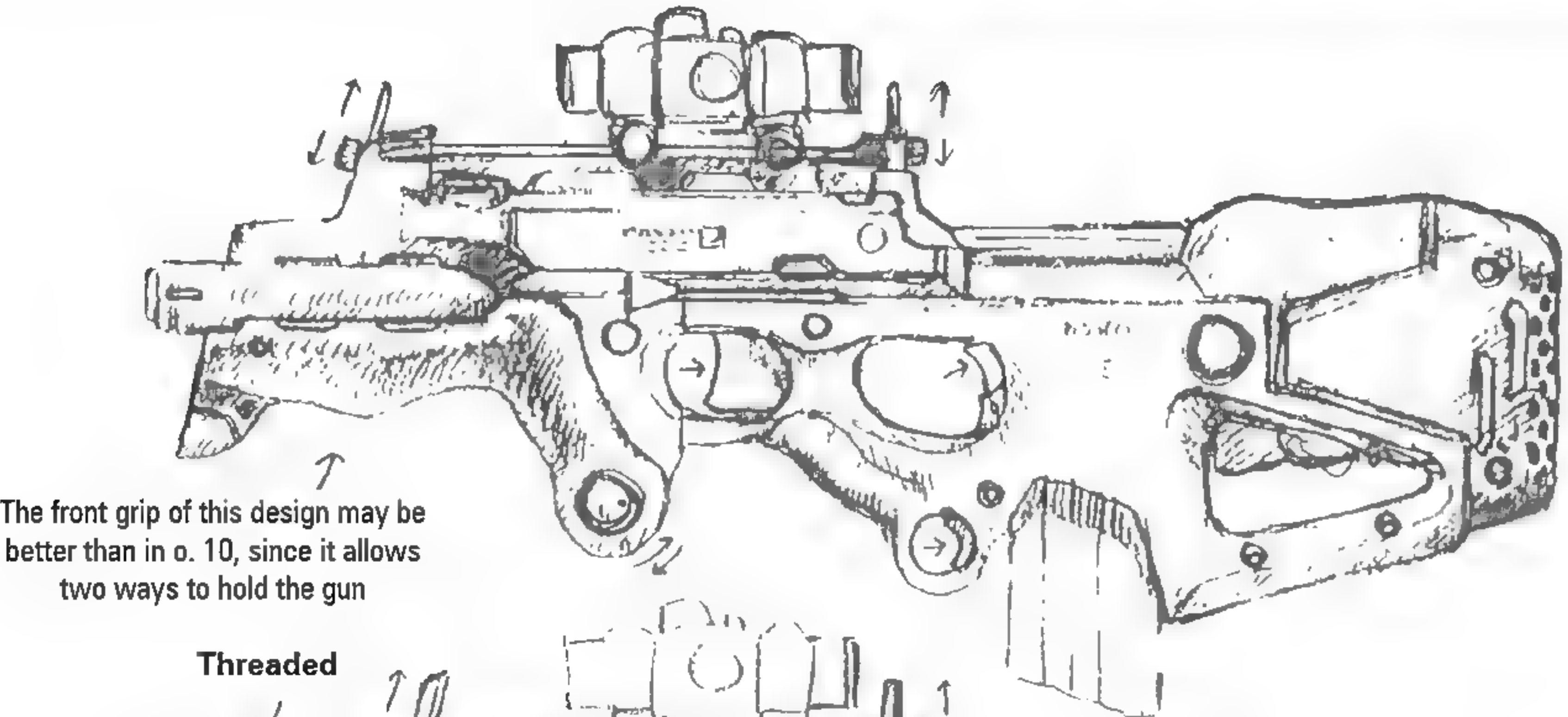
Length:  
50.0cm  
Barrel:  
31.05cm



(For this  
arrangement,  
would a  
28.0cm  
barrel be  
more  
appropriate?)

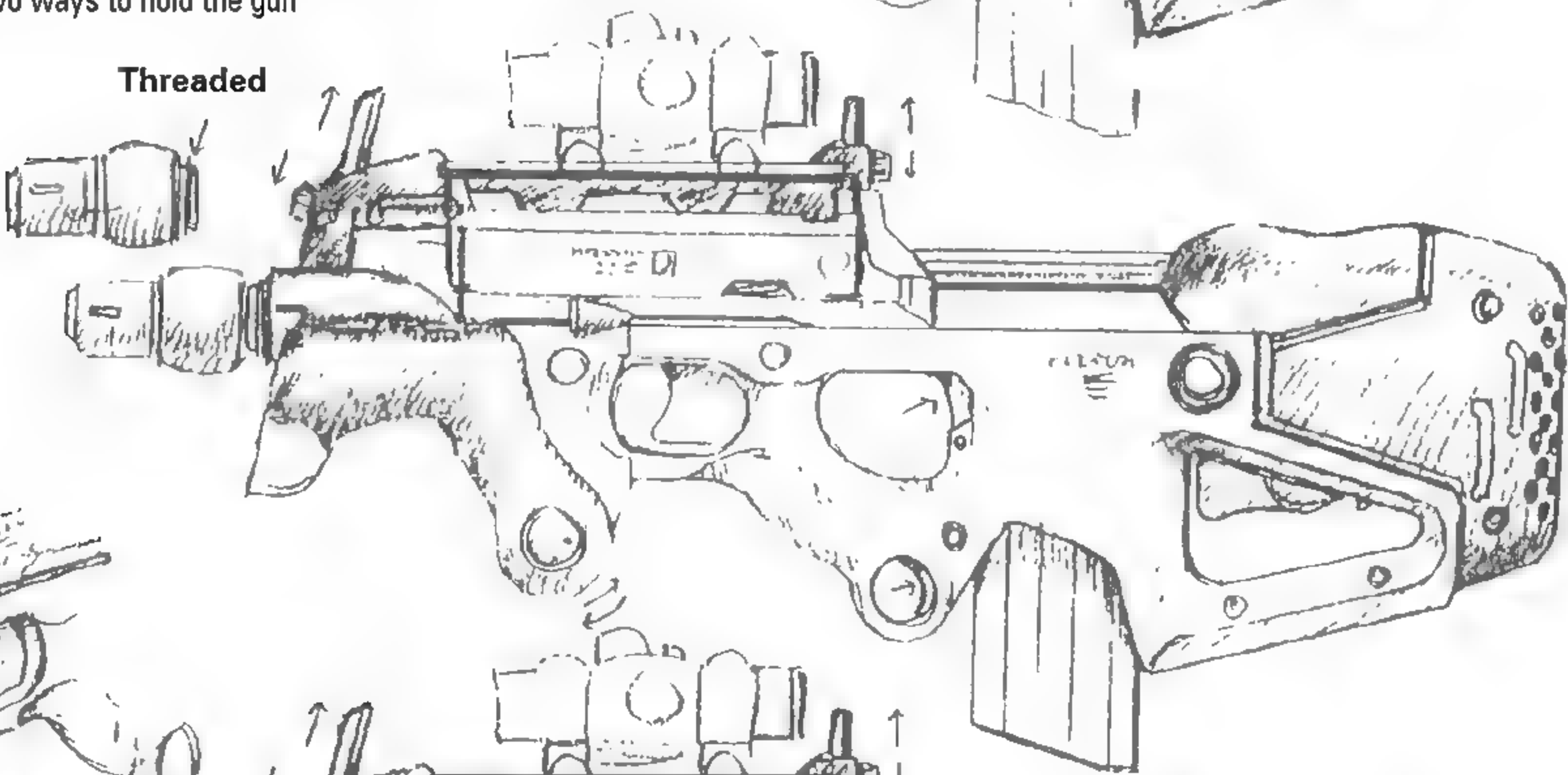


No. 9

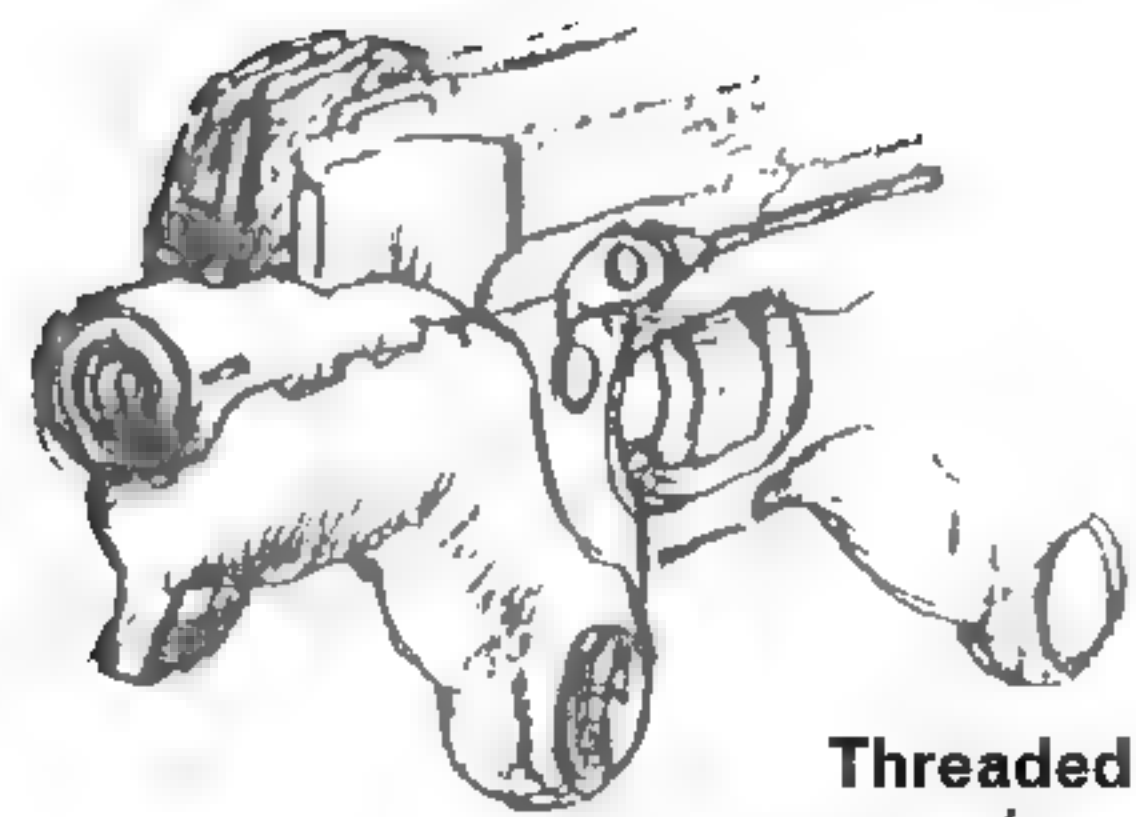


Length:  
56.4cm  
Barrel:  
35.2cm  
Inner:  
32.0cm

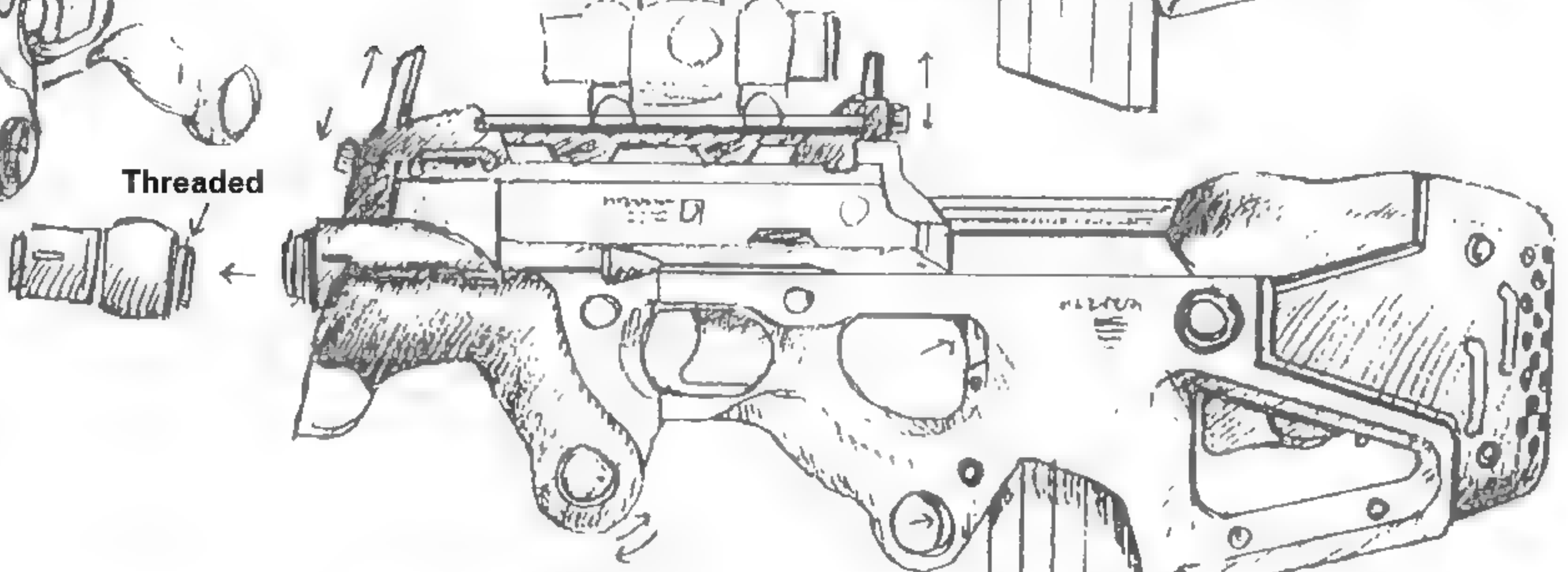
No. 10  
Standard



Length:  
56.4cm  
Barrel:  
35.2cm  
Inner:  
28.0cm

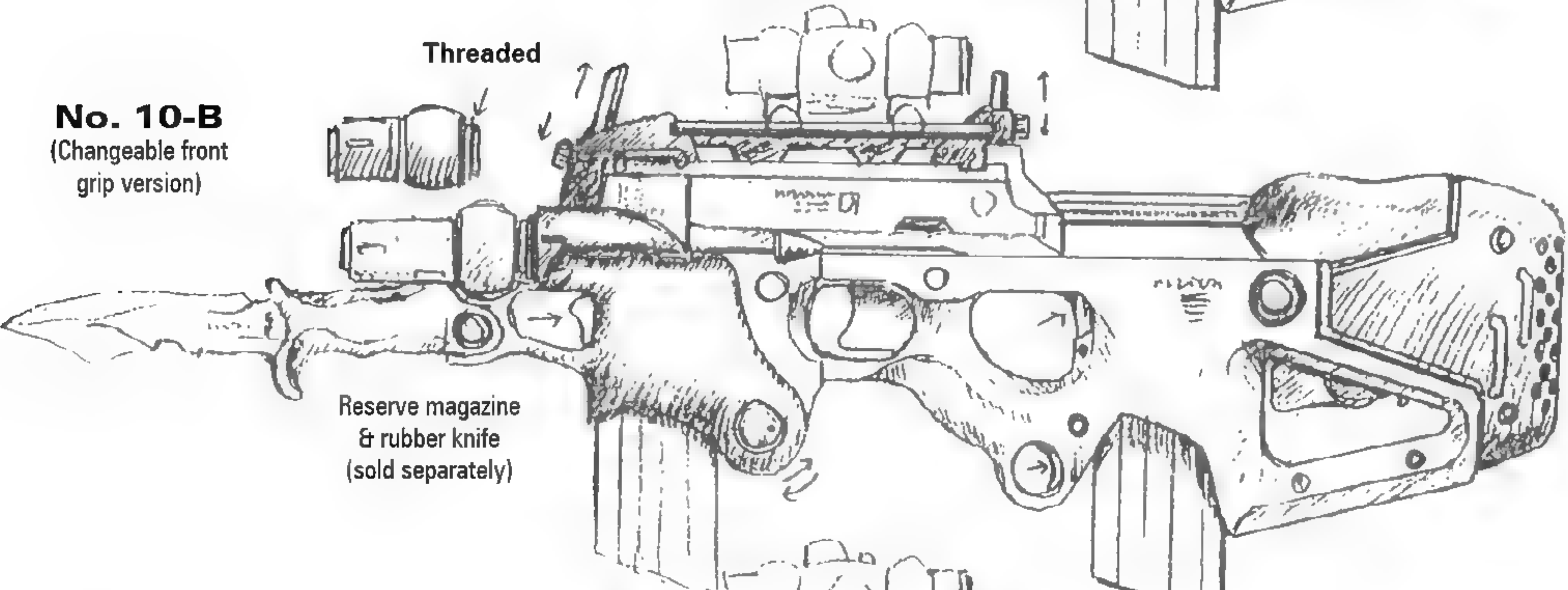


No. 10-A  
(Identical to No. 10,  
with a detachable  
screw-on barrel)



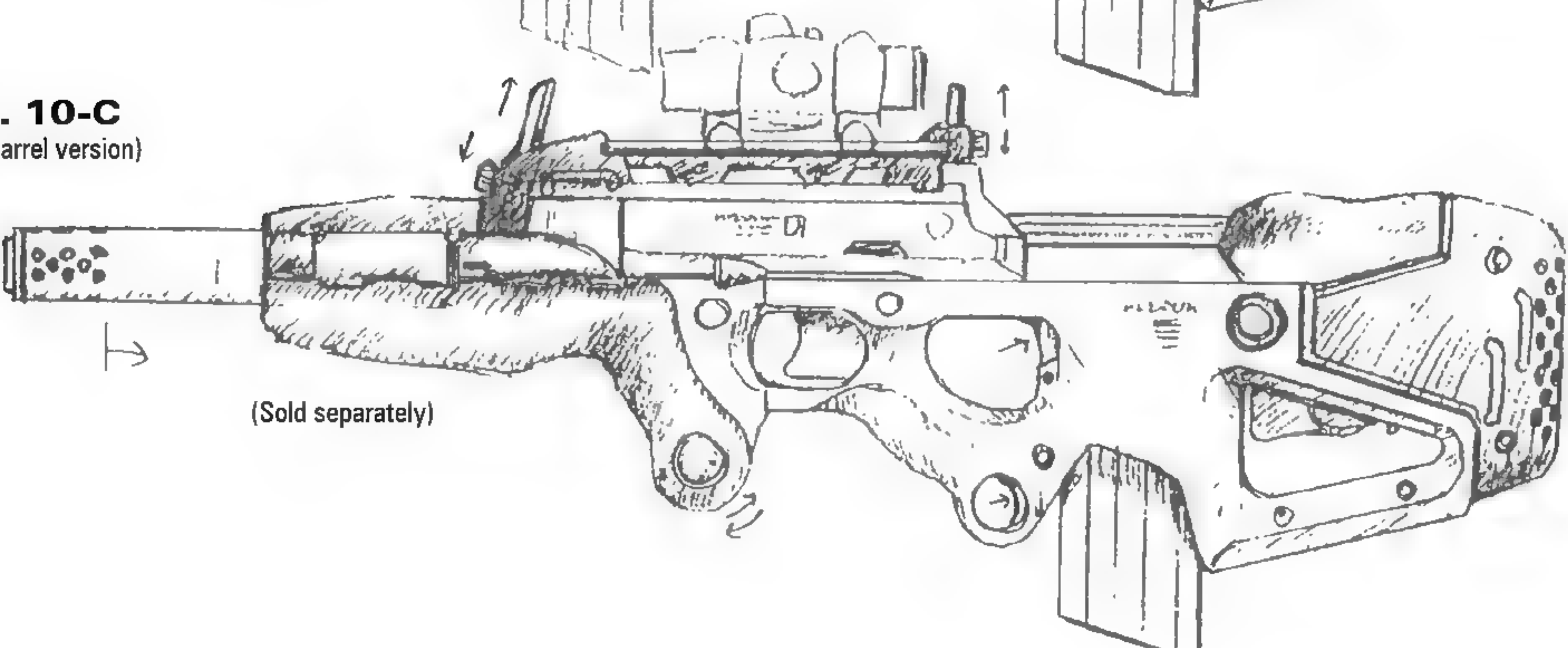
Length:  
50.0cm  
Barrel:  
28.8cm  
Inner:  
28.0cm

No. 10-B  
(Changeable front  
grip version)



Length:  
58.0cm  
Barrel:  
36.8cm  
Inner:  
28.0cm  
(all without knife)

No. 10-C  
(Long-barrel version)



Length:  
68.8cm  
Barrel:  
49.2cm  
Inner:  
28.0cm  
Interchangeable  
Inner:  
42.8cm

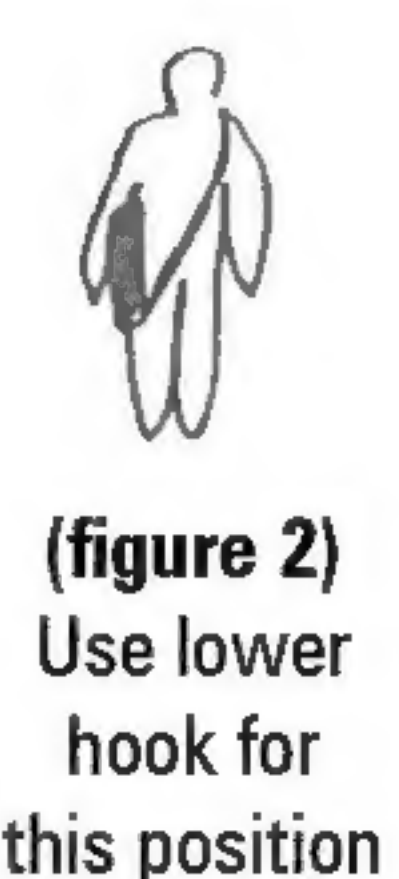
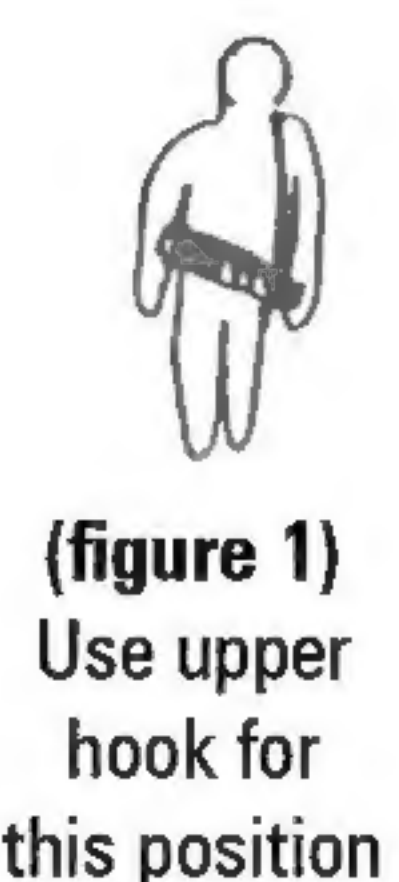
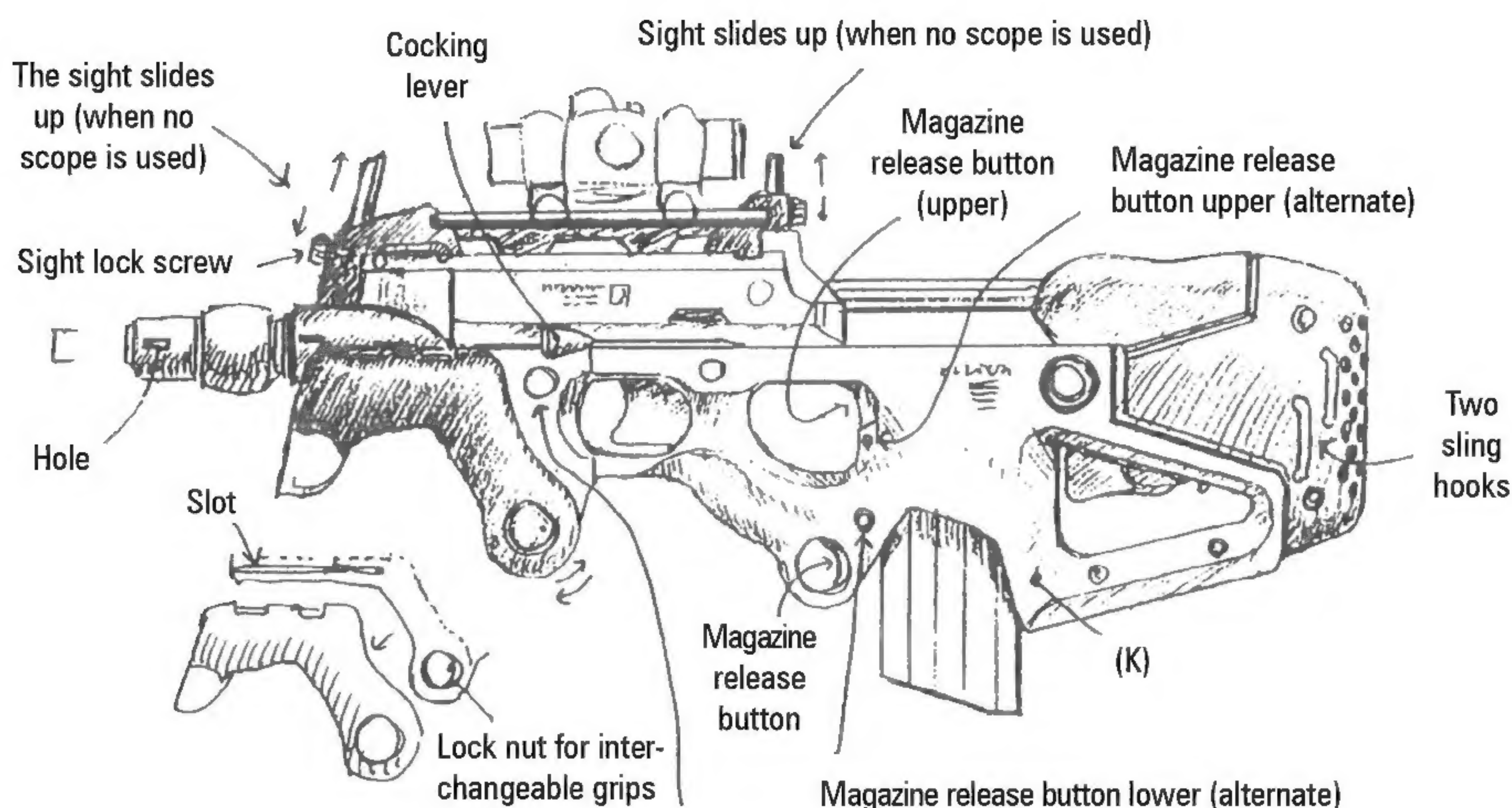


These pages are reproductions of just some of the traffic involved in designing a Sebuco airgun for Moon Net, the Japanese airgun manufacturer. All of our design discussions took place over the fax, and I wound up sending them a whole slew of

roughs like these before we were through. None of the designs up through No. 9 were accepted, but No. 10 finally got the green light. Counting various minor version changes as well, I did more than fifty designs for this one project.

**Electrically driven airgun design.** The final drawing isn't done yet, but I am sending you a 1/4-size rough in lieu of a progress report. At this point, I think No. 10 is best (so let's treat Nos. 1–9 as dead on arrival).

- **No. 1:** Sent earlier.
- **No. 2:** Sent earlier. Seen from the side, it looks like a motorcycle tank. As a concept, I think it's pretty interesting, but the difference between the width of the battery casing and the grip is too extreme. In subsequent designs, I've reduced the number of curves. I include the FA-MAS for a size comparison. I've often thought that if someone ever motorized the FN-P90 it, like the MP5, would be a direct rival for the MN-23. I include it FYI. In terms of handling and ease of use, I've aimed for a weapon closer to the P90 and MP5 than the FA-MAS.
- **No. 3:** A and C are the same weapon—the barrel extension can be screwed on or left off. B and D are versions with back-up magazines. AC and BD have different scopes, but that's not significant (customers will be providing their own scopes, after all).
- **No. 3a:** Fundamentally identical to No. 3, but with a different finish for the grip and a different magazine release button (bottom). I would recommend No. 3 over No. 3a to reduce the risk of the button being pressed accidentally.
- **No. 4–9:** In terms of simplicity, I'd go for No. 5. In terms of overall balance, No. 8. In terms of weight distribution, No. 6. Those would be my recommendations, but none of them quite have it all.
- **No. 10:** I consider this the best so far. No. 10 and No. 10a are essentially the same.
- **No. 10a:** The only difference between this and No. 10 is the shape of the stock. The stock grip on No. 10 is almost meaningless as a grip, but I included it to absorb some of the pressure on area (K) (see the drawing below) when changing magazines. It also should help prevent accidents with the selector. I don't think it will interfere with the handling.



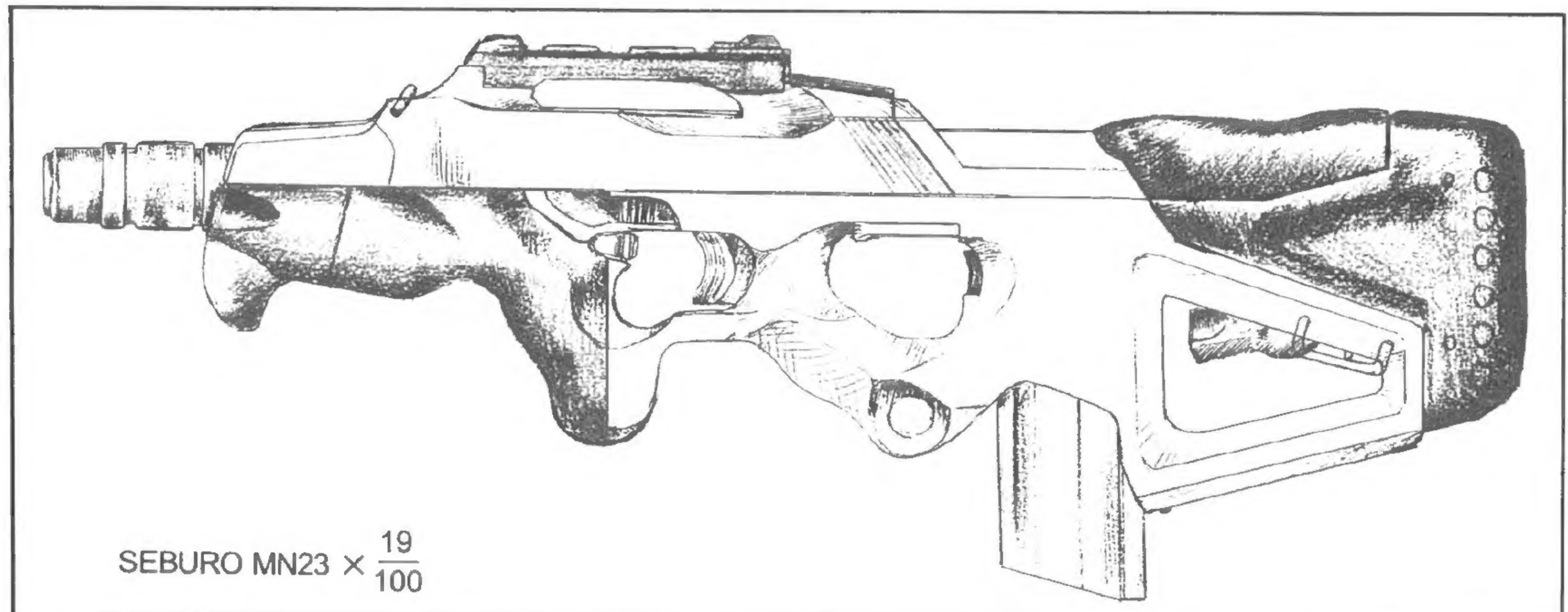
Identical safety to the L85A1. Hold the gun with the right hand, and depress the button with the right index finger to put it on safety.

(Up to the user's own preference)

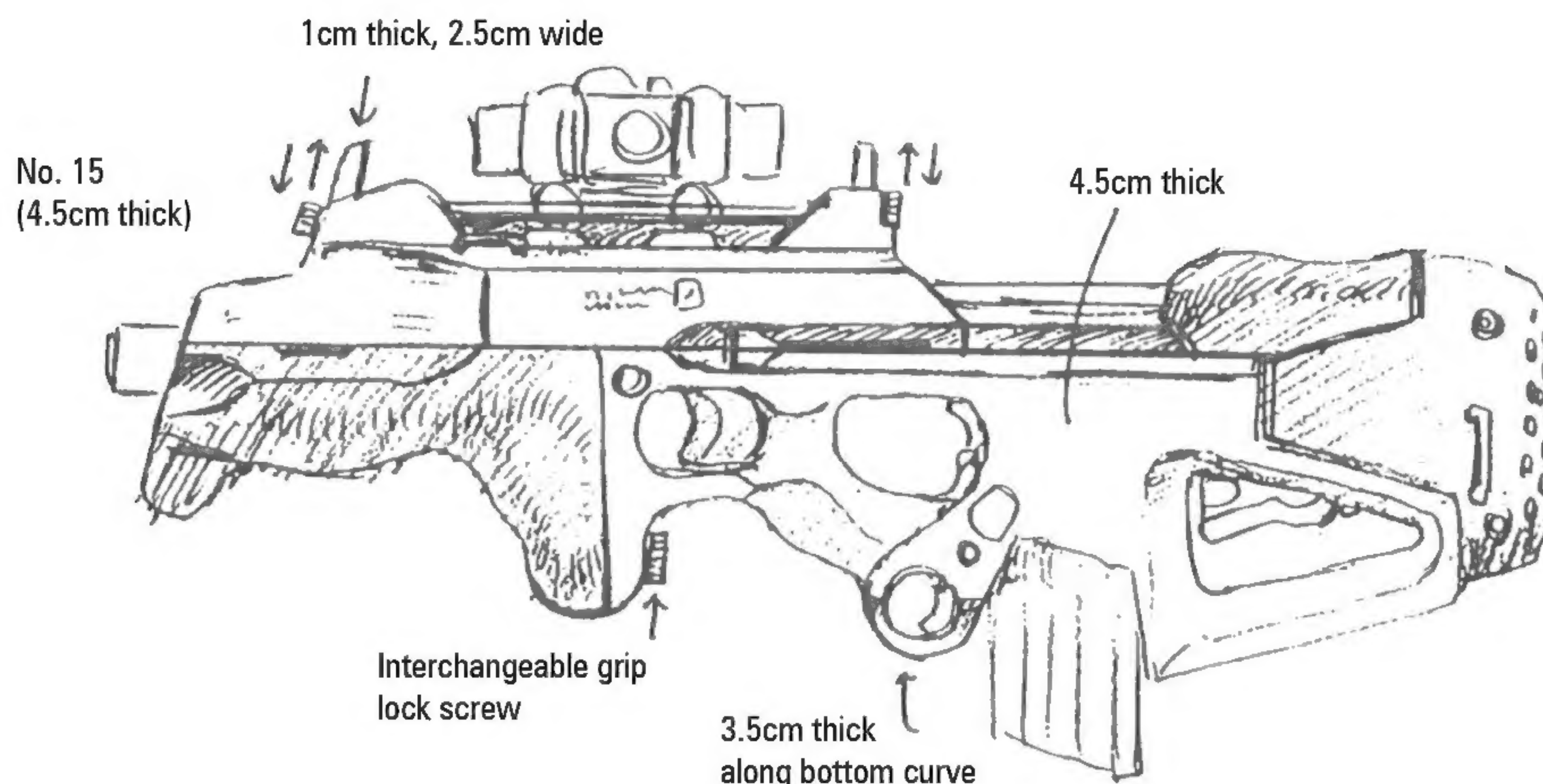
I wasn't able to get an image that completely breaks the mold. Our horizontal dimensions are pretty much dictated by the magazine, chamber, internal power unit, and distance from the cheekbone to the eye (some 5.5 plus/minus 2cm for an adult male), and can't be compressed any further.

I still haven't found the perfect fix for that space between the front sight and the battery, but in terms of dimensions, I don't think we can compress things any tighter than this. It may not be all that adventurous a design, but it'll certainly be easy to handle.





The drawing above is the final design, and was prepared by Moon Net. The bottom drawing is another rough I did after the final rough design was accepted. You can see how many more ideas got thrown into the mix.



I'm sending along No. 15 for reference.

- Regarding No. 2—the rough that looks like a tank from the side—I do agree it's an interesting design, but I don't see any way around the width issue. It might be difficult to actually render it in three dimensions. So while I do like how it looks, I can't really recommend it. Regarding rough No. 15 (above), it may not look that special, but it's the easiest to maintain and use of all the polystyrene models. I think it would be best to do up a three-dimensional dummy just to be sure; what do you think? I'd like to have a meeting to nail down the final details (please arrange the scheduling through Seishinsha).
- Regarding the magazine catch button, proposals 1 and 2 are from designs No. 3a A–D and No. 4–7. Since users are inevitably going to be touching the button when they handle the gun, I think we do need a guard to shield it. In the model, the button is 3cm in diameter. What with the trip lever at a depth of 5mm in the hole, I didn't think it posed any problem. But you should still see the model for yourselves. Regarding the upper magazine catch button, I agree it would be impossible to reach it when the gun is being fired with the right hand extended. But it can be depressed very easily with the thumb when firing from the shoulder or the hip. Please confirm this with the model.
- I tried adding swivels above and below the center of gravity, but decided to stick with just the bottom one. This was because of a problem I could see with actually handling the weapon, namely: if the swivel's on the top and the gun is hanging at your side, the sling is going to catch when you sweep the gun up to fire from the shoulder. The bottom position isn't perfect, either—the balance is a bit off when the gun is hanging on its sling—but it's an improvement . . .





This is an illustration that was distributed in color over Moon Net's infonet. It's an original, not a retread of an older drawing, but I did it up first in black and white. In normal circumstances, illustrations get spiked for the sin of blocking a character's face with her gun. But in this case, the star of the drawing is the Sebuco MN-23 itself. Incidentally, the MN-23 really is used in *Dominion: Conflict 1*.

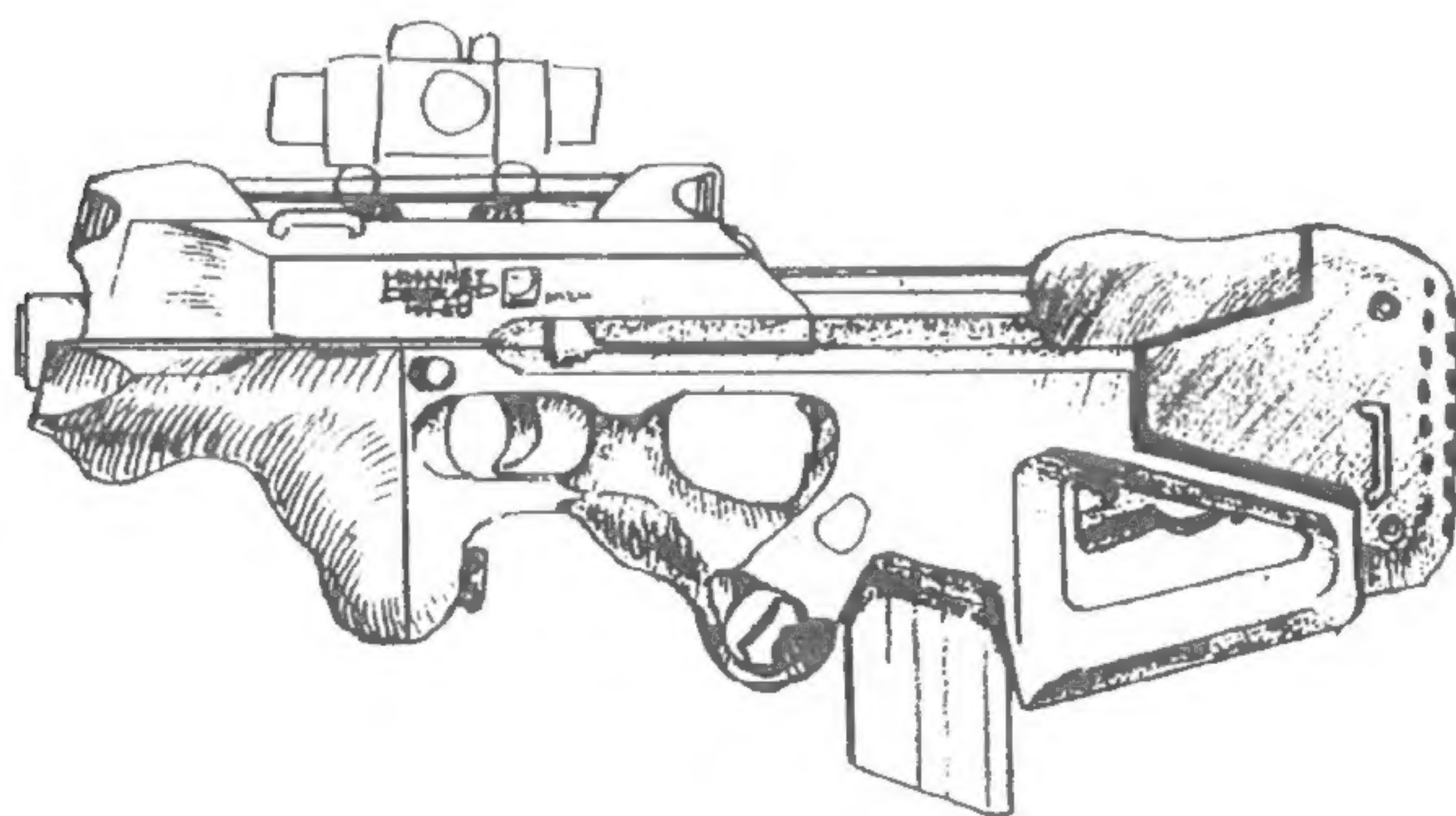
#### **MN15C**

##### **MN15 Quattro**

Length: 50.4cm

Barrel: 30.0cm

(3mm shorter than the MP5A5,  
4mm longer than the P90)

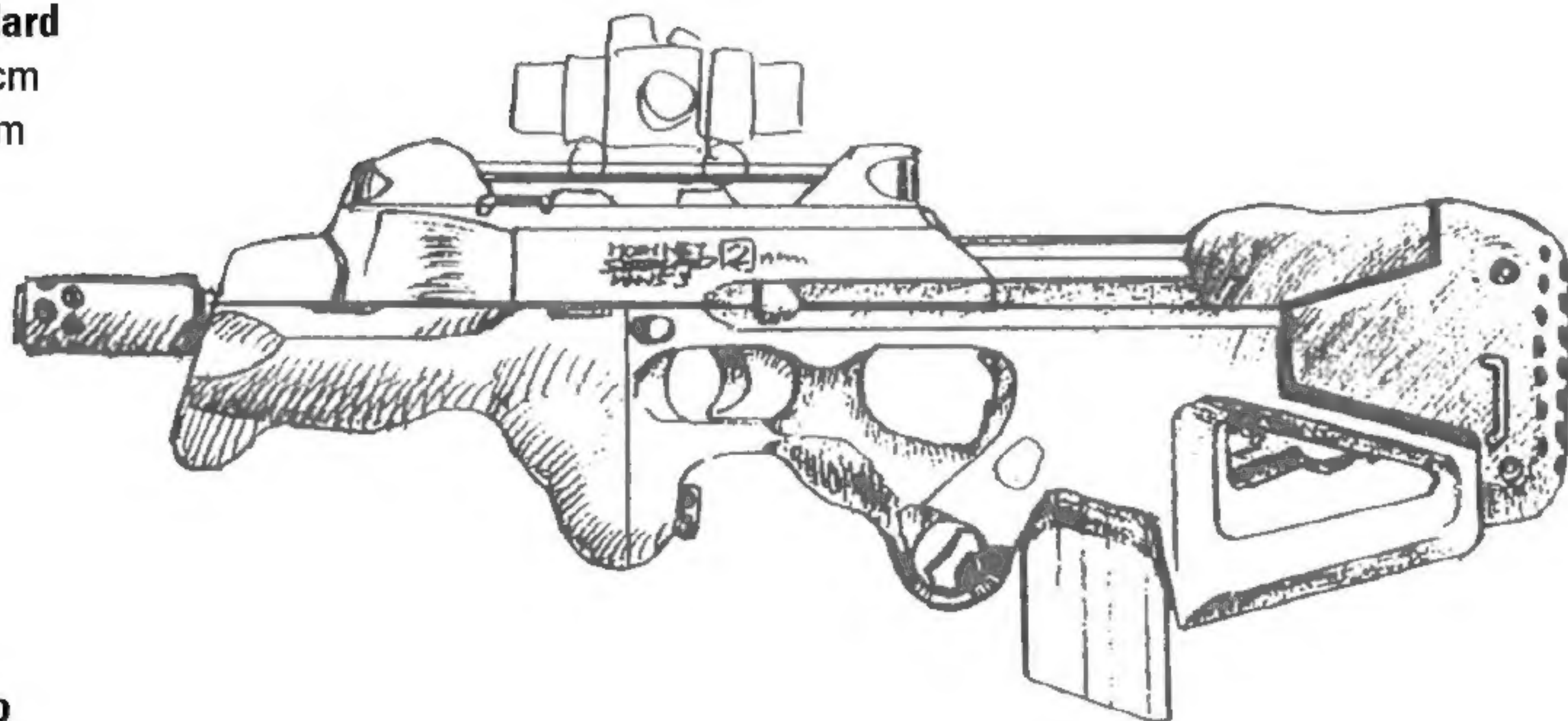


#### **MN15-S**

##### **MN15 Standard**

Length: 61.4cm

Barrel: 40.0cm

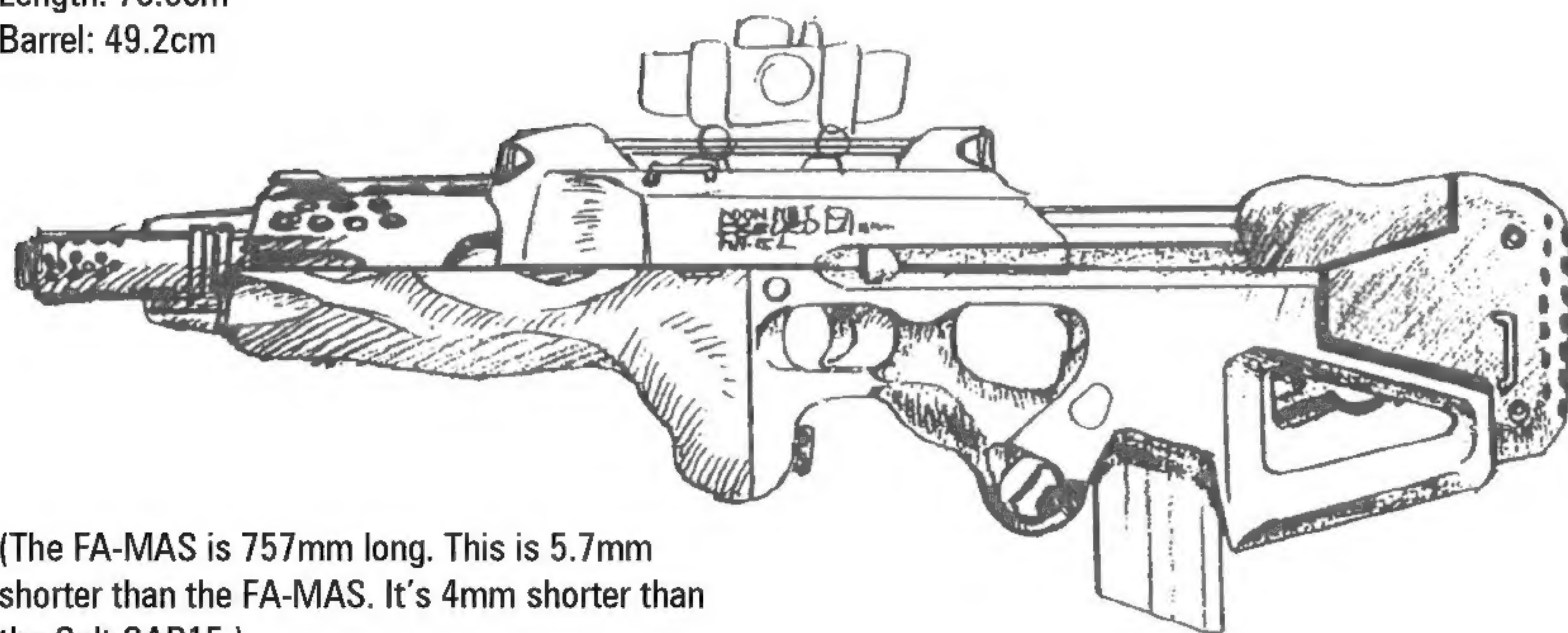


#### **MN15-L**

##### **MN15 Rungo**

Length: 70.0cm

Barrel: 49.2cm



(The FA-MAS is 757mm long. This is 5.7mm shorter than the FA-MAS. It's 4mm shorter than the Colt CAR15.)

These three illustrations are part of a whole series of designs I did for the MN15, but in the end I never used the weapon in any of my works. I was tempted to show you all of my roughs for it, but I didn't want to bore you to death. If this small sample gives you some sense of the behind-the-scenes process that goes into a Shirow Masamune work, that's good enough for me.



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*This collection is translated into English but oriented in right-to-left reading format, as originally published.*

